G-MM
THE
HEART
zoochan

1. *PROLOGUE*
2. *CHAPTER 1*
3. *CHAPTER 2*
4. *CHAPTER 3*
5. *CHAPTER 4*
6. *CHAPTER 5*
7. *CHAPTER 6*
8. *CHAPTER 7*
9. *CHAPTER 8*
10. *CHAPTER 9*
11. *CHAPTER 10*
12. *CHAPTER 11*
13. *CHAPTER 12*
14. *CHAPTER 13*
15. *CHAPTER 14*
16. *CHAPTER 15*
17. *CHAPTER 16*
18. *CHAPTER 17*
19. *CHAPTER 18*
20. *CHAPTER 19*
21. *CHAPTER 20*
22. *CHAPTER 21*
23. *CHAPTER 22*
24. *CHAPTER 23*
25. *EPILOGUE*
26. *SPECIAL CHAPTER* (Kantbison)
27. *SPECIAL CHAPTER*(Fadelstyle)
28. Q&A Kantbison And Fadelstyle

PROLOGUE

.....

You've probably heard the saying that when an assassin kills, they usually don't blink. Hmm...

Well, that might be true. Ever since he started this profession, he's never blinked once while carrying out a job. Maybe it's because this work requires intense concentration, especially when the target-a bad one-can still move.

We don't just kill anyone. Assassins with bosses like ours are only ordered to kill the bad ones.

But what is black, what is white, what is good, and what is evil?

Sometimes he wanted to ask his mother -the adoptive mother who raised him, a person he deeply respected and his boss -as if to say, "Is this Shawwood Forest, or something? Or do you think you're Robin Hood, playing the hero, taking justice into your own hands, ridding the world of people labeled as evil?"

He'd thought about asking, but he'd never spoken it out loud.

And as he was thinking, every muscle in his right arm worked at full force, lifting smoothly as if he had done this a hundred or even a thousand times. His eyes, almost never blinking, narrowed halfway to lock in on the center.

Do not hesitate to pull the trigger. Shut down your pounding heart and tune out everything, even though your hands are sweating, sweat is beading on your temples, and the pleas for mercy pierce your ears, reverberating deep down somewhere in your body. Still, you must not hesitate or blink even for a moment.

Just look at everything in slow motion. Aim the muzzle of the silencer-fitted Glock 17 carefully at the target.

One shot... as precise as possible. It's a mercy for the dead and wraps up the job quickly.

"It's over."

He lowered the gun, blinking once to look at the lifeless body. Thick blood started to trickle, the familiar metallic scent filling his nose, yet it never became something he could truly get used to.

The once-living being lay still, muscles still twitching a bit, eyes wide open, refusing to close. He sighed, tilting his head up to look at the night sky, where stars sparkled beautifully, though he wasn't in the mood to admire them.

"Bison, what's wrong with you? You took forever to aim before you shot."

Bison glanced over at the one who asked -his assassin partner. They'd been working as a team for many years.

He shook his head slightly in response before speaking. The gun in his hand was put away as he spoke.

"Nothing. Just tired of this shitty life. When can we stop being assassins, Fadel? I don't want to do this anymore."

After stowing his gun, he took out a cigarette and lit it, using it to relax his body after the adrenaline rush. His partner, Fadel, who was the one their mother told him to see as an older brother, didn't respond. He just focused intently on destroying evidence… That's his job, anyway.

"Are you burnt out?"

"I don't know. Just don't want to do it anymore."

"Mom isn't going to let you quit that easily."

"I know. Want a cigarette?"

"Sure, but let me finish here first."

Bison took another drag, watching his older brother's back as he handled his side of the work. No need to hover over Fadel; he knew Fadel would do everything well, as always. And besides, nitpicking wasn't his style.

"Next time, let me handle the kill, then clean up. And if you're burnt out, maybe see a therapist."

But that nitpicky personality seemed to belong to Fadel. Handsome but always grim-faced, Fadel finished up with the body, wrapping it meticulously before hoisting it Into the back of an old car. In his black pants of fine fabric, he took long strides over and held out his hand for a cigarette.

"So you'll tell the therapist, what, 'I'm tired of killing people; I've killed so many already'? Like that?"

"Can you try saying something a little smarter?"

"Yes, sir. If I can't open up to a therapist, I'm not going. Waste of time."

Fadel glanced sharply at his younger brother. He wasn't sure if it was because they had different fathers and mothers, but their personalities couldn't have been more opposite. Bison liked to ramble, sometimes even chatting annoyingly before dealing with a target. Fadel, on the other hand, kept his words reserved. Talking, to him, was a waste of breath-a needless drain of energy.

"Are you leaving together?"

"Nope, my part is done. The rest is Yours."

"So where are you going?"

"Anywhere my heart can rest."

"Hmm…"

"You should take a break too, Fadel. Your Life doesn't need to be this routine."

Fadel didn’t flinch at the criticism. He Stood tall, taking another drag.

Bison finished his cigarette, then dropped it to the ground, stubbing it out with his shoe.

“I’m off, big bro.”

“Alright. See you back home.”

Taking that as permission, Bison turned and walked away with his dreams.

He dreamed of one day being free, of not Having to kill, of not needing to hide. Oh, and almost forgot-he wanted a lover and a cat. That was his dream.

.....

Note: i do not own the book or story credit to the Novel author of course it's in Thai. I'm just Translating it into English plus cr to my friend who allowed me to use her book for translation thank you so much her I'd @/joongdunkbf Twitter my I'd @/bl_zonee 🙏♥ this is just for international fans to understand the story and carecters better and enjoy
If there is mistakes you can point out na ka~

CHAPTER 1

.....

Because his job as an assassin required frequent relocations, Bison never said, "Here we go again, moving once more," even though it was impossible to count how many times he'd moved by now. Each time he relocated, he couldn't resist taking a drive to explore his new neighborhood, seeing where the shops, restaurants, or laid-back bars might be.

While driving around, he came across a bowling alley that transformed into a half-pub at night, from early evening until midnight. After clocking out from work, his stressed body seemed to call out for a drink to ease the tension.

Bison parked his car and sat alone, quietly sipping a beer in a place where it was more fitting to come with friends than to sit by oneself.

He had changed his clothes. Gone was the fitted black attire he wore for work; now he was dressed in a pink, graffiti-patterned short-sleeved shirt. He wore only minimal jewelry-just a few rings, earrings, and a necklace-carefully chosen to enhance his unique charm.

At first glance, he looked like any other young man. And yes, sometimes he still felt like having a bit of fun.

One hand resting on the table, the other reaching for the ice-cold beer bottle to take a drink. His lips moistened from the bitter liquid. After letting the beer linger in his mouth for a moment before swallowing, Bison ran his tongue across his lips. His sharp, narrow eyes drifted toward the bowling lanes, his senses fully alert. He watched the bowling balls roll down the lanes, striking the pins and scattering them. The repeated sound of pins crashing from other players was oddly calming, happening over and over again until he lost count.

Bison's senses were always sharp, so it didn't surprise him when he sensed he was being watched. When he turned, he saw two pairs of eyes already looking his way. One quickly looked away after being caught, but the one who seemed to have initiated the glances smirked slightly at the corner of his mouth.

The other guy's eyes were beautiful-round, glossy black, as if always wet. They looked like the eyes of a flirtatious type. If you wanted serious love, you'd avoid men with eyes like that. But if you wanted an exciting, new experience, you'd return a small smile, send a signal...

Bison was sure he knew a thing or two about romance, especially with someone that good-looking. For a moment, he broke eye contact, downed the rest of his beer, and stood up from his table to approach the lanes.

The colorful lights decorating the venue gave it a lively atmosphere. Bison grabbed a bowling ball, searching for one with a weight that felt right in his hand. He noticed that the attractive guy-tall, around 185 centimeters-was walking over. Two more steps. One more step...close enough.

"Mind if I say hello?"

"Does something like that need permission? But...permission granted."

"My name's Kant. And you are?"

"Just call me 'you'-that's enough. The guy at the table-is he your friend?" He gestured back to Kant's table, where the sweet-faced guy avoided eye contact again when caught looking over here, pretending to inspect his nails, clearly unaware he'd been glancing this way the entire time.

"Yes, his name's Style. I noticed you came alone, so if you don't mind, maybe join us at-"

"I'm not comfortable," Bison interrupted, though he smiled, his eyes curling into crescent shapes.

"Wow, won't even tell me your name, and you're so blunt. I'm even more interested in you now."

"Actually, it's not that I'm uncomfortable. Your friend's cute. I was just teasing you a bit. You look like the type who enjoys playing with stubborn cats."

"Oh, I do. Especially those stubborn, lonely cats who come snuggling up, then lick their own fur as if to act aloof."

Bison was still smiling. He probably didn't realize that, besides being able to kill with a gun, his smile could be just as deadly.

In fact, it could kill quite easily. Kant was almost a goner from that very smile.

"You think your friend will mind if...if I take you away tonight?"

"Where to?"

Bison's smile grew even wider. Kant tilted his head and blinked, playing innocent even though he knew exactly what Bison meant.

He was just curious to see how this stubborn cat he'd taken a liking to would answer.

"Let's keep this simple. I just moved here recently. Are you from around here? Recommend me a good hotel."

Kant's peach blossom eyes sparkled, as if dewdrops were about to fall from flower petals. He looked like he was considering it, but don't be fooled-his true nature didn't match his gentle appearance.

The type with peach blossom eyes but a player's heart.

But who cares? After tonight, it'd be over between him and this stubborn cat, and he should just take the cat's advice.

Yes... let's keep this simple.

"I know a good hotel."

"Great. We'll take your car... No kissing, no oral, and we use protection."

Kant nodded, and Bison took the lead. Once the arrangement for the night was set, the tall, 185-centimeter guy turned to give an "OK" sign and a mini heart gesture to his close friend. Style gave him a thumbs up, understanding perfectly that Kant wouldn't be coming back to the table.

"Wait up!" Kant half-walked, half-ran to catch up with Bison, who had already walked ahead. Once he caught up, he slowed to walk alongside him, casually slipping his arm around Bison's waist.

Bison raised an eyebrow, surprised by the warm touch at his waist, only to realize that Kant had pulled him aside to dodge someone coming their way. But after that, Kant kept his arm there, not letting go. Still, Bison didn't complain.

He found he didn't mind the feeling of being protected. If he had a boyfriend, he'd want someone like this-a tall guy, around 185 centimeters, attentive, sweet-talking, affectionate, and head-over-heels in love with him.

"Your waist is slimmer than it looks. Fits perfectly in my hand. Never met anyone with such a small waist before, but...just one thing. I'm not interested in guys who seem like flirts, like this one here-hands all over the place like an octopus."

"Seeing as I'm not complaining, you're really taking advantage, aren't you?"

Kant chuckled lowly, covering his amusement, while looking at this stubborn cat who, as if to keep his distance, had folded his arms while walking. Meanwhile, Kant's hand still rested around his waist. He didn't want to let go; cats are even more fun to tease when they're playing hard to get. Even though he knew this fling would be over soon, he couldn't help himself.

"It's just that you're too cute. I'm so caught up, I don't know what's right or wrong anymore."

"Yeah, right..."

But keep going, keep talking, keep complimenting me.

"My car's this way."

"Then lead on."

"You really are like a stubborn cat."

Bison shrugged indifferently. Kant didn't actually lead; he walked beside him, since this tall guy still hadn't stopped holding him by the waist.

The hotel Kant had chosen wasn't far from the bowling alley. It was a mid-sized place, still new and very clean. Bison couldn't help but glance around, a habit of someone who liked to observe. They walked with a bit of distance between them, not touching each other since getting out of the car. Bison even had his hands in his pockets. Kant didn't say much, other than making small talk to help them feel a bit more familiar with each other.

The tall, handsome guy didn't ask for his name again, which was a relief.

Neither of them was particularly interested in the other until Kant inserted the key card into the lock. Only a few lights flickered on, and the air conditioning unit roared to life, starting its job.

As the door slammed against the frame, their bodies pressed together. Kant used his height to dominate, placing both hands on Bison's slim waist, which was hidden beneath a brightly colored short-sleeve shirt. He pushed forward, while Bison took a step back toward the bed. He noticed Kant's beautiful eyes licking his lips and then nibbling on them lightly. If he had to guess, Kant was the type who enjoyed kissing during sex. But rules were rules-they wouldn't kiss.

Bison smirked slightly, his hands sliding from Kant's abdomen up to his strong chest, moving higher until one hand grasped Kant's pale neck. He wanted to squeeze tightly enough to make the other feel pain, discomfort, or even struggle to breathe. However... they didn't know each other well

enough for him to shock Kant with such sexual preferences. Instead of squeezing, he used his fingertips to lift Kant's well-defined chin, gently touching and caressing his full, soft lower lip.

He found it hard to breathe as he was pushed back until he sat on the bed. Kant's lips, which seemed to be those of a notorious flirt, were suddenly nibbled. Initially, Kant nipped and then gazed up at him, and after that, he wasn't sure what he was thinking, but he licked his lips until they were moist and then bit down slightly.

Bison wasn't into pain; he preferred to be the one inflicting it and to be in control. But he couldn't deny that being bitten stirred up his hidden desires.

He threw himself down on the bed with considerable force, causing his body to bounce.

He lifted slightly before sinking into the cushion, his disheveled black hair contrasting with the white bed linens. Kant pinned him down so he couldn't move, then pressed his nose into the

crook of Bison's neck. The warm breath against his skin was

maddening. Bison could hardly contain his imagination about what was to come. Just how much fun would Kant make of this night?

"You smell so good. I can smell soap and a hint of cologne, like you just showered."

"Yeah..." Bison tilted his head up, responding only that much. If he hadn't showered and changed clothes, that brat would probably catch a whiff of sweat and blood.

Kant didn't initiate any more small talk. Instead, he gently nipped at Bison's soft neck, leaving no marks, only the sticky sensation of saliva and a strange feeling lingering even after his lips pulled away.

As Kant teased him with his mouth, his mischievous hand slipped beneath the hem of Bison's shirt, squeezing and kneading at his chest. Bison arched

up to welcome the touch.

Okay... after getting lost in the kisses all over his body and enjoying the firm hands squeezing him, he barely noticed that all the buttons had been undone at some point. That brat was surprisingly quick.

The shirt fell wide open, revealing his pale, bare body to Kant's gaze. Kant's breath hitched. He patiently waited for Bison to lift himself up and take off that shirt himself.

Once Bison removed his shirt, he gave a slight nod to Kant, signaling him to take off the t-shirt he was wearing. Kant already knew what to do.

He took off his shirt, flinging it aside, then used his slender hands to push Bison back down onto the bed. His eyes sparkled with mischief, no longer hiding his playful nature. With no clothing barrier, his lips could fully feel the softness and warmth of the human body.

Bison tensed his stomach as he was kissed just above the navel. Kant didn't kiss him empty-handed; he circled his tongue and plunged it into that shallow pit as well. Bison looked down and saw that the head of the person exploring his body had lowered to the waistband. Kant gently unhooked his pants. Bison pressed his lips together tightly, almost in a straight line, letting his head sink into the pillow as he lifted his hips to assist the young man in pulling his pants down to his ankles.

With one swift tug, both his outer and inner pants fell away, exposing his hardened member, the tip glistening with pre-cum.

"Mmm..." A moan escaped as he was kissed lower than his belly button. Kant kissed and licked the base before teasingly licking the tip of his arousal.

Bison let out another moan, his voice, eyes, and the way his body writhed didn't need to be articulated. Kant knew very well just how good it felt. He expertly put a condom on Bison using his mouth, engulfing him with his warm, soft lips and taking him in deep. Someone had once told him that he

was good with his mouth, and Kant proudly accepted that he was indeed skilled.

Bison raised his arms to cover his eyes, his cheeks flushed bright red. His moans alternated with heavy gasps, his chest rising and falling rhythmically. His legs were raised and spread on the edge of the bed, revealing his sweet entrance for
the person at his feet to see

Kant stopped focusing on Bison's hardened front and climbed onto the bed, lifting the young man's waist and throwing him onto the wide mattress. He had so much strength that it surprised Bison.

Bison dropped his arms from covering his eyes and locked his gaze with Kant's sweet eyes in a challenging manner.

Kant sat at the foot of the bed, positioned between Bison's legs, holding him and using his hands to grip his slender ankles, lifting them high and pulling the smaller body down so that his soft backside pressed against his thighs. He stuck out his tongue, licking his lips as he focused on the sweet folds, feeling the tight little hole below twitch in eager anticipation.

"Is that a tattoo?" Bison asked, suddenly noticing.

"I'm a tattoo artist and I have a shop nearby. If you want my services, you can come to the shop," Kant replied.

"You mean for what service?" Bison questioned.

"For a tattoo, of course."

Bison couldn't help but smile. Believe him, this guy wasn't really talking about tattoos. Kant didn't say anything further; he let his fingertips touch Bison's rear, pressing one finger deep inside. Bison bit his lip, craving more than that.

"Every time I see you bite your lip, I just want to kiss you so badly. Your lips look so kissable."

"If I get the chance next time, I might let you kiss me, Kant."

"Will I get that chance?"

Bison didn't answer, only smiled back at him.

Kant let out a loud huff. He had inserted two fingers into Bison now; it felt soft and slick, and as he curled his fingers, the passage opened up even more.

He struck a spot that made Bison gasp,
And Kant began to thrust his fingers harder

Kant pressed at that spot, causing Bison to twitch slightly, his face flushed. The hardness at the front responded to the sensations coming from the rear.

Kant, being a man himself, knew exactly what Bison's reactions meant. He realized that if he continued to insert his fingers, the stubborn little cat beneath him, moaning softly in a cute manner, would definitely reach his climax.

But no... he didn't want this stubborn little cat to finish just from his fingers.

Suddenly, he pulled his fingers out, forcing himself to stifle a chuckle as Bison shot him a glare.

Kant removed his own pants, not taking them all the way off but just pulling them down to gather around his thighs. Then he pulled out his own thick member and began stroking it to make it even harder before putting on protection and applying some gel to his length.

Bison stared wide-eyed, not blinking, secretly comparing his size to Kant's, unable to hold back a comment.

"Your dad must love you very much... or did you get a size increase?"

"It's all-natural, feel free to test it out."

"Oh, then hurry up and prove it."

Kant couldn't help but laugh at the strange conversation. He positioned himself, pressing slightly to let the tip sink into the tight passage, the folds beginning to stretch and widen.

He pushed shallowly, causing Bison's flushed face to grow even redder, tears welling in his lower lashes. Bison trembled, emitting sounds that resembled sobs as Kant continued to tease him, and he let out a loud scream when the handsome young man finally
pushed all the way in

Bison's face contorted in a mix of pain and fullness, but it seemed that Kant was satisfied to see him at a loss. Both of his hands gripped Bison's thighs as he began to pick up the pace, transitioning from a slow rhythm to a progressively faster one with skillful precision.

Bison gasped, his whole body tensing when he pulled Kant closer, embracing him tightly. He dug his nails into Kant's broad back, trailing them down as he heard the young man gasping for air, buried in the crook of his neck.

He could bet that his nails would leave marks on Kant's back. Sorry about that- he'd just have to deal with the sting during their shower later. Bison tightened around him, and as his desires reached a peak, Kant quickened his thrusts, growling low in his throat as their bodies collided.

The stubborn little cat rubbed his soft cheek against Kant's, adjusting his mood slightly before letting the tattoo artist take control. Kant pulled back and rolled onto his side, panting, his body slick with sweat that he couldn't tell was his or Bison's.

Perhaps their sweat had mixed together to the point of being indistinguishable.

Bison sat up and looked at the man panting beside him. "Is that all it takes to tire you out?"

"Not at all; it's just that you feel so tight. I'm ready for round two, can you handle it?"

"Do we have enough condoms left?"

"Two or three, I think."

Kant rolled the same condom down his length again before taking off his pants, making sure not to forget.

He grabbed the remaining condoms and tossed them onto the bed. Bison picked one up, tearing open the packet.

He put it on Kant's still-excited length and pressed down, not allowing the larger man to rise up and straddle him.
"I'll take the top; I won't let you do all the work."

"Ah... the view is amazing," Kant closed his eyes, feeling his member snug against the warm, soft wall as Bison pressed down. It was comforting and provided a delicious sense of pleasure.

Kant wasn't going to keep his eyes closed forever; if he did, he'd regret it. He opened his eyes to gaze at the stubborn little cat. Bison's face while he rode was incredibly charming, not to mention his pretty, arched nipples waiting for Kant's touch. Unable to resist, he squeezed and kneaded until the flesh spilled out between his fingers.

Bison was skilled at controlling the rhythm. He knew when to lean in and when to pull back.

In short, the sex that night was so good it felt unreal. When Kant woke up late the next morning, the stubborn little cat was gone.

He had vanished as if he had never existed, leaving no trace behind.

Kant ran a hand through his hair while half-sitting up, still not fully awake.

"What a pity. It would have been nice to know his name."

.....

Note :-If there is any typos please ignore 🙏i hurry back to update the next chapter

CHAPTER 2

.... FADELSTYLE first meet is coming 🤭...

Kant: “I’m at the XXX hotel with my stubborn cat.”

“Are you informing me or just bragging that tonight you’re going to go hook up with that cute little brat?” Style glanced down at the phone in his right hand, pouting at the screen, even though he knew Kant, his best friend, couldn’t see his expression.

He picked up his phone while waiting at a red light. After his friend disappeared with the one he dubbed the ‘stubborn cat,’ Style continued to drink a bit more. So, at this moment, he was breaking two traffic laws.

One: drinking and driving.

Two: using his phone while driving.

But who was he? He was Style, son of the owner of STYLE AUTO garage. He was confident in his driving skills, sure that he wouldn’t get into an accident.

But… “Monks, all things are impermanent. They are subject to decay by nature. Strive to be vigilant,”

Carelessness often leads to disaster. Whether it was a mischievous spirit or an annoyed deity pushing back against his arrogance and overconfidence, suddenly his car slid forward and rear-ended the car stopped at the red light in front of him.

..

Crash...

I didn’t hit hard, but a crash is still a crash. Just a quick look, and I see the license plate’s fallen off, and the paint’s scratched. On top of that, his insurance has expired. Luckily, the car in front wasn’t a luxury European car worth millions. Alright, first things first, let’s peacefully negotiate with the owner.

“Yikes…”

I practically yelped like a dog.

The reason for my outburst? The car owner in front opened his door and stepped out. He initially stood by the side of his car, hands on his hips, lifted his chin, and took a deep breath as if trying to calm himself down. Then he slammed the door shut hard, his face clearly showing how angry he was. His sharp, intense features only made him look even more intimidating.

He’s now striding directly toward me with a slow, steady pace. I’m sitting stiffly in the car, still clutching my smartphone, the screen still lit as proof that I was preoccupied with it. I hadn’t realized just how sharp-eyed and alert the car owner was. But when he stopped right by the driver’s side, he must’ve noticed the phone in my hand, which likely explained the rear-end collision.

After waiting for a moment, with me sitting there in silence, he finally knocked on my window, gesturing with a finger for me to step out for a talk.

The moment I stepped out, Fadel, with his killer instincts and sharp senses, caught a hint of perfume mixed with alcohol.

“Sorry about that. My car... sort of rolled forward,” Style said with a nervous smile to the stern-looking man. The fearsome car owner didn’t say anything, stepping back to inspect him from head to toe.

“You’ve been drinking, haven’t you? And it looks like you were using your phone in the car, too.”

“Uh... no, that’s not it…”

Fadel looked at the other’s flushed cheeks. They weren’t too different in height, but their builds were worlds apart. Fadel worked out regularly, his muscular frame making the guy standing across from him look almost scrawny in comparison.

“No, I’m right. You’re unbelievably reckless, drinking and using your phone. You’re wasting everyone’s time here. At least the car was stopped, so it was only a minor accident. Drunk drivers like you... you’re a menace. Carelessly driving like that has cost innocent lives. Makes me wonder how you were raised.”

Style almost raised his hands in apology. Even though the other guy’s tone was flat, it carried a hint of irritation, and every word cut deep. He felt like crawling back into his mother’s womb out of pure shame.

Alright, alright, I’m scared. I’m sorry, okay? Stop lecturing me; I can’t even keep up with all the remorse.

He wanted to sob but was completely frozen in place, managing only to raise his hands in apology. Seeing that, the guy clicked his tongue, placed his hands on his hips, and turned away.

Fadel noticed other drivers slowing down to look at the accident and sighed again.

“Call your insurance so we can both go home.”

“My insurance expired. Do you have any?”

“Nope. Should I call the cops, or should we settle this here? I think we’re better off settling it ourselves. I doubt you’d want to see the police, considering you’ve been drinking.”

“Heh…” Style scratched his head awkwardly, messing up his hair. He had no idea Fadel had him all figured out.

The reason he didn't want to involve the police was that he wasn't too eager to deal with them himself.

"So, what's it going to be?" Fadel pressed, crossing his arms, exuding a cold, ruthless aura.

"Actually, I'm a car mechanic. Looks like it's not a major hit. If you want, you can bring it to my shop, and I'll cover all the repair costs."

"You're at fault and hit my car, so of course, you should be responsible."

Fadel didn't ask for compensation for the time wasted. He glanced at Style as he walked over to check the back of his car. Watching him expertly examining it, Fadel was almost convinced he was indeed a mechanic, but his cautious nature kept him skeptical.

Then Style returned to the car and handed Fadel a business card with the shop's name and address on it.

"Style…" Fadel took out his phone and looked up the location of the repair shop, finding it wasn't far from his new place.

"What's your name?"

"Do I really need to tell you?"

"In case you come to the shop and I'm not around, you can just leave the car and tell the mechanic your name."

"Fadel."

"Alright, Fadel. If everything's settled, let's go our separate ways."

Fadel didn't respond, not even nodding in agreement. As he headed back to his car, he told Style, "I'll bring the car in tomorrow around mid-morning."

"Come by anytime. I'm free all day tomorrow," Style replied with a sweet smile. Then his smile…

Style's sweet smile quickly turned into a dry one. Fadel's personality was terribly unfriendly—he didn't care at all, and now he was already walking back to his car with a huff.

Who would have thought that a minor rear-end accident would pull him into such a strange connection?

And who would have thought that hitting Fadel's rear bumper once would turn into an endless disaster for his own rear end?

Kant checked out of the hotel late in the morning. After that, he didn't do much else but head straight home, not giving much thought to the playful cat who had "hit and quit" him. Though he did catch himself thinking about last night's encounter as he drove leisurely.

Maybe it was because of the allure in that mischievous cat's eyes. When he looked down at him, it felt like he was in complete control, and damn, it was thrilling. His instincts told him that this cat was different from his other flings, and it left him wondering what exactly made him different.

But no matter how much he thought, he couldn't come up with an answer. He stopped thinking as he parked his car in the garage at home. The first floor of his house was used as a tattoo studio, while the second floor was the living space he shared with his younger brother, Babe.

It was just the two of them. Their parents passed away when he and Babe were still kids. Forced to grow up too soon after their parents' deaths, he ended up being a bit overprotective. Sometimes Babe would joke that he acted more like a dad than a brother.

His tattoo shop was open from the afternoon to early evening. Since he mainly took clients by appointment, he still had some flexibility in managing his time.

Kant noticed from the doorway that, alongside his brother's shoes, there was another pair next to them. He was certain he hadn't seen this pair of shoes in the house before.

Maybe Babe had brought a friend over.

Seeing that his younger brother wasn't at school, Kant suddenly remembered it was Saturday. He had his first tattoo appointment at 3 PM, so he figured he'd take a nap before work.

As he passed the tattoo studio on the first floor, he heard the TV on the second floor. Kant moved carefully, thinking Babe was with a friend. The moment he reached the top of the stairs, the first person he saw wasn't Babe, but Knot, his younger brother's close friend.

"Hey, P'Kant!"

"Mm. Did you stay over last night, or just get here this morning?"

"I just got here a little while before you did," nott replied politely. Kant still couldn't figure out how such a well-mannered kid ended up as friends with Babe. Satisfied with the answer, he nodded and glanced over at his brother, who was lounging comfortably, watching TV, unlike his friend who seemed to be studying.

But he couldn't criticize Babe for that. Despite lounging around, snacking, and rarely being seen studying for exams, Babe's grades were always impressive.

So, let's just say that good genes run in the family.

"But what about you, bro? Where'd you go to be coming back at this hour?" Of course, this question came from Babe.

"None of your business, kid."

"You probably went spreading your seeds around, didn't you? Were you careful(used protection)?"

"Careful, careful!"

Kant replied quickly, sounding annoyed, as he went to sit beside his younger brother. The TV was showing the midday news, and because the

topic was interesting, the two brothers fell silent to listen.

The murder of a famous real estate investor, suspected to be due to business conflict. No suspects have been apprehended yet...

“Hey, wasn’t this the guy who was in the news a few days ago for human trafficking?” Kant asked. Babe rested his chin in his hand.

“Yeah, that’s him. I bet it’s a hit. People on social media are all speculating that there’s a big boss behind the human trafficking gang. Maybe the old guy outlived his usefulness, and when the case came up, it might have led back to the big boss. So, they had him taken out.”

“You sound like a soap opera.”

“You know how it is—soap operas are based on real life.”

“The story’s all over the news, but no leads at all?”

“The hitman might be a total pro.”

“A loyal servant of the boss, taking out anyone blocking their path.”

“You mean yourself?”

“Just a parody! Anyway, aren’t you studying like Nott?”

“Nope. He’s studying because he’s planning to do a short exchange program in England. I’m not going.”

“Didn’t you say you wanted to go?”

Babe let out a long sigh.

“Do I have the money?”

This one question resolved everything. Kant crossed his arms.

“How much money does it take?”

“Never mind. Don’t think about trying to find money in some strange ways again. If I don’t go now, I won’t die, right? I’ll just work hard and save up a lot of money to go later.”

Babe cut him off, uncrossing his legs and walking over to his close friend, Knot.

“Let’s go, Nott. Let’s grab some food.”

Once the two boys left, Kant remained seated in the same spot, still watching TV, even though he didn’t understand the news content at all. Until his phone in his pocket buzzed insistently.

He answered immediately upon realizing who was calling.

“Hello, what’s up, Captain?”

[Come downstairs. I need to talk to you.]

Kant walked downstairs as instructed, not needing to step outside to greet the uninvited guest. As soon as he arrived, Captain Kris, the one who had just called him, was already sitting in a chair inside the house, smoking a cigarette.

Kant rolled his eyes in annoyance. His meetings with Captain Kris were never pleasant. The first time they met was while he was in the process of stealing a car. The captain didn’t send him to jail but instead caught the genius thief and forced him to help with investigations, rambling on about using criminals to catch criminals—like a ghost seeing another ghost, or something like that. The point is, he had helped the captain successfully a number of times. The reason he was out of jail, living freely, was because he was a ghost seeing another ghost.

Captain Kris nodded in greeting as Kant walked over and sat down in the empty chair.

“You waited for my brother to come out before you came in, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, as soon as I saw your brother walk out, I came right in.”

“Is there work? I don’t want to do it anymore. Every time you use me, I feel like I’m on the brink of death. Besides... last time you said it was the last time, so... I’m not taking any jobs this time.”

“I haven’t said anything yet. Don’t rush to decide. Listen to the proposal and the job details first.”

“No.”

“I’m telling you...” Captain Kris lowered his voice, and it sounded really intimidating. Kant swallowed hard, picked up the pack of cigarettes on the round table nearby, lit one up. The poison destroyed his lungs and nerves, but it somewhat eased the turmoil in his heart.

“Then hurry up and say it.”

“Have you seen the big news lately?”

“What big news? There are a lot of news stories. Is it about celebrities breaking up? The one about the third party? That news exploded everywhere.”

“I’m talking about the assassination of the politician last week and the murder of the wealthy man involved in human trafficking scandals.”

“Oh... I just watched the news with my brother a little while ago.”

Since both of them were smoking, a white haze of smoke now filled the house. “I suspect that the person behind all of this is the same one. The politician and the wealthy man knew each other. It seems they were collaborating in human trafficking.”

Kant let out a deep sigh, not saying a word. Captain Kris continued speaking:

“I think this is the assassin they are using, but there’s not enough evidence to confirm it.”

A brown envelope was thrown onto the round table with a light thud. Kant used his hand to catch it, but he didn't pull out the documents inside to look at them.

"What exactly do you want me to do?"

"I want you to investigate and gather evidence. I need proof that these two are the real assassins and trace it back to the one who's orchestrating everything."

"Wow... the police don't have the capability to do anything. How much can I investigate, Captain? They're assassins... assassins! I'm just a petty thief. No way, I'm not taking this job."

"You? A petty thief? Your past work can't be classified as 'petty,' Kant. I've been turning this over in my mind all night, trying to think of who would be more suitable for this job than you."

"You're a genius at thievery."

"Oh come on... you're exaggerating, Captain." Trust me, he didn't feel good about the praise at all. On the contrary, he felt quite uncomfortable in this situation. He reached for the documents to open them as a way to alleviate his embarrassment.

"If you take the job, I promise to clear your entire criminal record. Most importantly, this job has a significant payment; the higher-ups are pouring in resources to catch the mastermind behind this.

Kant didn't respond immediately. He pulled out the few sheets of paper from the envelope and skimmed through them. As a genius at breaking and entering, he found that...

It contained some information about individuals identified as assassins. There were two documents; the first was named Fadel. The personal information provided by Captain Kris could easily be used to delve deeper into the investigation.

Kant's eyebrows and forehead furrowed together when he saw the picture of the other assassin. His heart skipped a beat, then began to race. All his nerves felt icy, as if hundreds or thousands of eyes were fixated on him, immobilizing him.

The other assassin was named Bison... The covertly taken photo was detailed enough for him to recognize that this assassin was the mischievous cat who had played with him the previous night.

It took Kant a while to regain his composure. His beautiful eyes showed hints of hesitation and surprise. How could his mischievous cat have turned into a wild beast? The cute appearance of the mischievous cat was too innocent to be involved in something brutal like killing.

Wow, beautiful girl, you've left me completely baffled. Kant raised a hand to rub the back of his neck.

"Are you sure these two are assassins?"

"Forty percent sure, which is why I need you to gather more evidence."

"They don't look like assassins at all."

"Let's discuss the details of the job. We need to find evidence that they are assassins and trace it back to the mastermind."

"When did I say I'd take this job?"

"Your face looks interested."

"How much is the pay? My brother wants to go on an exchange program in England, and I want to negotiate the fee."

.....

Note:- I did it quickly so please ignore the typos as long as you understand if you find any mistakes feel free to point out

CHAPTER 3

.....

If police can go undercover to investigate cases, surely assassins can also have cover jobs. Of course, Fadel and Bison have cover jobs for their assassin work, which they only get to do occasionally. Our mother—or boss, as we call her—approves of us having a profession. Mostly, we run a restaurant. Bison has no opinion on this; it's Fadel, his half-brother, who decides what sort of job we should have.

Fadel's hobby is cooking and baking, so our cover job inevitably involves something like that. Believe it or not, even though his face isn't exactly welcoming—often as sour as a dog's rear—his culinary skills are top-notch.

After relocating our hideout, our latest venture is a burger joint.

The sign outside the restaurant proudly reads "HEART BURGER," or as Bison sarcastically thinks of it, "Heartbreak Burger." What else could it be? The owner is hopelessly indifferent to love and even meddles in his little brother's romantic affairs. Bison, who's more playful than his older brother, actually wants a nice, genuine love. But, as usual, Fadel somehow keeps leaving his love life in shambles.

He dared to put the word "Heart" in the shop's name, even though he acts so heartless.

I silently grumbled about my older brother while he was sharpening a knife. He looked dangerous, and if a customer spit out their food, who knows if he'd stab them with that knife. Today was our shop's first day of business, and I had no idea what Fadel was up to since there wasn't a single customer in sight.

"What's up? I can see you've been staring at me for a while now," Fadel asked without even looking up. Bison rolled his eyes, frustrated, thinking he hadn't been that obvious, but apparently, he was.

“I’m wondering what you're doing. There's no one here, yet you’ve been standing by the stove since we opened.”

“Sharpening knives.”

“Here at the front? If people walk by and see you sharpening knives with a killer look, no customer would dare come in.”

“Keep it down. Are you afraid people won’t know what kind of work we do?” Bison pouted in annoyance but didn’t argue further.

Finally, Fadel stopped sharpening the knife.

The shop owner removed his heart-patterned apron, glanced at the clock, and saw that the auto shop was now open.

“I’m heading out for a quick errand. Watch the shop alone for a bit, okay?”
“Where are you going?”
“Taking the car in for repairs.”
“You mean after that idiot let his car roll back and hit you?”
“Yeah. You’ll be fine here on your own, right?”

Bison raised an eyebrow as a signal of agreement. He couldn't cook, but from the looks of it, Heart Burger probably wouldn’t have any customers today. Besides, Fadel said he’d only be gone for a bit.

“Sure, I’ll be fine. But how are you getting back?”

“I'll take a motorbike taxi. The auto shop isn’t far from here.”

“Alright, be quick,” Bison replied, brushing his bangs up and watching Fadel's actions for another moment. As his brother grabbed the car keys and headed out the back door, Bison reached for the remote to put on a movie. He wasn’t waiting for customers and didn’t care if anyone came in or not.

It wasn’t until the afternoon that the bell hanging over the burger shop's door jingled. The first customer stepped in—a tall guy around 185 centimeters, with familiar features that reminded Bison of last night’s bed companion.

“Oh, it’s you…” the man greeted, smiling as he recognized Bison.

“We meet again…”

Bison thought it was just a coincidence, not suspecting that it was a well-planned scheme. "Yes, meeting like this again… I guess today I’ll finally get to know your name."

The man’s mischievous smile widened, but he still didn’t reveal his name. Instead, Kant took a step closer, stopping at a distance just enough for Bison to catch a faint whiff of cologne, then continued speaking casually.

“I drive by here often and noticed the place being set up. I was curious about what kind of shop it was. Turns out it’s a burger joint. Since it looked like you’d opened, I thought I’d stop in and try it out. Nice place you've got,” Kant remarked, glancing around the shop.

Kant looked around the neatly decorated American-style burger shop. Besides burgers, there were also craft beers in the fridge.

"The chef and owner is out at the moment," Bison said. "Would you mind having a cold drink while you wait? I can call him back—he’s my brother and just went out on an errand."

Kant feigned a slight look of confusion, then smiled.

“So, you opened the shop together with your brother?”

“Yeah, just the two of us.”

“No need to call him back in a hurry,” Kant replied. “Would it be alright if I asked you to make the burger for me instead?”

"It might be a disaster if I make it and it’s not good. What if you post a bad review?” Bison said, raising an eyebrow.

“I’d never do that,” Kant reassured. "You already told me you’re not the main chef. I’ll have your cooking today, and then tomorrow, I’ll come back to try your brother’s.”

Bison licked his lips as Kant's beautiful eyes blinked invitingly. "I don't want to waste my trip, and more importantly, I'd like to get to know you better," Kant added with a charming smile.

"Alright, I'll give you a half-price deal, but no complaining if it's bad," Bison agreed, finally giving in. He was a sucker for Kant's endearing gaze and sweet words. Fadel would be surprised to see him step into the kitchen himself. Bison had watched his brother work with a scowl on his face many times, and the menu had pictures to guide him. How hard could it be? Just putting things together, right?

Bison walked around to the back, opened the menu that was still brand new and untouched, and handed it to his first customer.

"The recommended menu item is the beef burger. And my name is Bison. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five. I'll take the beef burger."

"Looks like we're the same age."

"Your name's Bison, but you kind of look like a cat."

"Everyone says that."

"By 'everyone,' do you mean the people trying to flirt with you?"

"I've never told my name to people who hit on me."

"So, am I a special case?"

Bison's hands froze over the stove. He looked up at Kant, who was smiling playfully, his eyes narrowing slightly.

This flirty guy.

"Oh, are you flirting with me? Wow, I had no idea."

"Can't I?"

“Who am I to stop you? Go ahead, if you want. Just letting you know, though, I didn’t feel anything special or get attached over last night.”

“So you’re hard to get.”

“Depends on how you look at it.”

“But you’re single, right?”

“…Yes, I am.”

“Hearing that alone just made my day,” Kant said with a grin.

Bison couldn’t help but smile too. Finding the stove’s switch, he put on his apron, slipping on gloves as he prepared to make the burger. His movements mimicked everything he’d learned from watching Fadel.

Kant watched Bison’s slender figure move around the kitchen a bit awkwardly. He placed the menu back down on the counter near the stove, which had seating for customers. Instead of sitting down to wait for his burger, he walked over to the fridge, grabbed two bottles of beer, and returned to his seat.

“This one’s on me,” he offered, holding out a bottle.

“Thanks. If Fadel… I mean, my brother, finds out I’m drinking on the job, he’d definitely scold me.”

“Is he that strict?”

“Sometimes. Mostly, he’s just really fussy and overly meticulous… as in, extremely so. If it’s too quiet in here, feel free to put on some music or watch TV.”

Kant nodded but didn’t do either.

Bison didn’t say much else. He turned on the stove and placed a homemade burger bun on the hot grill, then went to the fridge to grab two beef patties Fadel had prepped, just like the ones in the menu photos.

He placed the meat on the hot stove, and the sizzling sound filled the silence between them. Soon, the delicious smell of grilling beef wafted through the shop. Kant thought to himself that Bison's burger likely wouldn't turn out too bad. He watched Bison closely, wondering again how someone like him could be an assassin. He'd always pictured assassins as either big and intimidating or rough-looking.

But… appearances can be deceiving. Considering that Officer Chris had personally taken action on this, there was a high chance that Bison really was the genuine article.

"So, why did you choose to open a restaurant?"

"My brother likes it," Bison replied.

"Then why open up around here? It's not exactly a busy area. Will there be enough customers?"

"I don't know. My brother chose the spot. He said he liked the quietness here, and that he was opening the shop more for the social aspect anyway. Before this, he ran a Japanese restaurant, and it was doing pretty well… then he sold it."

"If it was doing well, why sell it?"

"We moved houses, and he gets bored easily."

"Do you think he'll get bored of this burger place soon? I hope not—I'd like to come here every day."

"Do you love burgers that much?"

"No… I like you."

"Can't believe that."

"I'm serious. I felt a connection with you since yesterday. Would it be too much to call it love at first sight?"

“No way.”

“Shutting me down so fast, huh?”

“Because I can tell you’re a flirt.”

When Bison called him out, Kant pretended to look flustered, only to shrug playfully a second later. He was enjoying this back-and-forth with Bison, even though he was still curious if Bison really was an assassin. Oddly enough, he didn’t feel the least bit afraid.

“You’re a flirt too; I can tell. Isn’t it better that way? We’ll be a good match.”

“I’m not a flirt.”

“More of a ‘just here for a good time’ type, then… Hmm, do you smell something burning? Is the heat too high?”

“Burned? It’s cooked just right.”

Bison quickly turned off the stove. Truthfully, he did smell a bit of burning and felt like wiping his brow at the effort. He silently apologized to Fadel for thinking cooking wasn’t that hard. Now that he was actually doing it, he realized just how tough it could be.

He took the slightly charred bun, placed it on the plate, and began assembling the patty and vegetables until it looked somewhat like a burger.

Bison ignored Kant entirely, so he didn’t notice his only customer casting a suspicious eye at the burger in progress. After finishing the assembly, he focused on arranging the plate, frowning at the result. It didn’t look all that appetizing. Normally, if Fadel didn’t prepare his meals, he’d just go out to buy food. He’d never thought of setting foot in the kitchen before, and now, cooking didn’t seem easy at all.

Though it might not look too appealing, Bison was confident he’d used only edible ingredients. So, the burger should be safe to eat. He pushed the plate toward Kant, along with the basket of sauces and condiments Fadel had

prepared. Taking off his gloves and apron, Bison walked around the counter and sat next to Kant, who was about to reach for his fork and knife. Bison raised the beer bottle Kant had so generously offered.

“Fadel says the best way to eat a burger is with your hands.”

“With my hands?”

“Yeah… want some gloves? Oh, right! Del mentioned we’re supposed to provide them for serving.”

“Give the customer gloves with the burger.”

Bison reached over to grab a pair of gloves, handing them to Kant. Still a bit wary of the food, Kant slowly put them on, feeling like he had little choice. The burger didn’t look appetizing at all, and he wondered if he could convincingly pretend he’d suddenly developed a fear of burgers. Probably not—the fact that he’d come into a burger joint himself to investigate would make that hard to believe.

Finally, Kant picked up the burger and took a small bite to test the taste.

It was… awful. But he said, “It’s not bad.”

“Don’t worry—I only used edible ingredients,” Bison replied.

Kant put the burger down and took a sip of his beer, scooting his chair closer to Bison. In his usual flirty style, he leaned in, getting closer to Bison.

“When do you get days off?”

“Why?”

“Let’s go out sometime. I’d like to ask you on a date.”

“You’re asking for permission again.”

“So, do I have it?”

For the first time in his life, Bison felt himself truly at a loss. His mind insisted he shouldn't give in to Kant's playful charm, shouldn't fall for this smooth talker's smile. Don't let your guard down with this guy… don't let your guard down.

"Sure, you seem familiar with this area. How about showing me some of the nice places around here? Maybe some chill spots or places with great food?"

Kant's sweet smile accompanied his words, and with his naturally touchy-feely demeanor, he let his shoulder rest against Bison's, moving closer as if to cozy up even more.

But just then, a hand wedged itself between the two. It was only one hand, but the force behind it was undeniable, nudging Kant back into his seat, and he couldn't help but feel that the push was a bit rougher than necessary.

He turned to see the person now standing between him and Bison—none other than Fadel, who had a stealthy step but a heavy hand.

Kant thought to himself that Fadel's presence was even more intimidating in person than in photos, and he didn't seem pleased at all. Without a word to Kant, Fadel glanced him over from head to toe in an openly scrutinizing way before turning to Bison.

"A friend?"

"A customer," Bison replied.

"Customer?" Fadel repeated, eyeing the burger on Kant's plate with a frown. The burger looked far from appetizing, with charred edges on the outside and an undercooked center. "You made that for a customer?"

"Yup. But while you were out, I got to talking with the customer, and now we're practically friends," Bison replied with a grin.

Kant nodded politely, greeting the overprotective big brother. When Bison was around Fadel, there was a noticeable shift in his demeanor.

Bison was quite defiant, arguing back with a casual confidence, while Fadel appeared unfazed, only furrowing his brow slightly without revealing much emotion.

“Go to the back. Don’t bother the customer,” Fadel commanded, then took the plate of Bison’s poorly made burger and tossed the remnants into the trash.

The action was both rude and harsh, yet somehow, Kant felt grateful to Fadel for saving him from what could have been a terrible meal.

“Wait, I’ll make you a new one. That plate isn’t edible,” Fadel stated, and Bison retorted, “I’ll serve it.”

“I said go to the back. I’ll come find you,” Fadel insisted, his tone leaving no room for argument. Though Bison grumbled, he eventually complied.

“See you later, Kant.”

“Yeah, see you later.”

Once Bison disappeared into the back, the atmosphere between Kant and Fadel grew tense. Kant swallowed hard as he watched Fadel sharpen a knife, suddenly finding him more intimidating, fitting the profile of a killer he had imagined.

The sound of the knife sharpening grated on his nerves, but after observing for a while, Kant didn’t sense any threat from Fadel. The tall man moved gracefully behind the grill, and soon the enticing aroma of food filled the restaurant. Before long, Fadel returned, serving a perfectly crafted burger that looked just like the one in the menu.

A killer who can cook this well? What’s going on?

“Would you like to order anything else?” Fadel asked, pulling Kant from his thoughts.

“N... no, I don’t think so,” Kant stammered.

“Alright then, I’ll get your bill. You can scan to pay. No change given.”

Kant blinked in surprise but quickly scanned the payment for his meal, showing the slip to Fadel, who maintained his stoic expression.

“If you need anything else, just ring this bell,” Fadel instructed. “I’ll go check on the back with my brother. Sorry for not providing better service; it’s our first day.”

Kant nodded, still taken aback by Fadel's intimidating demeanor. After settling the payment, he walked towards the back to follow Bison, leaving him to enjoy the delicious burger alone.

Ah… so lonely. I’m the only one in here. Maybe I’ll invite Stile next time. He seems like he would enjoy burgers too.

If I brought Stile along, I definitely wouldn’t be sitting here all alone like this.

.....

Note:- I saw everyone's comments I'm more than happy to do this for our babies so enjoy and give it a star ignore the typos as usual because I don't read after typing the whole chapter you can point out if you can't understand anything i will clear it out

CHAPTER 4

.....

Fadel followed Bison to the back of the shop. His younger brother was busy organizing items on the shelves. Maybe Bison heard the sound of his footsteps too because he looked up from the box he was unpacking.

"You’re here already? Who’s watching the store?"

"No one."

"What’s wrong with you? You came back all grumpy. Did you eat some wasp nest or something?"

"No, I just ran into someone annoying."

"Who? Which idiot has the guts to annoy someone like you?"

"You don’t need to know. By the way, are you sure that kid with the baby face is just a customer you just met?"

Bison knelt on the floor, scratching his ear with his pinky finger because it was itchy. It was pointless to lie to Fadel; it seemed they had spent too much time together, close enough that just a glance could reveal what the other was thinking.

"I met him last night."

"Is that why you came back?"

"Yeah."

"Did you invite him to the shop? Do you like him? I usually don't see you getting serious about anyone like this."

"No, I didn't invite him or like him, but it seems like he lives around here. I was minding the shop for you when Kant just walked in."

"Is there really such a coincidence?"

"Stop being so paranoid. He’s just a tattoo artist, just an ordinary guy. There are coincidences everywhere, you know, brother. Who knows? He and I might be soulmates."

"You're delusional. Even if you were soulmates, so what? He wouldn’t fall in love with you. Once he knows what you do for a living, he’ll definitely run away."

"You say that because you don’t know true love, Fadel. True love that can get through anything together."

"Organize the stuff." Fadel crossed his arms and put his hands on his hips, giving the order. However, Bison didn’t follow the command. He continued to look at his brother, the playful demeanor gone completely.

"I want to quit."

"Quit what?"

"Being an assassin. You know me well, Fadel. I'm not someone without feelings, to the point of killing and not feeling anything. Can I quit? I just want to live like an ordinary person, to have love, to have a family, to have someone to take care of each other until the last day of our lives."

"Bison..."

"Don't act like you don't have any feelings at all."

Fadel was at a loss for words. He licked his lips, then took a deep breath.

"Why don’t you talk to Mom about wanting to quit your job? I can handle the shop by myself. I'm not burned out like you."

"You're lying."

"Don't pretend to know me. Just organize the stuff."

"And where are you going now? You come and go, get angry and then sulk. Who can keep up with your moods?"

"I'm just going out to take care of the front."

"Come on, I've already helped you out a lot today. I'm going shopping in the evening, so you'll be in charge of cleaning up the shop by yourself."

"But you're coming home tonight, right?"

"Of course. If I'm not allowed to sleep at home, where else would I go?"

Bison grumbled, opening the cardboard box in front of him. Inside were tissue papers. He took out a pack of tissues meant for the shop and neatly placed it on the shelf. Fadel nodded in agreement and then disappeared from the back of the shop. Bison heard the voices of Kant and Fadel talking, just a few sentences, faintly mentioning that the fair-skinned guy was about to leave.

A moment later, there were no customers in the shop anymore. After he finished organizing, he left Fadel alone to watch over the store.

On the first day of business, the burger shop had no customers until the owner flipped the sign from "Open" to "Closed." Just then, someone appeared.

Fadel never had a problem being alone, and he never had an issue cleaning the shop by himself. As a tidy person, he cleaned the shop until it was spotless. After finishing with the cleaning supplies, he walked over to the front door.

He flipped the sign from "Open" to "Closed," intending to go back and grab his bag before heading home. However, the moment he turned his back to the door, the doorbell rang loudly. His instincts as a professional assassin kicked in, causing him to pivot almost immediately in the direction of the sound.

He didn’t take any action yet, even though he wanted to punch the intruder who barged in. But when he saw the face of the intruder, he felt like kicking him as well.

"Wow, this place is bigger than I thought!"

"You."

"Why are you acting like that? So grumpy! What do you have to eat? You have beef burgers, right? I’ll take one set, to eat here, with soda."

"The shop is closed."

"Closed? The door isn't even locked. I'm hungry... Can I grab a beer? My throat is dry."

Fadel furrowed his brows, looking at the tall figure of the idiot who had rear-ended him the night before. He was also the son of the owner of the repair shop where he had taken his car for repairs that morning. This person was exactly the type of foolish troublemaker that Fadel had already labeled as a nuisance.

Not only was he a nuisance, but he also didn't listen to others. For example, when Fadel had taken his car in for repairs due to scratches, this guy had suggested repainting the entire car and promised a 50% discount.

He insisted on keeping the original color and only repairing the scratched areas. However, he ended up spending a long time at the shop because the idiot brought in new paint for him to choose from. To make matters worse, he was trying to sell racing stickers as well.

And here’s an example: he clearly stated that the shop was closed, yet this clueless fool just walked over and opened the beer fridge without a care. Now, he was drinking as if he was genuinely thirsty.

Normally, an assassin like Fadel only kills bad people. Was this idiot bad enough? “How did you get in here?” He clenched his fist and took a deep

breath. Even though his face remained calm, Style could tell that Fadel was radiating anger. He placed the beer bottle down on the table.

“Ah... refreshing. I came looking for the brochure that was in your car. There’s a big stack of burger brochures in the back of your car. I left some with the local businesses around here. At first, I didn’t think it was your shop… Are you the owner? Did you just move to this area? Where do you live? And why aren’t you in the kitchen making burgers?”

“...” Fadel furrowed both his brows and his forehead. He stayed silent because he didn't know which question Style wanted an answer to first.

“Or are you just a cleaning staff here?”

“I’m the owner of the shop. So why are you here?”

“Well, your car was finished, so I brought it over. I didn’t know how to contact you since you didn’t leave a number. Are you crazy or something?”

Fadel tilted his head slightly.

“I should be the one calling you crazy. Just leave it at the shop; I’ll pick it up when I have time.”

“Sorry, but the shop isn’t that big. Here’s the car key; open the beer.”

"One more bottle, man. I haven't had beer in a while. Why don't we sit and drink together? Damn, I want to eat a burger. Burger, burger, the burger in your style."

Fadel placed his hands on his hips, watching Style walk over to the fridge to grab another beer, completely nonchalant. Not only did he open the fridge himself, but he also pulled a chair from the kitchen and sat down, even though Fadel had just put it away ten minutes ago. He had never encountered anyone like this before; it was driving him crazy.

"The shop is closed, so there won’t be any burgers."

"You mean there’s no chef, right?" Style looked at Fadel, took another sip of beer, and continued, "It’s not surprising that a face like yours wouldn’t know how to cook. If this beer runs out, I’ll be heading back."

"I’m the chef."

"Wow, who would believe that?"

"I don’t even know if it’s true that you’re the owner," Style said, holding the beer bottle in his hand, talking a lot without a care. Meanwhile, Fadel's expression darkened. He was serious about everything, feeling like he was being pushed around. He walked around to the back of the kitchen, grabbed a knife, and began sharpening it, making a loud sound.

Style gulped nervously, unsure why Fadel suddenly walked over to grab a knife and sharpen it while looking at him with a threatening glare.

"What are you doing?"

"Making a burger for you."

"...Sharpening a knife like that, are you trying to kill the customer or something? The seller could end up in jail." Fadel slammed the knife down on the cutting board with a loud thud, even more irritated with Style than before.

...
Meanwhile, Style was preparing to make a run for it, even though the chef had already turned on the stove.

"Are you going to eat or not?"

“Just charge me for the beer; I can leave.”

Fadel’s expression darkened even further, his face reddening as he ground his teeth. He had turned on the stove... intending to cook for someone even though the shop was closed.

“Is your hobby annoying people?” he asked Style, who was pulling out his phone to scan and prepare to pay. Not sure how much the beer cost, the shop owner was furious and refused to give a price. He pulled the knife from the cutting board and began sharpening it against the stove again.

It was frightening. The chef was dangerous; he couldn’t take it anymore.

“I’ve transferred the money.”

Style decided to overpay and abruptly stood up from his chair, standing tall. He took a step back while Fadel watched every move he made without taking his eyes off him, terrified of his brother’s murderous glare. In the end, he spun around and bolted out of the shop as if he had just seen a ghost.

The doorbell rang again. Fadel took a deep breath, reached over to turn off the stove that he had just lit, and glanced at the beer bottle that Style had left half-empty. The other guy had just abandoned it and left the countertop in front of the kitchen all wet, not to mention the chair that Style hadn’t put back in its place.

He returned the knife to its spot, ensuring it was at the exact same angle as before, neither more nor less.

As a perfectionist to the point of being obsessive, Fadel was certain he couldn’t forgive Style’s disorderly actions.

He grabbed a cloth to wipe the table again and walked over to return the chair to its rightful place, picturing the scene in his mind.

Style wandered around the shop, envisioning himself beating the other guy to a pulp. Just thinking of that image of Style getting beaten made him cower. The rage he felt gradually subsided, and he silently pleaded—please, let him never encounter someone like Style again in this lifetime.

He wanted to throw punches, left and right—so infuriating!

Without income from his work as a hitman, which allowed him to live comfortably for several more years on just one job, it seemed that both he and Fadel would have to pull their hair out over the front-facing restaurant business, like this burger shop. It had been open for a week, but there didn't seem to be many customers at all. On average, only two or three customers came into the shop each day. The owner wasn't exactly welcoming; despite having skills, he lacked effective promotion and entertainment, so how could the shop possibly survive?

And although it was just a front business, Bison knew that Fadel was genuinely serious about it. His older brother loved cooking, and even though he didn't say it outright, deep down, Fadel must have wanted his cooking to be appreciated.

Although our burger shop didn't have many customers, it did have regulars. However, the regular customer didn't seem to get along with the owner very well because that customer was Kant, the cute guy who had boldly expressed his intention to woo the only employee in the shop—who happened to be the younger brother of the owner.

He came in every day and still faced the glare. Sometimes Fadel would sharpen his knife or chop meat loudly to drive customers away. Bison felt exhausted but couldn't help finding Kant's demeanor amusing. In truth, it was nice to have a handsome regular in the shop; it was enjoyable to gaze at a good-looking, muscular guy.

Today was another day when Kant stopped by for lunch at the burger shop. He had switched up the menu so many times that he had probably tried every item on the menu by now. Fadel hadn't prohibited Bison from talking to customers, but he had warned him not to develop a crush on Kant, as the guy's looks were not trustworthy. More importantly, Fadel had seriously warned that Kant would never accept their profession.

Bison hadn't yet talked to their mother about wanting to quit being an assassin, and even if he did, he wouldn't know how to start. He might have to wait for the right opportunity and time to present itself.

As for Kant, his relationship with Bison wasn't progressing, and the investigation into the two assassin brothers wasn't moving forward either. Kant admitted that Fadel's cooking skills pleased him greatly, but the older brother was strict and overly cautious, making his job even more difficult.

Today, Kant ordered pasta to try, and Fadel's noodle dishes were just as excellent. Kant finished everything and then called Bison over to settle the bill.

"Just scan like before, please."

"I think the restaurant should make a loyalty card for me at this point. I come here to eat every day," Kant joked with Bison, of course feeling a chill down his spine since Fadel kept glaring at him.

"Why don't you go talk to Fadel about it?"

"No way! I'm afraid your brother will slice me up instead of the meat!"

"Hey…" Bison chuckled as he picked up the shop's phone to check for notifications.

"Is there money for the meal yet?"

"You…"

"Yes?"

"Do you have about five minutes to spare? My relative sent me a lot of lychees, and I might not be able to finish them all, so I wanted to share some with you and Fadel."

"I'm always free."

"They're in my car. I could have brought them in, but I wanted to talk to you privately first, so I didn't bring them in yet."

Bison smiled slightly, looking at Kant's sparkling, mischievous eyes, and felt something strange. For the past few days, he couldn't help but think that

he was looking forward to Kant's arrival. Watching Kant eat had become a daily routine that he enjoyed and cherished.

Even though Fadel warned him that Kant was untrustworthy, the wall between him and Kant had diminished almost entirely.

"I'll go get them myself. You can head out first; I'll follow you to the car."

"What will you tell Fadel?"

"I'll tell him I'm going to get the lychees and feed the cat."

Kant nodded. He stood up from the table as Bison walked to the back, where the cash register was, to gather the receipt and take off his apron.

"Hey, I'm going to get the lychees from Kant's car, and I'll also feed the cat."

"How many minutes?"

"I don't know! If something urgent comes up, just call me."

"I'm going with you."

"Aren't you scared of black cats?"

"...."

"I'll wait here. I'm not a three-year-old kid; you don't have to follow me this closely."

Fadel stood still, contemplating the relationship between him and Bison. It was true that he could order Bison around as an older brother, and it was also true that Bison could give him orders in return.

Since Bison said it like this, it meant he really didn't want Fadel to follow him. Besides standing there, Fadel remained silent, almost as if he were temporarily mute. He didn't do anything more than watch Bison with a worried and concerned expression.

.....

I will hurry back update chapter 5 and 6 today 🫶i fall asleep last night 🤣I wanted to update more but I'm sorry
Ignore the typos babies

CHAPTER 5

.....

Lychee Emperor can wait till later. Bison meows, calling out to the cat he's been feeding daily these past few days. He happened to find the little cat when he went out to throw away the trash. The first day they met, the kitten was very afraid of him and looked starving.

Fadel complained that feeding the cat was absolutely forbidden, warning that if they kept feeding it, the cat would think they’re its owners and make a habit of coming by. He seemed irritated for some reason, endlessly saying he was allergic to cats, and insisted, "No feeding... absolutely not, no way."

But his brother is just like this—his words always contradict his actions. The shop doesn’t have any cat food, but Fadel stubbornly tried to feed the cat leftovers. Wasn't it Fadel who, that very night, told him that cats shouldn’t eat seasoned food? He even mentioned there was some leftover raw meat and chopped it finely for the cat, who devoured every last bit. The next day, when the cat returned, Fadel gave it fish, grumbling all the while that Bison was to blame for feeding it in the first place, making it return every day and wasting the shop’s supplies. After his rant, he went silent for a long moment before finally admitting that they should get some dry food to keep on hand, as the cat would surely be back.

Headache-inducing. Wasn’t it Fadel who fed the cat for the past two days?

“Meow, meow! Daddy’s little kitty, come out quickly and eat your delicious food. Come on!”

Bison had even bought an adorable feeding bowl from the pet store. It seemed the kitty had gotten quite used to him now; as soon as he called, it came running. Bison thought he’d feed the cat before going to see Kant, but it seemed Kant was already interested in him, watching from the shade next to the shop. With his long strides, Kant walked over without hesitation.

Bison didn’t say anything, nor did he explain what he was doing. He crouched down, pouring the wet food into the bowl for the cat. Wet food at noon, dry food at night—that was Fadel again, meticulously researching what cats should and shouldn’t eat.

After pouring the wet food for the cat to enjoy, he opened a water bottle and poured it into a dish beside it.

“Such a cute scene, feeding the kitty! You’re really into this, aren’t you?”

“Just started a few days ago. It only let me hold it for the first time yesterday,” Bison explained with a big smile, stroking the cat’s back as it ate.

“Can I hold it?”

“Give it a try.”

Kant didn’t exactly do what Bison expected. His fingers gently pinched Bison’s soft cheek instead. The kitty’s round, curious eyes widened as it turned to look at Kant, who was still pinching Bison’s cheek and, to top it off, flashing a charming smile.

Bison blinked slowly, his stomach doing little flips that he couldn’t control.

There was no stopping the blush. Bison bit his lower lip without realizing it, and Kant swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple moving as he tried, unsuccessfully, to hold himself back. Seeing Bison bite his lip made Kant lose all sense of what he was doing there, his plans and responsibilities slipping away entirely.

“…Can I kiss you?”

“…I don’t like kissing just anyone.”

“Oh…”

“Because kissing makes me feel loved, and I can’t help but feel that the person kissing me is more special than anyone else.”

Kant bit his own soft lips, his gaze fixed solely on the blush-colored lips of the man he wanted to kiss.

“I don’t want to kiss you, Kant… but at the same time, I’d like to try it just once. I’m so confused.”

Kant swallowed again, lowering his hand from Bison’s cheek to gently hold the back of his neck, pulling him closer to press his lips to his in a light, barely-there touch. Even so, a rush of heat surged through his body. His lips lingered against Bison’s for only a moment before he pulled back, looking into his face once again.

There was no scolding, nor was there praise. But the faint flush across Bison’s cheeks turned into a deep red that spread all the way to both ears.

“Fadel will definitely kill me for letting you get this close,” he muttered with a quiet chuckle, finally averting his gaze from Kant to play with the little black cat.

“Would your brother try to stop us?”

"Maybe. Fadel is the type to find it hard to trust people."

"He's heartless."

"No, he has a heart, and it’s so fragile you wouldn’t believe it."

"Doesn't seem like it."

"Did you know Fadel’s allergic to cats? He doesn’t want to keep one. If you saw him talk about it, you’d think he despises cats."

"But actually, his allergy is the kind where he’d end up loving it anyway. We move a lot, and it’s often inconvenient to bring a cat along. If he got attached, it’d be hard."

"He…" Kant didn’t know what to say, so he stayed silent, waiting for Bison to continue. Bison’s gaze as he looked at the cat was so gentle. If he told

Kant that the whole thing about being an assassin was just a misunderstanding, Kant might actually believe it right now.

"He’s very strict with himself, refusing to let himself know love. I wish Fadel could experience love just once, to see what it’s like. Maybe then, the dark cloud that hangs around my brother might lift a little."

"..."

"Do you have a friend to introduce him to? So he’ll stop meddling or scolding me about things."

Bison spoke offhandedly, but Kant’s eyes lit up with an idea. Maybe… he could ask someone he trusted to get close to Fadel, to gather information from that side.

But who could handle someone as grumpy as Fadel…?

Ah… he couldn’t think of anyone other than Style, his best friend.

..

"I think I have a friend to introduce to your brother. Compatibility level: 99%."

"Someone compatible with Fadel? What kind of person would that be?"

"Trust me; I guarantee it."

"Alright, but talking with Del isn’t easy."

"And if I want to talk and maybe even date you? Could I get a pass on the difficulty level?"

Bison fell silent for a long moment, leaving Kant waiting for an answer. When none came, Kant playfully poked Bison’s cheek. Bison finally looked up and smiled.

"Alright, let’s give it a try. Give me your number."

Kant’s grin widened, showing his clean white teeth, and they quickly exchanged numbers. But before they could enjoy the moment too long, Fadel’s stern voice shattered the mood.

"Hey, Bison! There’s news from Mom. Let’s talk inside the shop."

Bison glanced toward the shop entrance, where Fadel was standing, looking serious. He understood Fadel’s meaning immediately, realizing he’d have to head back in.

"I have to go."

"Your mom’s here?"

"No, she wouldn’t come here. She’s not my real mom, anyway. Just our adoptive mother who took us in." Bison’s tone was calm, but the smile usually crinkling his eyes was gone, replaced by a brief flicker of something darker. Kant noticed every detail of the change, straightening up as Bison stood.

"Let’s grab those lychees first."

"Oh, right! I almost forgot that’s what I came out here for," Bison said with a bright smile.

As usual, Bison half-walked, half-ran to the back of Kant's car, picking up the crate of lychees Kant had bought—not, as he’d claimed, received from relatives. He jogged back to the shop, taking a deep breath and scuffing the dirt a bit with his foot.

Kant took a deep breath. The adoptive mother who never visited… Interesting detail. He’d dig into that a bit more and report to Captain Chris later. Alone now, he returned to his car, his fingertip grazing his lips.

Bison, that stubborn cat, had surprisingly soft lips.

Bison walked into the shop, carrying the large crate of lychees. He set the fruit down on a table and wiped the sweat from his brow. The heat outside was brutal, and lugging the heavy crate under the sun didn’t help. Sweat

beaded at his temples, and he sighed in relief as he felt the shop's air conditioning. As he wiped his brow, he glanced at his brother.

"What do you mean by 'Mom'? Did she call you?"

"Mom's never called us," Fadel replied, his eyes shifting toward the back of the shop. Bison looked over and saw the door leading to the back area was opening. As it swung wider, a tall man in a suit, tie, and glasses came into view, around the same age as them.

It was Keen, the other adopted son of Mother Lily. While Bison and Fadel had been carrying out assassination missions for her, Keen had taken a different path after a major failed mission that left him seriously injured. Since then, Mother Lily had assigned him to intelligence work, gathering personal data on businessmen and politicians who were targets. The three of them worked together as a team.

"Keen," Bison called out to his foster brother. Keen gave a slight nod, adjusting his glasses as he replied, calling Bison's name back in greeting.

"Bison."

"What made you show up here?"

"Mother sent me to find you both and to check out your new hideout, see if it's livable."

"Find us? So there's a new job?"

"Yeah. Meeting at the usual spot at 9 tonight."

Fadel nodded, folding his arms cautiously. "Alright, you can go now. Next time, try dressing to blend in a bit. Showing up like this is… odd."

Keen shot Fadel an annoyed look but didn't argue. Instead, he changed the subject.

"You two should be careful. I heard the cops are looking for you right now."

“Did they get much information on us?”

“No, I’m not that careless. The fact that you two are assassins is still under wraps.”

Bison nodded, satisfied with the answer. He looked up and told Keen, “Good. Don’t let my information slip. I plan to take a few more jobs and then retire.”

Keen frowned slightly, shaking his head. “Mother won’t allow it.”

“How would I know if I don’t ask? But I mean it—I’m done.”

Bison’s tone was firm, his decision clear. Keen kept staring at him, suspicious. Finally, Fadel intervened, saying,

“Don’t worry about it, Keen. Even if Bison quits, I’ll still work for Mother.”

“Lucky for you two. Even if one of you dies, Mother still has one left to use.”

“Who’s going to die? Watch your mouth. Don’t think that just because you’re close to Mother, I won’t dare to mess with you.”

Bison’s threat didn’t faze Keen; he shrugged it off as he turned to leave, disappearing in an instant like a shadow that only appeared for a brief moment. Both Fadel and Bison were used to his sudden comings and goings, as well as his sharp tongue, as if nothing had ever happened, as if he had never existed.

“Clean the table, Bison. The table for your friend.”

“Sure thing, Boss!”

A classic black Ford Mustang, a family heirloom from his late father, pulled into the STYLE AUTO garage. The owner’s son stood with his hands on his hips, knowing exactly whose car it was. Style waited until the owner stepped out of the vehicle.

It was Kant, who rarely drove it out from its parking spot. “Hey, what broke this time? Can’t guarantee I can find parts for it,” he greeted loudly, his voice echoing as he was the type to be boisterous. Kant shook his head slightly in response.

“Nothing. I just drove it out to show off a little, hoping you’d want it.”

"What's taking so long? When will you sell it to me? My dad wants it, and I'm going to buy it for him." His long arm draped over his friend's shoulder. He and Kant were about the same height. Style dragged Kant toward the back of the house. The chaos of the garage began to fade into silence.

Kant sat down on his usual sofa, looked at Style for a moment, then started to set some conditions.

"You really want the car, right?"

"Are you finally deciding to sell it?"

"Well... something like that. Your dad and you can probably take better care of it than I can. I can't use it anyway, and with Babe growing up, I'd rather sell it and use the money to send my nong chay to school."

"How much? I’ll fight for the price."

"But I'm not going to sell it right now. I need you to help me with something first. If you succeed, then I'll sell it."

"And here I thought you were going to sell it today. I was so happy to help."

"I want you to approach someone, woo them, and teach them about love." Style raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised.

"Who did you bet with to get me to teach someone about love and break someone's heart? No way, that's bad karma."

"No, it’s not like that. You know the new burger place that opened up in my alley?"

"Oh, that place." Style's right eye twitched, sensing something was off.

"Yeah, I'm trying to win over the owner's younger brother. His older brother doesn't like me very much. I want you to help him understand love a bit. Get close to him and then keep him away. You don't even have to really like him, okay, buddy?"

Kant tried to persuade his friend logically, not daring to directly say he wanted his friend to help gather information on a killer.

"The owner of the burger shop... I know him, right? Fadel?"

"Oh, if you already know him, that's great!"

"Uh-uh," he said, crossing his arms in an X shape. "I have to decline, okay? That rude shop owner doesn't accept guests at all. He has a mood like he hasn't pooped in days. And if you ask how I know him, remember the story about the owner of that car? The nasty one I bumped into?"

"Don't tell me..."

"You're right! The nasty car owner is Fadel."

"You..."

"Go figure out how to woo your stubborn cat on your own. I'm pretty scared of that burger shop owner." The sound of a knife being sharpened echoed in his ears. Someone like Style would never risk getting involved in dangerous matters.

Teaching Fadel about love or getting close to him was scary—because it was Fadel.

"Stylish man, I believe you can make Fadel fall in love with you."

"I stand by my previous statement: no way! And I don't see how me trying to woo him would help you and your stubborn cat... what was its name again?"

"Bison."

"Like the wild buffalo?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, getting to the point, I don't see how me getting close to Fadel would make it any easier for you and Bison to flirt."

"What do you know? Just by agreeing to help, my love life will become smoother."

"No."

"We're friends, right?"

"Friends, but no."

"How about this: if you agree to help, not only will I sell you the car, but I'll also give you a thirty percent discount."

"Fifty percent off the appraised price."

"Do you think I like discounted stuff that much?"

"Got it. Then I won't bother you anymore."

"Yes, my friend, I love things that are fifty percent off the appraised price if I succeed."

Finally, Style surrendered. Numbers raced through his mind. Kant nodded in agreement, but still didn't dare to tell his friend he was sending him on a dangerous mission.

"You're a true friend, Style. I knew I could always count on you."

"Well... not that much, buddy. But you know I can always be relied on, that's for sure."

Fortunately, Style's "I like me" syndrome wasn't contagious. Kant was fed up with his best friend's self-obsession. He was very handsome, but also strange. No wonder he was still single to this day.

Letting two strange people meet and having Style focus on techniques to talk until the other person was dizzy enough to spill secrets seemed like a good idea.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Approach Fadel, gather all his daily routines and any suspicious activities."

"For what?"

"If I know that, I'll be able to plan how to woo Bison."

"I don’t think that’s too hard. Just trust Style."

Style clicked his tongue, the "I like me" syndrome flaring up again. Kant smiled dryly at his cheerful best friend, who seemed overly upbeat. If he found out that Fadel was a killer, who knows if Style would still be smiling.

"Sorry, buddy."

"Sorry for what?"

"It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it too much."

.....

I have attached the picture given in book above

Note :- chapter 6 after helloween content can't wait 🫶♥ bye bye guys enjoy have any typos please ignore 😅

CHAPTER 6

.....

"My charm is just overflowing; any man who catches a glimpse of me will fall head over heels. It's my style." But as he thought this line over and over again, he'd been pondering it ever since he left home, driving along. That didn't mean his journey was completely aimless, though.

He had a destination, and he had a purpose for this trip.

This time, he had thoroughly checked that the new burger joint, which also served craft beer, closed at 10 p.m. He wouldn't show up late like last time. He made it to see Fadel right when his watch read 9:45 p.m.

Bison wasn't at the restaurant; it seemed he had a late-night date with his best friend, Kan. Today, his task was to ensure Fadel got home after midnight, one way or another.

He parked his car in the restaurant's lot, unable to shake the thought that Fadel must have some serious money to rent this spot for a burger joint. It had been vacant for a long time because of the high rent. Yet, the rough-faced owner, who seemed like a ruthless guy, appeared at ease, even with only a few customers trickling in each day.

Style checked his breath, his body odor, and the lingering scent of engine oil on his clothes, which somehow turned into a clean, refreshing fragrance. Outside of work, Style's lifestyle could definitely be described as somewhat refined.

After meticulously checking his appearance and feeling confident, his "I-Like" syndrome kicked in again. The handsome guy stepped out of his car and headed to the front door, where the sign still indicated the place was open.

His legs shook a little. Despite his confidence in his own charm, he wasn't so sure about Fadel. Who knew if that guy would be sitting there sharpening a knife or polishing a gun?

The bell at the entrance chimed, and Style was surprised at how well he remembered the sound of the burger joint's bell.

"Yes?" came the greeting. The wide restaurant was empty except for Fadel, who was in full uniform and showed no signs of closing up anytime soon.

"Hello! Can I get a burger and a beer to make my day perfect?"(Said in English)

"You again?"

"Come on, treat your customers better. I got off work early today, so I came to support you. Last time I came, you were already closed. I'm here while you're still open. If you don't serve me, I'll leave you a half-star review."

Sigh "What do you want to eat?"

"Thanks, you're awesome." (Said in English)

"Just pick what you want quickly. I'm about to close the kitchen. And stop mixing English and Thai words like that-it's pretentious."

"Honestly, since the day you were born, have you ever spoken nicely to anyone?"

"Yeah, but that person would never be you." Fadel wasn't sharpening any knives, and if he had a gun, it was safely tucked away, not out for polishing. Seeing an annoying pest like Style was enough to get his blood boiling, yet he reminded himself that Style was technically here as a customer.

The important thing was that he hadn't shut off the grill yet, since he was in the middle of testing out a new menu item.

"Don't hate me too much. Be careful; if we keep this up, we might end up in love."

"Just pick something from the menu."

"Hmm... What should I eat? Do you have anything that's not too fattening? Lately, I feel like my face looks rounder, so I want to watch my diet a bit."

"How about my foot? Guaranteed zero calories."

"Mr. Fadel, is that why your restaurant's so empty? Do you serve your customers a dish of sass?"

Fadel didn't respond, just sighed at Style's aimless chatter. When Style saw him go quiet, he leaned into the kitchen area, curiously like a kid. "What are you making?"

"A new dish. Just testing it out."

"I'll take one of the new dish then, and have a beer with me. My treat."

"I don't drink while I'm working."

"But you're off in ten minutes, so that means you can drink then, right?"

"Let me rephrase that-I don't drink beer with strangers."

"Come on, we've met several times already. I get that meeting up..."

"The first impression wasn't great, but we're practically neighbors, right? Why are you so dead set on disliking me? I don't even have any issues with you. Let me take a good look at that face of yours."

Style looked at Fadel closely, maybe for the first time truly taking him in. He paused for a moment, a bit caught off guard-Fadel's strong, intense features, with just a hint of a stern look, were exactly his type. Fadel, feeling Style's gaze, couldn't help but look back.

He was already annoyed by Style's constant chatter, and that smug look just irritated him more.

"Back off."

"Bad attitude, but blessed by God with good looks to make up for it, huh?"

"So, are you volunteering to test out the new dish or not?"

Style snapped his fingers, refocusing on the topic. "Yes, and add a beer, please."

"Grab a beer yourself."

"Which one are you having?"

"Just take any one you want."

Style went over to the fridge to grab a beer, Fadel's eyes following him as he pulled out several bottles.

"Why'd you take so many? Don't you have to drive home?"

"I'm barely drinking. This is for you. Plus, I can handle my alcohol. I'll get home just fine."

"You weren't so fine last time when you rear-ended my car. Lucky it wasn't a bigger accident."

"Are you worried about me?"

"I'm more worried about the other drivers on the road."

..

"Oh, come on Phi. If I get drunk, you can just carry me home."

"If you get that wasted, I'll just toss you out front. You're responsible for yourself if you end up trashed."

"How about we both get drunk and just crash here for the night? What do you think?"

"I don't get drunk that easily."

"Alright, Mr. Iron Liver, Mr. Golden Stomach." Style opened a beer and passed it to Fadel, who was busy cooking. Fadel hadn't taken a sip yet, but Style's intentions were clear-he was trying to get the burger joint owner tipsy.

"Doesn't look like a burger."

"That's because it isn't."

"A steak?"

"Yep. And feel free to critique it if it's bad. I'll make it at every level of doneness. Let's eat together-since you're bringing the beer, I'll cover the meat."

"You really invest in this place, don't you? You work hard too."

"Need any help promoting and marketing it?"

"No, thanks. It won't be open for long. I just wanted to try running a restaurant."

"Just admit you're some rich heir opening a place for kicks."

"Talk too much."

Style folded his arms, taking a small sip of his beer. Fadel didn't engage any further, instead focusing intently on preparing the food. Style found himself watching, admiring the way Fadel's long fingers, gloved for cooking, moved skillfully. Just looking at his face, hands, and build-if not for Fadel's personality-someone like him could have easily fallen for the guy.

"Got a girlfriend?" Style asked, propping his chin on his hand, steering the conversation toward love. You never know with those silent types.

...

"Maybe you're hiding someone. I'm curious if you'd actually be gentle when you're with a girlfriend."

"I don't have one."

"Not surprised."

"You probably don't have one either."

"What?!"

"Not surprising there, either."

"Your mouth, Fadel. So not nice."

Fadel rolled his eyes as he plated the meat carefully, arranging it like he would for a real customer. Style clapped happily when he saw the food's presentation and couldn't resist snapping a photo to post on social media. He tried to include Fadel in the shot, but Fadel's long fingers blocked the camera.

"If you're photographing the food, fine, but don't get me in it."

"Alright, just admit you're some rich kid opening a restaurant for fun. No photos allowed of the face, huh? Where are you going now?"

"Getting wine. Wine and steak go well together."

"I'm in for that!"

"Wait here. Don't follow."

Fadel disappeared into the back for a moment before returning with a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"You're not selling wine here, are you?"

"Nope, not for sale. I got it for myself. Wine pairs well with steak."

Style clapped his hands, clearly delighted. Since he'd walked in, there hadn't been a single moment of silence in the restaurant.

"Pour away."

..
"Eat the steak first."

"Alright, no holding back, then."

"I don't think you've held back from the start," Fadel muttered, making Style give him a dramatic eye-roll before taking a bite. Fadel tried a piece as well.

"It's alright."

"Just 'alright'? You're giving your own cooking just an 'alright'? It's amazing!"

"Exaggerating."

"Not at all, Fadel. I've eaten at a lot of places, but this is really good. Can I try one of your signature burgers too?"

"Wait a bit, I'll make one."

Style clapped again, delighted, as Fadel took a sip of wine and returned to the grill. He prepared a burger, the restaurant's star menu item, just for Style. Hearing all the compliments spurred him on to keep making more.

It was rare for someone to eat his cooking and shower him with praise. Fadel didn't keep track of time, but at some point, the wine bottles and beers had all disappeared. Style had eventually made his way to the sofa, rambling incoherently as he lay there. Fadel wasn't drunk, but he felt different, slightly off. Sitting down beside Style, his curiosity got the best of him. He reached into Style's pocket, pulled out his phone, and unlocked it using Style's face. He went through his social media, curious to find out who this guy really was and whether he could be trusted.

Fadel's eyebrows knit together when he saw a photo on Style's Instagram. Someone familiar was draped around Style's shoulders in one of the pictures.

...
"So, you're friends with that tattoo artist, Kant, huh?" After putting the phone back where it was, Fadel sat nearby with his arms crossed, his distrust of Style inexplicably growing.

Then Fadel hoisted Style's drunk self out to the front of the restaurant, locked the door, and walked home rather than driving.

As for Style? Well, if he was going to get that wasted, he could sleep it off outside.

"Enough with Kant! I'm telling you, this job is just not for me."

"Calm down, buddy. Let's have some noodles and cool off. Whatever you want-it's on me. Let's just take it easy and talk it through, alright?"

"Two bowls of wonton noodles with extra pork," Style muttered, momentarily setting aside his frustration to order dinner at their usual noodle joint.

"What happened to you, boss?"

"These red spots all over?" Style pointed at his mosquito bites. "I was drunk... slept outside and got eaten alive by mosquitoes." The waiter chuckled and headed off with their order as Style turned back to glare at Kan, who was grinning at his friend's disheveled state.

"I've never met anyone as infuriating as him," Style grumbled, recalling last night. He'd drunk and tried to get Fadel tipsy, yet somehow he'd ended up as the one drunk out of his mind-and apparently, Fadel had dumped him outside to sleep.

He'd woken up at dawn, only to find himself covered in mosquito bites outside the restaurant. Fadel was nowhere in sight, having vanished without a trace.

Style had no idea where Fadel's house was; otherwise, he would've stormed over to punch him square in the face. Look at him now-his skin was a mess from all those bites.

....

"Get this straight, Fadel-there's no way we're ever going to be on good terms." Style swallowed his bitterness, doing his best not to let Fadel get under his skin too much. But Kan, ever the instigator, couldn't help but chime in.

"Just think about your car, alright?"

"Forget it. I'm done being materialistic."

"Buddy... I think..."

"What else do you have to say?" Style grumbled, eyeing Kan with suspicion.

Kant licked his lips, took a deep breath, and poured his friend a glass of cold soda, hoping it might cool him down a bit.

"Well, before he kicked you out to sleep in front of the restaurant, wasn't he actually pretty nice to you? You told me he made food, kept you company. You were so drunk you blacked out, and he didn't even charge you for the food or beer. Technically, he treated you."

Kant was making a good point, and Style's expression showed a flicker of hesitation.

"But..."

"Yes, but-kicking you out to sleep with the mosquitoes is absolutely unforgivable. But I've got a great plan."

"What kind of plan, Kant?"

"We're going to make him fall for you. Trust me, the stoic, tough types like him? Once they're in, they're in deep."

"Oh, please... Someone who cared would never leave me outside to get eaten by mosquitoes. Getting Fadel to fall for me? That's harder than finding a needle in the middle of the Pacific Ocean."

...

"The downside of guys like him is that they're hard to win over. You sure you want to take on this universal mission?"

Style fell silent, taking a moment to think as the server brought over the noodles they had ordered. A universal mission... Well, there was no denying that Fadel's looks were right up his alley. And if Fadel did get a boyfriend, he'd probably be fiercely loyal.

He mused on the idea until Kant nudged him. "So? What's it gonna be, Style? Are you taking on the mission or not?"

"You really are..."

"Well? You could always make him fall for you, then break his heart for revenge."

"That's... interesting. I'll give it a shot. But if things start looking bad, I'm out."

"Deal, man."

"Oh, and you and Bison... Did anything happen last night?"

"Nah, I just took him on a ride, grabbed some food, had a drink nearby-nothing serious. But we're definitely getting closer."

"Get me the details on Fadel's daily routine from Bison, yeah?" Style said, diving into his noodles, paying little mind to table manners. Kant nodded, laughing.

"Sure thing. I'll tell Bison you've got a little crush on Fadel, alright?"

"Fine. But let's first confirm if he's closing the shop tonight."

"Why? You planning to see him?"

"Just heading over to pay for those beers, that's all... Hey, kid! Another order over here!"

"Two bowls aren't enough? The portions are huge," the server remarked.

"I'm ordering to take home," Style replied, feeling slightly annoyed. He placed his favorite dish on the order list before the server headed back to the kitchen.

Kant assumed Style was just getting food for someone at home, completely unaware that half an hour later, his friend would be standing in front of the troublesome burger joint. Peeking inside, he noticed only Fadel was in the restaurant, just as Kant had said.

He nudged the door open with his shoulder, and Fadel glanced over with a tired look. But when Style pointed an accusing finger at him, Fadel furrowed his brows.

"You, of all people, have no idea how cruel it is to leave me sleeping outside, getting bitten by mosquitoes," Style complained.

Fadel wiped a glass clean, not offering any explanations. However, upon closer inspection, Style noticed dark circles under Fadel's eyes. It was evident that the burger owner had spent the night watching the cameras outside the shop, waiting for the drunk fool to wake up.

"So, why are you here again?" Fadel asked, his tone indifferent.

"Just came to pay for the beers."

"Here's the bill, then. I was just wondering who I should collect from."

Fadel handed Style the bill along with a QR code, acting as though he didn't hear the insults muttered under Style's breath.

"All settled then."

"Go back now; I'm closing the shop," Fadel said, clearly wanting to end the conversation.

"What have you eaten?" Style pressed, unwilling to leave just yet.

"Why do you care?" Fadel replied, slightly annoyed.

"I brought you some noodles. I wasn't sure what you'd like, so I just got what I like," Style explained, holding out a bag of noodles.

Fadel was momentarily at a loss for words. Style pouted playfully and extended the food toward him, but Fadel didn't take it. His stern expression softened a bit. It was surprising to see someone who seemingly disliked him go out of their way to bring him something. No one had ever done that for him before, making it feel quite... unusual.

No, not just unusual. It was very strange.

"Just accept it. The restaurant is good. If you've already eaten, you can save it for later. Even if you don't like me, the food didn't do anything wrong. A cook like you knows that, right?" Style insisted.

Fadel reluctantly took the bag, not mentioning that he hadn't eaten dinner yet and was planning to have the noodles Style brought as his evening meal.

"Can I ask you something?" Fadel said after a pause.

"Ask away. Single? No girlfriend?"

"I told you already, that doesn't surprise me. I just wanted to ask if you know that tattoo artist named Kant."

"Yeah, we live nearby and went to the same school. It'd be weird not to know him. Do you know Kant too?"

"Yeah. Not sure I can trust him," Fadel replied, a hint of suspicion in his voice.

"You're the one who shouldn't be trusted more than anyone else," Style replied, not lying about Kant. He had indeed been friends with Kant for a long time, just not mentioning that it was part of Kant's plan for him to annoy Fadel. "But why do you ask?"

"Just curious. Now go home already," Fadel said dismissively.

"Fine, I'm leaving. But don't come whining to me later," Style shot back before turning on his heel and striding out the door he had just entered. Fadel waited until he was sure Style had driven away before he finally sat down to eat his dinner in silence, alone.

"Do you really like wontons?" he muttered to himself, pausing mid-bite. Great, now he was curious about Style for some reason.

.....

Note: please wait for a bit part 7-8 are coming chapter 8 has some SPICY stuffs 😏for fadelstyle

CHAPTER 7

.....

The burger shop was bustling around noon today, with slightly more customers than usual. Normally, there were two to three people; today, there were six tables occupied. Fadel was busy in front of the grill, while Bison had a relatively easy time. Besides serving drinks and food, he had no other duties.

“bison, go grab a new bottle of sauce from the back,” his picky older brother ordered without looking up.

“Okay,” Bison replied. He then walked to the back of the shop and noticed Kant was there as a customer, just like every other day. He also saw Kant following him into the back.

Before he could grab the sauce bottle Fadel had asked for, Bison was suddenly grabbed. He didn’t resist or push back, and in the next moment, Kant had successfully pushed him against the wall. The mischievous eyes of the one called the naughty cat widened. Bison moved his lips.

“What’s your deal?”

“I miss you.”

“Such a drama queen.”

“Is that the person you were with at the bowling alley?”

“Yeah, my friend is single, and you know what’s funny? Fadel and style already know each other.”

“Hmm?”

“My friend rear-ended your brother’s car.”

Bison’s eyes widened as he realized who Fadel was talking about.

...It’s better not to know someone like that.

“It seems my friend is also close with your brother.”

“Close?” Bison tilted his head in confusion. It seemed Kant must have misunderstood something.

“Yeah, my friend wants to know what your brother does in a day so he can approach him properly.”

Bison lowered his head, and after looking up again, he finally replied.

“My brother? In a day, Fadel doesn’t do much. His daily routine is pretty monotonous and boring.”

Like waking up early to run, then coming back to practice shooting and martial arts. After that, he opens the shop, works until closing, goes home, reads, and goes to bed.

“Waking up to run in the morning, opening the shop, and then going home to sleep—Fadel's daily routine is just that.”

Bison chose to only share part of the routine, intentionally skipping over the shooting practice and special situations like taking on missions.

Kant frowned.

“Sounds like a boring routine, doesn’t it?”

“So, from what you can see, do you think my brother is the type who likes to have fun?”

“Well, no.”

Bison pushed Kant away and walked to where he kept the sauce. After getting what he needed, he prepared to head back out, but Kant was still blocking the way.

“Do you have some free time for me? Just one day will do.”

“What’s up?”

“I just want to invite you to a concert and a little drinking party.”

“When?”

“This Friday night.”

“Can your friend keep Fadel occupied on Friday night? If he can, I’ll go with you. If not… that idiot Fadel might follow me, and if he does, we won’t have any fun.”

“You said if my friend can manage it, you’d go out with me.”

Bison nodded in agreement, then brushed past Kant on his way out. At the front of the shop, Kant put his hands on his hips and looked up at the ceiling. Friday was the day after tomorrow. Would that idiot be able to keep Fadel busy?

He had to make it work. If that idiot couldn’t manage it, his plan would go nowhere.

Kant took a deep breath, both awakening and reassuring himself to feel more energized, then walked out after Bison. As he left the storage room, he was sure Fadel was watching him intently from behind, showing no effort to hide the fact that he was keeping a close eye on every move.

“Every morning? I’ve never seen you.”

“I'm just someone outside your sight. Hey, you run fast! Wait for me!”

Fadel was sure he had never seen Style at the park before, and he chose to believe his first thought: that guy was lying about running every morning. People who run every day don’t run like him—one moment fast, the next slow; it would wear him out.

Fadel slowed down when Style ran in front of him.

“There’s a great congee place. Want to go eat together? They have soy milk too! Or do you want something heavier like sticky rice with grilled pork? There are delicious stalls around here too.”

Fadel sighed and pushed Style out of the way.

“Let’s go get congee. I’ll treat you.”

“You’re the same age as Kant, right?”

“Yeah, same age as Kant.”

So, should he be calling him “phi chai(older brother)” instead of the way he currently was?

“Because sometimes you run, sometimes you stop. At this rate, I’m starting to get tired. I barely work out once every hundred years! Ugh, I’m exhausted and out of breath, and my legs hurt too.”

“So you want me to call you ‘phi chai(older brother),’ right?”

“Less than wanting you to stay away from me.”

“Be careful, if you hate me too much, you might end up loving me!”

Fadel shook his head in exasperation, continuing to run along his usual path.

Every day, he decided not to pay attention to the other guy.

But it seemed that ignoring Style was harder than he thought. As he ran away, Style followed him.

“Hey, Phi Chai, let’s go eat congee together! It’s really delicious; they’ve been open for decades! I know you love food—you love cooking and eating, right?”
..
(Note: Congee is rice porridge popular breakfast)

When food was mentioned, the one who loved both cooking and eating showed interest. Fadel kept running at a steady pace.

“Just two more laps left.”

“Why do you have to run so much? One lap is already really long. Are you training for the Olympics or something?”

“That’s my business.”

Finally, Style stopped running. He was too tired to continue. Fadel didn’t pay any attention to him; if he really wanted to eat congee with him, he could just wait somewhere.

Fadel kept running, veering off to the side when he heard the bell of a bicycle. He intended to wait for the housekeeper to pass, but for some reason, she didn’t go by; she just rode her bike beside him.

When he looked over, he got his answer—Style was grinning on that bike.

“I borrowed the park caretaker’s bicycle! Even if I run ten laps, I can still keep up with you!”

“Borrowed or stole?”

“Borrowed! This is my territory, you know? Everyone around here knows me.”

Fadel didn’t want to trust Style, but it seemed the guy was telling the truth.

The sky began to change color with the light of day, and people started coming out to live their lives. Style was cheerful and greeted this person and that. Every time Style called out to someone, it seemed he received a smile in return. Fadel wondered about this guy; when he looked over, he saw Style…

Style smiled mischievously whenever he looked at him.

Fadel showed slight displeasure and turned away from the irritating grin. After completing two laps, he stretched to relax his muscles. Style returned the bike to the park caretaker and then came back to him.

The wristwatch read seven-thirty.

“You look great because you exercise often, right?” Style said, reaching out to squeeze and massage Fadel’s shoulders, only to have his hand smacked away with a loud slap.

“Don’t touch me like that.”

“Possessive much?”

“Let’s just go eat congee. They accept cards, right? I didn’t bring any cash.”

“They do accept cards. By the way… can I have your number?”

“No way.”

“Mean!”

“And stop calling yourself ‘nhu’—it’s creepy.”

[(Note: nhu is cute way to talk to people older than you like nong for example
Nhu chop mak(i like it) the I is nhu style was referring to himself as nhu (little one)]

“Okay, then let’s stick to ‘you’ and ‘me’ like before. Consider it a mutual agreement. Even if I’m younger, it’s fine because we’ve agreed that you’re okay with it.”

Fadel frowned. What the hell was that? When did he agree to anything? He was clearly talking nonsense.

Before he could protest, Style dragged him along to walk together. When he tried to shout at Style, the latter just pointed ahead.

“There’s a café over there. The tiramisu is delicious—don’t tell anyone! You have to try it. The owner opens at eight, but it’s better to come around ten; the pastries will all be ready by then.”

“You really know a lot of people, huh?”

“Of course, I’m handsome!”

.
“Whether handsome or not, what does that have to do with knowing a lot of people?”

“I just said that. Let’s just say, if you meet my dad, you won’t be surprised why I turned out this way.”

“Does your dad talk as much as you do?”

“Something like that.”

“Better not meet him then.”

“But my dad is really nice. My mom passed away, though. What about you? Do you look more like your dad or your mom?”

“I can’t remember. Both my parents passed away when I was really young. I lived in an orphanage until someone adopted me.” Realizing he had shared too much personal information, Fadel pressed his lips together tightly. Style didn’t comfort him or ask any more questions. Since they met, this was probably the first time Fadel thought Style was doing something sensible.

“Well, I guess I’m a mix of both my parents. The DNA from my mom and dad has passed down to me, so I have to resemble them in some way.”

Fadel glanced at Style’s face. The other guy had fair, rosy skin, with beads of sweat trickling down toward his chin. As one dropped onto the ground, Fadel felt a sudden tightness in his chest as he watched.

He quickly turned his head away, not wanting to look at Style any longer.

“Is the congee place you mentioned far away?”

“Of course not! If it were far, I wouldn’t walk there. What day is it today, anyway?”

“Thursday. Why do you ask?”

“I just forgot what day it was. Can we go have beer at your place on Friday? My friend ditched me.”

After saying that, he walked quickly to grab some beer from the fridge. Style didn’t sit at the kitchen counter like usual but chose to walk over to a big table. Fadel forgot to ask what Style wanted to eat, and it seemed he didn’t need to because the one taking orders today was Bison.

There were several tables of customers in the evening; his business was improving and starting to gain recognition. Bison mentioned that a food reviewer had come to take photos of the dishes recently, and it seemed that the content from that reviewer was getting a lot of attention.

Bison returned, and Fadel nodded before asking, “What’s he going to eat?”

“You just called a customer ‘it’? Are you guys friends? Oh… I saw you talking earlier. Right, I heard you ask him if he had no job to do. So you know him too?”

“Just an acquaintance.”

“Oh, an acquaintance? You seem pretty close, though. Aren’t you friends? Don’t you have any friends? I’ve never seen you with anyone. I think you should try having one. Besides being a friend, you should try having a lover(faen) too.”

“Stop talking so much, Bison. So what did that table order? I need to know so I can prepare it.”

“They haven’t ordered yet. They said they’re waiting for their friend to arrive before ordering.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Hey, I’m going out tomorrow evening.”

“With who?”

“With Kant.”

“You and him? No way….”

“Can you stop me? It’s not like you can.”

“I can’t stop you, but I can go with you. I still don’t trust him.”

“You’re going along but not going to watch the shop?”

Fadel was about to say that he would close the shop later, but then his peripheral vision caught sight of Style. He remembered what Style had told him about coming to drink at the shop tomorrow evening.

“Well… I have to keep an eye on things.”

Fadel lowered his gaze, taking a deep breath, not sure what was going on with him.

“Del, Fadel!”

“A customer just walked in. Go do your job!”

Bison shrugged, no longer curious about why Fadel had suddenly gone quiet. Instead, he welcomed the customers immediately.

“Heart Burger welcomes you! Please choose a table.”

“My friend reserved a table,” replied the gentle voice of the latest customer, catching Fadel's attention. He looked at the customer who mentioned the reservation and saw him walk over to sit with Style. Unable to help himself, he observed the other guy's friend, who jumped up and hugged him as soon as they met.

Fadel stared for a while, then decided to ignore it. He picked up a knife to sharpen during the lull.

“The customers ordered a lot. They have burgers... Hey, stop sharpening that knife! You look too menacing. Are you going to sell food or scare off customers, Fadel?”

....

Get ready for chapter 8 🔥🥹🥵
Please ignore the typos talk it out if you don't understand anything i will try my best 🥹🙏

CHAPTER 8

……..
On Friday evening, bison had already left when the shop wasn't particularly busy. Fadel wasn't entirely sure what was going on. Suddenly, the shop filled up with customers, every table occupied, leaving him momentarily at a loss. He tried calling Bison to come back, but it seemed like Bison was deliberately ignoring his calls. Fadel decided to work alone like a superhero, dealing with the situation by having customers write down their orders and bring them up themselves.

However, just as he was about to hand out the note papers to the customers, someone's hand snatched them away. He looked up and saw Style grinning widely.

"Is bison not here?"

"He went out with friends. Why are you here?"

"Just to see the results. My friend who came yesterday runs a page for travel and restaurant recommendations. I didn't even hire him; I just invited him to taste the food. He loved what you made so much that he volunteered to give you a no-sponsor review. He just finished editing the clip and posted it on his page this afternoon. Look at the impact—once people finished work, they flocked here. From now on, you could hire ten employees, Fadel. Your place is famous now."

Fadel was speechless and got the feeling that Style wasn't interested in hearing what he had to say anyway because, as soon as he finished talking, he grabbed the menu and ordered sheets and started attending to the customers.
…….

"Please, feel free to choose your seats first. I'll bring the menus to your

table. The food might take a bit longer than usual today, but I guarantee it will be delicious… Here's the menu, have a look! When you're ready to order, just raise your hand high, and I'll come right over."

Style expertly handled the role of the waiter. Fadel exhaled through his lips, rubbed his hands together, and took in the sight of the bustling restaurant, imagining himself standing in front of the stove.

He had always dreamed of this moment—of seeing his restaurant filled with customers, of being known. He wanted to be a chef, not an assassin.

"Boss, hurry it up!" Style came over with the first order. Fadel took a deep breath again, momentarily forgetting about Bison and Kant, and even forgetting who he really was. The restaurant was chaotic, but it was a kind of chaos that got his adrenaline pumping. Fadel admitted he had never been this exhausted before, and he didn't get to sit down until the "open" sign on the front door was flipped to "closed."

Late into the night, only he and Style were left in the restaurant. There weren't even any ingredients left to whip up a snack for themselves. But that wasn't an issue—Style ordered dinner and some snacks to be delivered to the restaurant, and Fadel volunteered to cover the bill for the meal. They sipped on beer together after the shift, and the tension Fadel usually felt toward Style had almost entirely faded. Still, being naturally reserved, Fadel remained more of a listener than a talker.

Meanwhile, the more Style drank, the livelier he got, blasting music to entertain himself and finding stories to tell Fadel, making the stern-faced man unintentionally smile. He even lost track of the time without realizing it.

……..

"Just a few years ago, I used to be so scared of chicken feet. I'd see them and scream in terror... But my dad loves them. So one day, I was drinking beer with my dad, and I was really drunk. I mean, I was conscious but couldn't control myself. My dad gave me some chicken feet to eat, and once I tasted it and realized how good it was, I stopped being scared. Man... this is one of the wonders of the world. Who would've thought that

something that looks so ugly and creepy would taste this good? And this place’s super chicken feet soup is amazing, absolutely amazing."

Style gestured towards the bowl of super chicken feet soup. Fadel didn’t look at it but gave a small smile at his friend’s enthusiasm.

"So is there anything you don’t eat?"

"Not really, but I actually don’t like cucumbers."

"They’re good for you, you know?"

"I know, but I just don’t like them. Oh, and durian too. No matter how much people say it’s delicious, I can’t stand the smell, and I don’t understand why it’s so expensive."

"Do you realize you’re sitting with a durian lover? You should try opening your mind, Fadel. It’s the best...the best."

"No thanks. I’d probably throw up. But hey, I can make super chicken feet soup."

"Really? Make it for me, then. Buying it just isn’t satisfying enough. I want a lot of it. Like, use ten kilos of chicken feet."

"Chickens would go extinct, Style."

"Even though I’m drunk, I remember this is the first time you called me by my name properly."

Fadel was taken aback. Style clasped his hands together, resting his elbows on the table, and gave a victorious smirk. Fadel wasn’t sure why he saw Style smile like a winner, but before he could fully process it, the doorbell at the entrance rang. Style, facing the door, called out, "We're closed."

…….

“Choosing to come by at closing time, huh?” The brusque reply and the sound of footsteps were both things Fadel was familiar with. He turned to

look and saw that it was keen, who was already eyeing him and Style.

“He’s a friend of mine, so he can have a drink while he waits. I’ll go talk to him for a bit.” Fadel said, then invited, “Care to join us for a drink?”

Fadel's voice turned firm. “No need to invite him. He won’t drink with us.”

Fadel got up from his chair. keen led the way toward the back of the bar, with Fadel following behind, while Style, despite being quite drunk, still had enough awareness to size up Fadel's acquaintance.

This person was dressed in a suit and tie, looking polite—like the kind of secretary that would work for a billionaire. Style wasn’t about to miss a chance to gossip about this with his best friend, Kant.

Style: I’m drinking at Fadel’s bar, and someone came looking for him. All dressed up, very businessman-like—a hot nerd billionaire heir type.

Style: What if Fadel’s actually a CEO? His bar seems more like it’s for socializing than for profit, and now there’s this businessman coming to talk to him, and they’re going to talk in private.

Style: Or maybe he’s a rich heir just trying to gain life experience. If that’s the case, I won’t break his heart. I’ll take over his fortune instead. Here we go—the fast track to riches has arrived!

Kant: First, you’d better make him fall for you. Second, my advice—if you’re too drunk, you should just sleep.

Style tossed his phone onto the table, annoyed. Should he just make a move on Fadel already? Maybe then he’d get him to feel something.

Leaving Style to his silly thoughts, Fadel and keen made their way to the back of the bar, choosing a secluded spot to talk. Fadel lit a cigarette, and keen did the same.

“I’ve got something to ask you.”

“Go ahead.”

“That pretty boy out there—are you close with him? And where’s Bison? Don’t tell me he’s with Kant,” shot straight to the point as he took a puff of his cigarette, the gray smoke filling the air around them.

“I’m not close with him, and as I said, he’s a bit suspicious. Did you get it? Personal info on Kant and Style?”

“Yes, there’s nothing odd in Style’s record, but Kant’s is strange. Years back, he got caught in a car theft case but wasn’t charged. I couldn’t find out why that was. Maybe tell Bison to be cautious around him. I don’t worry about you, but with Bison…”

“Got it, you don’t need to say more. And where’s the additional info for the new mission your mother asked you to bring?”

“It’s in the back pocket. Once you’re done reading, burn it.”

Fadel started reading the essential documents first, intending to go through Kant and Style’s backgrounds afterward. As he read, Keen added some context.

“The target is still Luerat, but he’s very cautious. You’d better go through his secretary first. He trusts his secretary, Penpak, a lot. If you can access Penpak’s information, you’ll get to Luerat too.”

“Do I really need you to teach me this stuff?”

Keen’s eyes gleamed with frustration behind his glasses, but he said nothing. He nudged a metal trash can in front of him, and once Fadel returned the documents, he used the same lighter he had lit his cigarette with to set fire to the corner of the papers. They watched the flames consume the few sheets in the can until they turned to ash, and then walked back to the front of the bar.

……

Style waved cheerfully at them, but Keen paid him no mind. Fadel, following behind Keen, firmly grabbed Style's wrist.

"Fadel, that hurts."

"Why are you waving at him like that? Don't you see he couldn't care less about you?"

"Why not? I'm just being friendly. What's his name, by the way? He's handsome."

"If you're drunk, just go to sleep."

"Sleep? If I pass out, you'll just throw me outside the bar again! Last time, I got bitten by mosquitoes everywhere. I'm lucky I didn't get dengue!"

Style pulled his wrist free from Fadel's grip, his eyes glassy from the beer, but he looked up at Fadel with a lighthearted smile that made it clear he wasn't actually upset.

Fadel said nothing more. Talking to Style, who didn't make much sense when he was like this, would just lead to more nonsense. He sat down on the same sofa, intending to continue drinking, if not for Style suddenly shifting over to sit on the same side and leaning in close, sniffing the air.
…....

"There's a smell of cigarette smoke."

"Back off." Fadel swallowed hard again. Since the shop was closed, he didn't turn on all the lights, only the soft orange light where he and Style were sitting. When the warm light fell on the eyes of the person he was looking at, those light-colored, round pupils seemed to sparkle with something.

"You go running every morning, trying to be health-conscious, but you drink heavily and smoke cigarettes. You're quite the contradiction, aren't

you?”

“When I’m drunk, I just sleep. I promise I won’t throw you outside the store tonight.”

“Why the sudden kindness?”

“Well... today you helped me watch the shop.” Saying this, he lifted his beer to take a sip. Fadel wasn’t sure if he had ever heard his own voice in this tone before. It was soft, shy, and when he spoke, he seemed unsure. He wasn’t sure when Style had turned off the music; perhaps it was when he got up to talk to Keen.

“Isn’t it that you like me?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You’re acting strangely nice and it seems like you’re jealous of me and my friends too.”

“Back off…”

You like me. My charm isn’t small at all. Fadel... you definitely like me.

“Alcohol makes you lose your inhibitions.” After saying this, one hand lifted to press against Fadel’s neck from behind. The lips crushed against the full, soft lips of Fadel. Because he was surprised, Fadel didn’t resist.

Someone like him wouldn’t have resisted unless he truly wanted to. By now, Style would probably be lying sprawled on the floor.
……
“If someone like him does not agree, Style's warm hands can never reach the root behind him. His sharp eyes, which had a fierce look, widened. Fadel grabbed Style's shoulders, pushed him away, and stared at the drunken person.

"I don't like you."

"Then what are we doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are we having sex?"

"Don't... challenge me."

"I'm not. Or are you attracted to something about me being a man like you?"

"Style."

"Just lie still; I'll take good care of you." Style tried to push Fadel's tall body down, but no matter how hard he pushed, this giant didn't budge. Style blinked innocently, and a moment later, he found himself lying on his back on the soft cushion. Fadel spread his arms, hovering over him, but he didn't yet put his weight down. they stared at each other for a long moment. Style licked his lips, and the tip of his tongue made contact with the strange sensation of the same organ.

Fadel's weight came down on him, and his massive body pressed against the center of Style's body. Their lips were drawn together, and the tip of Style's tongue was sucked in as well. Fadel kissed like he was thirsty, drawing all the liquid from Style's mouth as his hands instinctively squeezed and groped, making the one being pleasured dizzy.

At one point, Fadel lifted Style's hips, and at that moment, Style realized that his pants had been removed. His buttocks rested on Fadel's strong thighs, exposing both Style's junior and the tightly sealed small passage behind.
…..
…..
"Wait a minute, this isn't right... He should be the one pinning Fadel under him for it to be correct.

The sex he meant... he thought he was supposed to be the one in control of the game. So why is Fadel suddenly the one in control now?

It's probably too late to say anything. Fadel's lovemaking wasn't gentle or soft. He spat saliva into the entrance, roughly inserting his fingers in and out. Style felt utterly dazed and confused about life.

But whatever, it is what it is. He had heard that a submissive could feel good too. Even though he wanted to be the one topping Fadel more, right now it seemed that wouldn't allow him to change. He sighed, trying to breathe in and out comfortably so it wouldn't hurt too much. Style thought he could control the situation until Fadel pulled out his large weapon.

Heaven... What sins did I commit in my past life? Damn it... how could it fit? Style couldn't help but compare the part that Fadel was stroking to make it hard with the part that was already hard in the middle of his body. The pride of knowing that his father loved him was shattered.

"What are you looking at?"

"I was just thinking about how it would feel when you start pushing in."

"Like this." Suddenly, he pressed his hot shaft against the entrance, forcing it into Style's passage with a single thrust. The one underneath him tensed and shivered. As he pushed further in, Style closed his eyes tight. Once he was in more than halfway, Fadel could see that Style had tears in his eyes, not even looking at him. He slapped hard at his arm, as if trying to push him away.

"It hurts a lot, Fadel. I'm trying to endure it, but..."

"You've never done it before?"
…..
"Um... never."

"Then why do you talk like you're an expert?" Fadel's voice rose for no reason. He bit his lower lip. If he had known he had never done it before...

he would have been gentler.

"I'm an expert, just not in this."

"Smart(big) mouth. Should I just let you die here?"

"Why are you being so harsh? I'm already in pain, do you understand... Ugh."

Fadel didn't pull away, but he didn't push further either. He leaned down and kissed Style's lips, swallowing both his moans and complaints. When he pulled away from the kiss, his nose brushed against Style's fragrant neck. He pushed in a little more. Style looked like he was in pain but didn't ask him to stop.

It felt like taking advantage of the situation, even though the other person was drunk and teasing him.

"Have you ever had sex?"

...Actually, no.

"Not front or back.?"

"Ugh... don't joke about it."

"I'm not joking. Let's take it slow. If you had told me earlier, it wouldn't hurt this much."

"You talk like you've done this a lot."

"Why do others do things like this often while I'm the only one who hasn't? Ah... don't take advantage of me when I'm cursing and pushing in."

"I'm already all the way in."

Fadel's voice was very soft, but unfortunately, Style was in too much pain to

hear it. He wrapped his arms around Fadel's waist, and their sweat and breaths mixed together in a mess.

……..

He sobered up completely, his mind filled only with the word "pain."

"Don't move just yet."

"Okay, let me know when it gets better."

"Kiss me."

"Have you ever kissed before?"

"Don't ask. No, I've never... not even once."

Style's voice had a whiny tone. He sniffled slightly from the pain in that area. Fadel kissed him as requested. There was no denying that the kiss felt really good. His chest felt warm, and he caught the faint smell of cigarette smoke and alcohol on Fadel. Fadel didn't just kiss him; his wicked hand also reached down to pull at him in front.

Before Style could even say he felt better or that it was okay, Fadel started to move. He began slowly and gently, but when Style let out a satisfied moan, the rhythm changed to something more intense.

The smart-mouthed person, who had talked nonsense, was now silent, only able to moan and say to go slower... or a little faster. Once the pain eased a bit, he lifted his hips to meet Fadel's thrusts. Their rhythms surprisingly synced well together.

Fadel wanted to break Style apart beneath him, but at the same time, he wanted to cherish and indulge him as well.

He had always believed that there was nothing in this world he couldn't control. Yet, it seemed that what he couldn't control was finally manifesting.

At this moment, that very thing was pinned beneath him. It was clear that

he couldn't control his feelings for Style at all….
……..

Note: ok if i don't fall asleep i will do one more chapter if not 4 (9,10,11,12) chapters will be updated tomorrow 😭🫶 i didn't get any sleep at all as usual have any typo please ignore and enjoy and i saw everyone's comments thank you so much it motivated me to keep going on...

CHAPTER 9

....

They had only done it a few times. Style pushed Fadel away, saying he couldn’t take it anymore. Fadel agreed to stop because he could see that Style really couldn’t go on, even though he still felt unsatisfied.

A tissue was used to wipe away only some of the mess.

Style suppressed the pain and walked into the bathroom, returning with a pale face. The wristwatch showed that it was just past two o'clock. When Fadel saw that Style had finished tidying himself up, he stood up straight and said:

“I’ll take you home.”

“It’s fine, I can go back myself.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m fine, really.”

“I should take you.”

“I said no need.”

“Why can’t I take you?”

“You really don’t understand, do you, Fadel? I said I’m fine, no need for you to do anything nice for me. You saw that I was really drunk. Just think of it as if nothing happened.”

.....
Fadel crossed his arms and tilted his head in confusion. Style kept his face down, and seeing that the person in front of him wasn’t saying anything, he

grabbed his bag and car keys and walked, as if his legs were wobbling, to the front door of the shop. He turned back and simply said,

“I’m leaving now,” and then walked out.

Fadel put his hands on his hips and looked up at the ceiling of the shop. He grabbed his own car keys and followed Style out, making sure to lock up the shop properly. After that, he drove behind Style until he was sure the other guy had actually made it home.

Style was unaware that he was being followed. Fadel parked his car in front of the house, waiting until he was sure Style had gone to bed. When he saw that the lights in the house, which also served as a garage, were off, he finally started his own car again and drove back home.

The house where he lived was separate from the burger shop but not too far away. When he got back home, he saw Bison’s car already parked there. That wasn’t surprising, but what caught his attention was a pair of shoes on the shoe rack at the front of the house that he didn’t recognize. He couldn’t think of anyone else but Kant. Bison might have broken the agreement about bringing outsiders into the house, which was supposed to be their workplace and hideout.

Fadele grabbed a gun and prepared it in his hand, also putting on a silencer. He walked into his house with footsteps quieter than a cat’s, with all his senses heightened and ready.

The house had no lights on; it was pitch dark, and Fadel had to take a moment to adjust his eyes to the darkness in front of him.

He heard faint sounds, almost like someone was trying to turn the doorknob of the locked door. He and Bison had a secret room for storing weapons and documents. The sound of the doorknob turning was coming from that room. Fadel....

..

behind the person trying to enter the room they shouldn't be in, pressing the weapon against the back of the intruder.

"Two questions. First, how the hell did you get into my house? And second, what are you doing, Kant?"

Fadel asked in a cold voice. Kant froze at the chill in his tone. He raised both hands in surrender, certain that the thing pressing against his back was a gun.

As a thief, he prided himself on being quiet and having keen senses, yet he hadn't heard Fadel's footsteps at all. He had no idea how long the other guy had been right behind him. A regular person couldn't do this. He was convinced that Fadel was... a professional assassin.

His brain processed rapidly, searching for a way to escape this tense situation.

"Hey, Fadel… is that you?"

"Yeah."

"Bison was really drunk, so I brought him home and came looking for the bathroom."

"Bison? Drunk? You're kidding."

Kant bit his lip. It seemed that besides his cute looks, his mischievous cat-like demeanor didn't have much else going for him. There was a high possibility that he could also be a professional assassin. What was worse was that he was tough enough to make him feel embarrassed. He had to drug the other guy for Bison to get drunk and allow him to take him home.

"He drank a lot, that's why he's drunk."

"Do you really think he'd trust you to take him home?"

"Yes… Earlier, I was sleeping in his room and just got up to use the bathroom."

“The bathroom isn’t here.”

“Uh, can you stop pointing the gun at my back? I’m about to pee myself. Let’s talk this out calmly.”

Fadel fell silent, clicking his tongue before—

“Bang!”

Kant jumped in surprise, but he was sure Fadel had stopped aiming the gun at him. However, when he turned around, he saw that the other guy was just pretending to blow air with his two fingers extended.

There was no gun in sight.

“What gun? It’s my finger. How could something as dangerous as a gun be in my house with Bison?”

Kant blinked, but in the blink of an eye, he pretended to breathe a sigh of relief. “You’ve got a playful side too, huh?”

“The bathroom is downstairs, and actually, there’s a private bathroom in Bison’s room as well.”

“Oh... he was drunk, so he told me to go outside to find the bathroom. In that case, can I use the bathroom downstairs? I’ll be right back.”

Fadel nodded in agreement, then gestured for Kant to lead the way down the stairs. Kant walked stiffly, with Fadele following behind. Fadele’s gaze on Kant's back radiated a certain unsettling intensity.

While Kant was fairly sure that Fadel and Bison were assassins, Fadele was equally certain that the tattoo artist named Kant was up to no good.

Last night was quite chaotic. Bison couldn't even remember how he got back home. All he remembered was going to a concert with Kant, then heading to a pub to drink. They had sex in the pub bathroom, wild and intense. After that, they returned to drink some more, and then everything

went blank. However, it was somewhat clear that he had been asked where he lived, and after he answered, Kant volunteered to take him home.

In fact, there was a rule between him and Fadel about living together: a very important rule that prohibited bringing outsiders into the house under any circumstances. When he thought about this strict rule, Bison's eyes widened. He blinked several times due to the stinging from the bright sunlight.

He turned to lie on his side, stretching lazily, feeling sore in his muscles and suffering from a heavy headache. When he turned back and looked around, he found that he was lying on the bed in his bedroom, and beyond that, Fadel was standing there, arms crossed, staring at him.

"Are you awake?"

"Fadel... what time is it?"

"Eight in the morning. If you're awake, get up. We need to talk."

"How necessary is it for you to play the tough guy this early?"

"Give me five minutes. Meet me downstairs."

"Wait."

"?"

"Kant."

"You remember bringing him into the house? I killed him already."

"Huh? Really?" Bison asked casually, as if he weren't concerned. He shifted to sit up, letting his legs dangle off the side of the bed his hair a messy Nest

He rolled his eyes in annoyance.

“No, but we have things to discuss. Get your head straight and prepare to listen to the briefing for the new job.”

“So, the guy came to see you last night, huh?”

“Yeah, he came last night.”

Bison nodded in understanding, watching Fadel’s tall figure walk away. He sat there for a moment, feeling a bit dazed before getting up to take care of himself in the bathroom. He probably would take longer than five minutes, but believe me, Fadel wouldn’t scold him about it because he was used to it.

When he reached the downstairs of the house, he caught the aroma of food. Fadel was wearing an apron and humming while cooking. Bison’s footsteps were light, and it seemed that Fadel was in a relatively good mood, not suspicious or cautious about him standing there staring while humming in the kitchen.

“Did something good happen, big brother? You look in a good mood.”

The humming stopped when Bison spoke. Fadel turned to look at his brother, who appeared to be in better shape, then turned back to the stove.

“Nothing.”

“What are you cooking up so much for? I was just drunk, and you’re already in the kitchen?”

“It’s not for you.”

“Oh? Then whose is it?”

Fadel didn’t answer. He stopped preparing the food and turned to face Bison fully, leaning his hips against the countertop, scanning Bison from head to toe.

“Whose is it? You don’t need to know that. Let’s talk about the first thing: how did you get so drunk last night?” Bison pointed at his temple with his finger before walking over to fill a glass with clean drinking water.

“I drank a lot.”

“How much is a lot? I’ve never seen you drunk, even after spending ten years together. You still don’t trust me enough to let me see you drunk. So who was it that dared to get you drunk and bring you home?”

“To be honest, I don’t remember how I got drunk. I don’t know how many glasses I had; I just know that everything went blank.”

“There’s a set of documents on the dining table. In it is Kant’s personal history that that guy found. He’s been arrested for car theft but managed to avoid jail in a strange way. I think he’s not trustworthy. He could be a police informant.”

“People with criminal records can’t be police informants, can they?”

Bison walked over to the dining table, casually flipping through the document with just his eyes.

“Anything is possible. Even a burger joint server can be an assassin.”

“Have you already convinced yourself of that, Fadele? Is there more evidence?”

“No, I’m just trying to protect myself here.”

“I’m not. I’m just offering to keep an eye on him. If I find out he is a police informant, but then starts playing with the little heart of a bottom like me, I won’t let you deal with it, Fadele. One shot to the leg, another to the head. I can handle it myself.”

“Just be careful.”

“Have I ever messed up?”

Fadel took a deep breath, watching as Bison placed his glass of water down on the preparation counter. His slender brother walked over to grab a bottle of liquor and poured it into the glass.

...

“It’s still just my assumption. First, both Fadel and Bison might actually be assassins. They both have behaviors that are unlike normal people. Fadelel is mysterious and quite cautious, while Bison... he seems to be easygoing and laid-back, but when I look into his eyes, I think he hides some secrets.”

“Eye for an eye. How many times have you looked into his eyes? Don’t think I don’t know, Kant. You’ve slept with him.”

“Cough... why ask how many times? I’m just digging for information for the Colonel here,” Kant choked on his words due to the question but pretended to spit on the ground because of the cigarette.

Only two times. The first was a one-night stand, and the second was when Bison was drunk and asked him to help him to the bathroom. Drunk... really drunk because of the drug he mixed into the liquor. He bullied the drunk guy because he found Bison’s incoherent babbling too cute.

“Let’s just say I’ll gather more evidence to confirm this, and... it seems he calls his boss ‘Mother,’ with someone acting as a middleman to send information. The personal history states that both are orphans. But when I talked to Bison, I heard Fadel call his brother, saying something about 'Mother' looking for something. Is there any information on who raised both of them?”

Colonel Chris shook his head.

“There’s nothing in the records. You’ll have to investigate a bit more.”

“Of course, that’s how it should be.”

“Wait, you just said ‘Mother’ looking for something... if the person that Bison and Fadel call ‘Mother’ is behind the orders to eliminate politicians and businessmen, it means they might start a new job soon.”

With the collection on display, Bison walked to the coffee table and nodded at Fadel to start the briefing.

“As we discussed with Mother last time, the target that Mother wants us to handle this time is named Luerat. He’s a businessman who recently won the bid for a fuel and energy project. He has several foundations to help underprivileged children, but there are rumors that he might be involved in smuggling drugs and illegal prostitution.”

“Adding negative details at the end makes the kill seem more justified, but we still have to kill him anyway. I don’t know whose toes he stepped on.”

“Let’s not worry about that for now. But from the information, it’s clear that Luerat is very cautious. Almost no one knows where he is, except for his secretary named Penpuk, who is likely the only one who knows. We need to get information from Penpuk first.”

Got it.

Fadel walked around the table to the large computer screen, calling up Penpuk's personal information to display on the screen.

“Every Friday evening, Penpuk usually goes out drinking at the xxx bar because she is a partner in the establishment. We’ll make our move this Friday.”

Bison nodded in agreement, scanning through Penpuk's information carefully one more time. His memory was quite good, and all the information was stored in his mind.

“When are we going to kill Luerat? Is there a deadline for this job?”

“The deadline is before the end of the month.”

“Will the urgent job pay more?”

“Mother gave us the deposit for the job yesterday.” Fadel shut down the computer. The next thing he did was walk over to the weapons cabinet to check everything’s condition. Everything was still in order, confirming that Kant hadn’t entered this room yesterday.

.....

Kant raised his right eyebrow slightly in surprise. He hadn’t thought about this at all.

“We’ve worked together so many times, but today’s the first time I feel like you’re a really cool cop.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Never mind, sir. Just think of it as if I didn’t say anything.”

“Yeah, whatever. Anyway, keep a close eye on those two brothers. If they make any moves or do anything suspicious, report to me immediately.”

Kant nodded, acknowledging the order, and watched as Captain Chris lit a cigarette.

“And be careful. Don’t get too close to them. If they find out you’re trying to deceive them, you’ll be shot dead on the spot.”

“...Yes, sir. I’ll be careful, Captain.”

.....

How are we.???? SKSKSKS

Note : Ok next chapter coming please wait a little today I was going crazy about the trailer so yeah I'm doing it rn 😭

CHAPTER 10

.....

After a hectic weekend, Fadel and Bison finally closed their shop and took a break. Bison woke up late and, upon getting out of bed, discovered that Fadel was no longer at home. Fadel wasn't the kind of older brother who would thoughtfully leave a note explaining his whereabouts.

Moreover, Bison himself wasn't the type to care or worry about where his brother went. No one needed to worry about Fadel getting hurt. The real concern was whether Fadel might accidentally hurt someone else.

In summary, Bison had no idea where Fadel went, nor did he care. He ate a simple breakfast, like a sandwich, by himself. Once finished, he left the house. His destination was Kant’s tattoo shop. Although he had driven past it many times, this was the first time he had decided to explore it intentionally.

Yesterday, he had run into Kant at a burger joint. Unfortunately, they didn’t get to talk much. The mystery of how he ended up drunk despite being a heavy drinker still puzzled him. Additionally, there was still no concrete evidence to confirm the rumor that Kant might be an informant for the police.

His personality was the complete opposite of Fadel's, and this stark contrast influenced how the two of them lived their lives. For example, Fadel was always cautious and never…

...

It’s safer to stay away from danger if the risk seems too high. Better to prevent than to fix.

But for him, if he didn’t know the truth, he wouldn’t rest in peace. If he wanted to know, he had to find out, even if it meant risking his life.

That's why he had to confront Kant in person to confirm his suspicions. When he arrived, it was a little past nine in the morning. The front door of the tattoo parlor wasn't closed. Bison stepped into the empty shop on the ground floor. Music played to set the atmosphere, and the smell of freshly brewed coffee indicated the owner was awake.

His eyes scanned the surroundings carefully while his ears caught the sound of movement from a living being. Bison folded his arms across his chest as he heard footsteps descending the stairs.

At first, Kant didn't notice Bison. He walked down to the ground floor and was about to head straight to the kitchen at the back when a cough from someone stopped him in his tracks. He immediately turned toward the sound. "Ahem."

"You…"

Kant wasn't startled. Instead, confusion took over his handsome face. He looked at Bison, who was already smirking at him, and Bison initiated the conversation with a line that answered how he got there.

"I'm here for a tattoo. Do you have a slot for me?"

"Do you know, I was just wondering how I'd run into you today since the burger place is closed. Did you miss me or something? Is that why you came all the way here?"

Kant had told Bison where his tattoo shop was and had pointed it out before.

On the first day they met, Kant didn't know yet that Bison was an assassin. If he had known earlier, he certainly wouldn't have shared his address so easily.

"Well… I missed you."

Bison spoke slowly but clearly, emphasizing his longing in a way that sounded strange. The mischievous cat started exploring Kant's house, his eyes landing on a family photo displayed on a shelf.

"Is this your family?"

"Yes, but my parents passed away a long time ago. It's just me and my younger brother now."

"Oh… and your brother, he's not home?"

"It's Monday. My brother has to go to school. By the way… you said you wanted a tattoo. Are you serious? If so, I'll go get the equipment ready."

"Of course I'm serious, but I haven't decided on a design yet."

"I have some free time to sketch something for you. Have you eaten yet? I didn't know you were coming, or I would've prepared something delicious."

"I already ate. How about you? Have you had breakfast?"

"Yep, I had breakfast with Babe early this morning."

Bison nodded and casually let his eyes wander. Kant didn't seem suspicious at all—there was no hint that he was an informant for the police.

"Your room is upstairs?"

"Yeah… Do you want to see it? But my place is pretty messy."

"Can I take a look?"

"Sure, I don't have any secrets."

Bison smiled but stayed only on the ground floor. He wasn't planning to go upstairs, at least not yet.

"Show me your tattoo room instead. You've seen my workplace every day."

“Let me check out your workspace too.”

“Just walk straight in. I’ll go get you some water. Would you like coffee? I make it really well.”

“Sure, that sounds great. Thank you.”

Kant smiled as he welcomed his guest and headed into the kitchen, while Bison walked straight to the direction Kant indicated. Kant's tattoo room wasn’t anything mysterious; it was simply a glass-walled room with a tattoo bed, a color cabinet, shelves for equipment, and tattoo designs that he presumably had created hanging on the walls.

Bison slid the door open and noticed the electronic devices that Kant used for work. Without hesitation, he began copying various data for himself.

Once he finished copying, he sat down on the tattoo bed to check the information he had just transferred to his personal smartphone. He searched for anything that might indicate Kant was an informant for the police, primarily looking through chat logs.

Bison didn’t find anything unusual, except for some odd chats between Kant and a person named Style. They seemed strange because they discussed only trivial matters. It appeared that Style was a stalker of his older brother, constantly complaining to Kant about Fadel, saying he was cold and had a bad attitude. But when in a good mood, Style praised Fadel for being very handsome. It seemed odd but also fitting for someone as peculiar as Fadel.

And because he found nothing out of the ordinary, he was half convinced that Kant wasn’t a police informant. The other half of him secretly wondered if Kant might be a cautious informant, avoiding the use of electronic devices to prevent information leaks and relying instead on face-to-face communication.

....

Bison put his phone back into his pants pocket after satisfying his curiosity with the information he had found. Besides looking for signs that Kant might be a police informant, he also secretly checked if Kant was chatting with anyone else besides him.

It seemed like Kant wasn't talking to anyone other than him. That was… a bit more appealing.

He had only been sitting in the tattoo room for a short while when the rich aroma of coffee wafted through the air, just as the tall, handsome young man entered with a tray of coffee. "What time do you usually open the shop?"

"In the afternoon," Kant replied.

"Am I bothering you by coming at this time?"

"If it's you, how could you possibly bother me? By the way, how's it going? Do you like any of the designs on display, or is there one in particular that stands out to you? The designs in this room are all ones I created myself. Is there anything you like? I can use it as a guideline to design something new for you."

"I've thought about it, and I think I want to get a tattoo of a cat."

"The one you regularly feed?"

"Yeah, just in case I'm not around someday, I'd like to have something to remind me of it."

"You talk like you might disappear somewhere."

"Well, you never know. I told you, I move around a lot."

Bison got up from the tattoo bed and walked over to where Kant was sitting in a chair designed for artists. He placed the tray of coffee on the glass table within easy reach. Bison lifted the freshly brewed coffee cup to take a sip, enjoying the rising steam that wafted above the rim.

“If you move, could you let me know your new address?”

“Why would you want to know?”

.

“You know I like you, right? If I know your new address, I can come visit. But if possible… please don’t move anywhere.”

At first, Kant thought he was just being sweet, but when he said he didn’t want Bison to move, he realized it wasn’t just idle chatter; he genuinely felt that way.

He didn’t want Bison to disappear or to be far from his sight. Such thoughts were dangerous.

He looked up at Bison standing in front of him. His mischievous cat put the coffee cup back on the tray and stared deeply into his eyes, which held significance.

Kant noticed Bison smiling, but it was a smile unlike any other he usually wore.

“How much can I trust your words, Kant?”

“I don’t know how much you can trust me, but with you, I feel you’re different. You’re not like anyone else I’ve met, and because you’re unlike anyone else, it makes me interested.”

“What should I do with someone who got me drunk and then did something indecent to me in the pub’s bathroom?”

“Ah… about that.”

“There should be some punishment, don’t you think?”

Bison crossed his arms and tilted his head, gazing at Kant's well-defined face. He decided to set aside thoughts of the police informants for now, as their closeness during those two encounters had made him remember the feel of Kant all too well.

He wanted to have sex with Kant. For him, having sex helped clear his mind.

It helped clear his mind, and these days he didn't want to do anything with anyone else but the guy in front of him.

"What are you going to punish me with?"

"I'm going to do something indecent to you on this tattoo bed."

"Sounds like I'll be gaining something from this, I don't know..."

"Then I'll hit you. Don't think I'll be playful about it; I'll hit you hard enough to hurt."

"SM?"

"A little role play would be exciting."

"If you like it, then let's try."

Bison uncrossed his arms, reached out, and grasped Kant's pale neck, squeezing slightly before pushing his handsome face upward. Kant swallowed hard, making a noticeable sound as he locked eyes with Bison. In the past, Bison's gaze had been gentle, but now he was looking at him with the eyes of someone in control.

His stomach was in turmoil, yet he felt an excitement that made his heart race.

"If it hurts too much for you to handle, you have to tell me."

"Safe word?"

"Hmm, what should I say?"

Kant couldn't think of anything. He paused for a moment before responding to Bison, "Coffee, is that okay?"

"Sure, just remember what you have to say."

The pressure on his neck increased, making Kant shut his eyes due to discomfort. When he opened them again, Bison was sitting on his lap, releasing his grip and switching to something else entirely

For example, he yanked on Kant's hair at the scalp, forcing his head back. Kant let out a protest, saying it hurt a lot. "Are you hiding something from me?"

"Do you have something to hide, Kant? Something bad you've done to me?"

No, I only obey you, Bison."

"Are you lying? Or do you need to be tortured a bit before you'll tell the truth?"

Kant's heart raced in his left chest. He could no longer tell if what was happening in front of him was real or if they were just playing a role. He was terrified of Bison's violence, yet at the same time, he felt a thrill.

Bison stopped pulling his hair and got up from sitting on Kant's lap. The smaller man yanked his arm and threw him down onto the leather bed. Kant struggled slightly but couldn't resist Bison's strength at all.

He turned to look at Bison and saw him pulling the leather belt out from his pants. Bison rolled it in his hand, his

face devoid of any smile.

Kant could only blink in confusion, unable to process what was happening as Bison raised the belt high in the air before bringing it down with a loud crack. A sharp pain blossomed clearly around his waist.

He... was being hit with a belt.

Kant bit his lip tightly because of the pain, realizing that the small man had a lot of strength.

He hadn't yet said the safe word for Bison to stop, and so just a few seconds later, the leather belt struck hard against his shoulder.

“Ah…”

He cried out from the pain but didn’t stop him. It was Bison who asked, “Are you okay?”

“I can take it.”

“I told you, didn’t I? That you were going to get hurt today.”

Kant turned his face back to where it was before, secretly thinking that he loved the pain just a little. He had become a tattoo artist because he adored the sound of the tattoo needle scratching against skin, and he enjoyed the sting that left marks behind.

He had always thought he loved the sound of the tattoo machine the most, never realizing that the sound of Bison’s strikes would appeal to him even more. The skin where he was hit throbbed painfully, his entire body tensed up, but he didn’t ask Bison to stop. Across his back, waist, and hips, Bison showed him no mercy.

The more he was hit, the more his mind became foggy, as if he were being yanked into a world he had never known but longed to explore.

Kant didn’t make sounds of painful cries; there were only muffled noises and tears brimming in his lower eyelids, signaling that he was hurting. He relaxed the tension in his body a bit after Bison tossed aside the belt he had used to hit him.

When he turned his head, which was pressed against the bed, to look, he saw that Bison was drenched in sweat. Kant rolled onto his back, biting his lips tightly because his body ached. Bison climbed up and sat on top of him.

Despite being hit all over, he found he wasn't angry or annoyed with Bison at all.

"I've never liked having sex with you, Kant, until today."

"Why is that?"

.....
"Because you seem to truly accept what I am." Kant fell silent, struggling to control his breath. He placed his hand on Bison's smooth cheek, tucking a few strands of hair that had fallen over his face behind his ear. "Can you show me more? Your true self?"

"If you make me trust you enough, you will get to see it."

Kant lifted his hips to take off his pants, and Bison revealed his lower half to him as well. The connection today was rushed, driven by desire and longing, with no barriers. We had sex easily, but the complicated feelings stirred in our minds and hearts.

Bison thrust fiercely, releasing his emotions, while Kant responded in kind by lifting his hips to meet him. Our thoughts were not very different, yet neither of us voiced those thoughts.

Bison merely thought about how he had once wondered what kind of person he would fall in love with-someone demure, sweet, someone innocent who couldn't keep up with him. But it seemed he was entirely wrong, for at this moment, he found himself falling for someone who was a criminal just like him, even if the crime was merely petty theft.

Meanwhile, Kant shared the same sentiment, realizing that a thief like him, who also acted as an informant for the police, had fallen in love with an assassin he was currently trying to investigate to see if he really was one.

An assassin and a petty thief... perhaps they suited each other after all.

"Zee... Ouch, be gentle, it stings!" Kant squirmed away from Bison's fingers as the cute-faced assassin applied ointment to his bruise.

"I've already been very gentle. It's just a little scrape. Don't whine like that."

"It hurts! I don't care; you need to take responsibility and apply the ointment every day until the wound heals."

"I get it, you've told me a million times. But are you really okay with this? You still have the option to back out. I don't know if I might be rougher in the future."

"I can endure it. Honestly, I think I like it because when I'm in pain and see my body has wounds, I feel your presence."

"Wow, well... thank you."

"But let's only do this under the sheets, okay? I'm afraid people might see and misunderstand that my boyfriend is beating me."

"Alright, I promise to only do it under the sheets."

"But today's sex was incredible, don't you think?" Kant asked, tilting his head to look at Bison, who was applying the ointment on his back. Aside from the sting from the ointment, his wounds didn't really hurt that much.

Bison nodded in agreement. It was true that today's sex was both good and fulfilling. After releasing his pent-up emotions on Kant, he didn't quite understand where all these feelings of affection for the cute guy were coming from.

BDSM was a preference, and Bison felt lucky to have found a partner who embraced it. Moreover, Kant seemed to enjoy it; he wasn't just accepting but was willing to play along and engage in intense scenes with him

..

Bison put away the ointment after applying it to the young guy's scrapes. Once he was done, Kant adjusted himself to get dressed. By the time their synchronized activities concluded, it had already turned to noon.

"It's noon now. Let's go have lunch. Do you have any errands to run?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Well... after we eat, let's come back to my shop for a tattoo session, okay? By the time I open the shop, it'll be around the afternoon or evening. Should we just lie down and watch a movie in my room?"

"Oh, once you're in the mood, you just want to grab me and go at it again, right? We'll keep going until it's time for you to open the shop, won't we?"

"Crazy! Who's going to do that with you?"

"Isn't that how it is? Then I'll just eat and head home instead. Staying here would be pointless."

"Wait, hold on... Okay, I'm getting aroused. Just watching a movie is an excuse. I actually want to do that with you-nice and slow, no rush. We can take breaks when we're tired and go at it again, trying out new positions as we go."

"That sounds more interesting. The motivation to stay is the idea of sex."

"So, after we eat, stay with me for a while, okay?"

"Sure, what do you want to eat?"

"How about chicken noodles? The shop is just a few steps away."

Bison nodded eagerly, agreeing to eat chicken noodles with Kant. They helped each other get dressed, and once they were ready, they prepared to leave the house for lunch together.

..

However, before Kant could step out of the house, his mobile phone vibrated incessantly. Although it was an unknown number, the tattoo artist answered it.

“Hello?... Yes, I’m the guardian of Beb. What? My little brother got into a fight? ... Okay, I’ll hurry over right now.”

Kant hung up the phone and turned to Bison with a worried expression. “So, um…”

“Your little brother was called in to see a guardian, right?”

“Yeah, I need to handle my brother’s situation first. I guess we won’t have time to spend together.”

Bison paused for a moment, still suspicious that Kant might be a police informant, and he decided to follow him to uncover any inconsistencies.

“Can I come with you?”

“Honestly, it’s not really a place for you to go.”

“Come on, let me go with you.”

Seeing that Bison was insistent about going, Kant nodded in agreement. He grabbed his car keys and walked out of the house, with Bison following closely behind.

...

Note:- We saw a glimpse of it in today's trailer 🔥🥹

Next chapter coming up soon🫶 Thanks for encouraging me ka I will do my best

CHAPTER 11

....

Kant and Bison arrived at Beb's school in the afternoon. As soon as they got there, the two of them headed straight to the disciplinary office. Inside, along with a plump male teacher from the disciplinary department, were Beb, his opponent, and the opponent’s parents.

Bison raised an eyebrow. He immediately recognized who Kant’s younger brother was. The two brothers looked very much alike, especially around the eyes, which were nearly identical. Beb sat in a chair, his head bowed, but his defiant gaze was still evident. Despite the split lip, the bruised cheekbone, the swollen eyes, and the blood seeping from the cut at the corner of his left eyebrow, he showed no signs of backing down. Bison glanced over at Beb’s opponent, who also seemed badly hurt. The difference was clear:

The opponent had parents fussing over him, while Beb sat there alone. Kant rushed over and grabbed his brother’s shoulders. Beb looked up at Kant and nodded, indicating he wasn't too seriously hurt.

“What happened?” Kant asked the teacher in charge. But the one who answered first was the opponent’s mother, who looked like a typical meddling aunt.
...

“Your younger brother started trouble with my son! Clearly, these kids weren’t raised properly—both brothers are just a disgrace.”

Oh, come on, lady...

Bison raised an eyebrow, noticing Kant’s hands clenching tighter on his brother's shoulders. The insult had targeted both brothers but also indirectly included him, since he, too, grew up without parents to guide him.

“I’m asking the teacher, not you,” Kant shot back quickly. The woman’s lips twitched with irritation, and she pointed her finger, yelling furiously.

“So disrespectful!”

Bison took a deep breath, his fists itching, but he reminded himself that this wasn’t his fight. The disciplinary teacher stood frozen, intimidated by the number of people siding with Beb’s opponent. Bison, sharp as ever, suspected that the teacher was likely favoring the other side.

Kant ignored everyone else. The teacher remained silent, and the woman kept shouting, so he turned to his brother for answers.

“Tell me, Beb. What happened?”

“They were bullying Not, so I got back at them.”

“And where’s Not now?”

“He’s not involved.”

“So, you were defending a friend.”

Kant’s voice was low, almost scolding, but Beb’s unflinching demeanor told Bison that Kant wasn’t seriously angry. Having siblings himself, Bison could see just how close Beb and Kant were.

“Teacher, I will not tolerate my son having to share a class with…”

“Kids like this are troublemakers now, but who knows, in the future, this boy might end up killing someone! He must be expelled, and the police should be called.”

“Please, ma’am, let’s all try to stay calm,” the teacher interjected.

“He must be expelled!” the woman insisted. “The older brother is a thief, and the younger one is a delinquent. The school’s reputation is at stake. These two brothers are criminals!”

The disciplinary room fell into an awkward silence. Beb made a move as if to lunge at the woman, but Kant held him down. Bison, though only observing, felt strangely insulted by the accusations. He noticed one of Beb's opponents smirking, clearly having embellished the story to his mother earlier. Nasty from such a young age, Bison thought angrily.

Still as sharp-eyed as ever, Bison saw clearly what others overlooked: how devious Beb's opponents were and how biased the teacher seemed. It was unfair, and Bison's anger simmered on behalf of the two brothers. Someone needed to put these rude people in their place.

"Watch your mouth, lady. Who are you calling a thief?" Bison spoke up.

"Who are you calling 'lady'? And who even are you?" she retorted.

"Maybe I'm Beb's father," Bison replied coolly. "And if you're accusing someone of being a thief without evidence, you could be sued for defamation."

"Well… people say these two were criminals before!"

"And how credible are these rumors? Show us your evidence." The nasty woman fell silent, intimidated by Bison's unyielding demeanor. Kant and Beb kept their eyes on Bison, impressed by his boldness in standing up for them. As the woman quieted, Bison turned his gaze toward the smirking kid, walking toward him with a menacing aura. Having been hardened to fear no one, Bison had a naturally commanding presence and a habit of taking control.

"Hey, kid, tell us the whole story. What really happened?" Bison demanded.

"I already told the teacher everything," the boy replied, voice wavering.

"Alright then…" Bison turned to the teacher. "So, what's the verdict, sir? Did Beb really do something so terrible that he deserves to be expelled for damaging the school's reputation?"

The teacher hesitated, clearly caught off guard. It became apparent that no proper investigation had taken place and that he had only heard one side of the story. Bison's intense gaze added pressure.

"Does the school have security cameras?" Bison pressed. "Let's check the footage. That should settle this easily, don't you think?"

Beb's opponents began to look anxious. Kant, Bison, and the teacher could all piece together what likely happened just from their reaction. Only the meddlesome woman, still blind to the truth, seemed oblivious.

"Fine, bring out the footage," she snapped. "If that parentless boy is guilty, then expel him!"

"And if your son is at fault?" Bison challenged, raising an eyebrow provocatively. "Should you get on your knees and apologize? Care to bet on it?"

The woman's son tugged at her sleeve, mumbling, "Mom… Mom," in a small, worried voice. It was only then that she began to sense something was wrong. The teacher, worried about the escalating tension, intervened.

"Everyone, please calm down. Let's resolve this peacefully," he urged. But the woman, realizing she was losing ground, quickly changed her tune.

"No need for all that. Let's just forget about it and move on. Come on, son… let's go home for today."

"There's no need to study here anymore!" the woman spat, yanking her son's arm and storming out. Once the ringleader had left, the other parents quickly followed suit, uneasy and embarrassed. Bison stood with his hands on his hips, staring down the disciplinary teacher.

The teacher shifted uncomfortably under Bison's intense gaze and finally asked, "Uh… is there anything else?"

"Are you really going to let this end so easily?" Bison challenged.

"Well… what do you expect me to do now?" the teacher stammered.

“You should’ve investigated properly before summoning the parents,” Bison said firmly. “And more importantly, you shouldn’t ignore so-called ‘small’ issues like bullying among the students.”

Kant nodded in agreement and added, “Beb told us those kids were bullying his friend. Even if adults think it’s minor, bullying can leave emotional scars. You shouldn’t turn a blind eye to it.”

The teacher paled, offering a weak, nervous chuckle, but Beb spoke up, making the situation worse for him.

“The teacher won’t help us,” Beb said coldly. “After all, he’s the one spreading rumors that my brother, Kant, is a thief. Not only that, he gossiped that Not and I are a gay couple. Those kids don’t dare mess with me because I fight back, but they pick on Not because he doesn’t.”

The teacher turned ghostly white. Kant’s smile grew colder, and Bison scanned the room, spotting a security camera. Without hesitation, he approached it and removed the memory card, ready to check what had happened before he and Kant arrived.

The teacher’s face went pale with terror as Bison approached the security camera. In a panic, the teacher dropped to his knees and grabbed Bison’s legs, pleading desperately.

“Please… don’t look at it!”

Kant’s expression twisted in disgust. “What the hell… did you do something indecent to the kids?” he asked, horrified. The footage was even worse than any of them had anticipated: clear evidence that the depraved teacher, a predatory individual, had been harassing students. Beb looked equally disgusted, revolted by the hypocrisy of someone like that daring to judge others.

Bison handed the video evidence to Kant, who then turned to Bison with urgency. “Do you know any trustworthy cops who can handle this case?”

Bison's eyes narrowed. It was rare for a criminal to trust the police, but Kant spoke as if he knew reliable officers. That raised suspicions about Kant's connections, hinting that he might be more involved with law enforcement than he let on.

Kant lifted his gaze to meet Bison's, and the suspicion in Bison's cat-like eyes faded. Kant responded with a genuine smile.

"Thanks. If you hadn't come today, I wouldn't have known what to do."

"It's nothing," Bison replied. "So, what's the plan now?" He shook the teacher off with a forceful kick, not even sparing the predator another glance.

Kant took a deep breath and turned to Beb. "Let's go home and take care of your wounds. Forget about this school—you don't need to be here anymore. And as for that disgusting teacher…" He glared at the pathetic man on the floor. "Prepare to face the consequences. Your career is over."

"Who the hell would let you get away with that!"

The predatory teacher stumbled to his feet, preparing to lunge at Bison, who was smaller and closer. But before he could even reach him, Kant's long leg swung powerfully, delivering a kick that sent the teacher flying backward.

"Don't touch my people," Kant warned, his voice laced with fierce protectiveness.

Bison, who had been ready to draw a concealed knife from his hidden stash, paused and tucked it back, genuinely moved by Kant's act of defense.

"Thanks, Kant," Bison said sincerely. Kant, the tattoo artist, merely nodded, accepting the gratitude. He then turned and guided Beb out of the office, urging his younger brother to leave quickly. Bison glanced back at the groaning teacher lying on the floor, thinking to himself, Lucky you didn't end up facing my flying knife.

Soon enough, Bison found himself dragged to Kant's house, a bit bewildered by how he got there. After leaving Beb's school, he had been ushered into the passenger seat of Kant's car, with Beb riding in the back. Throughout the drive, the brothers talked about everything that had just happened, and Bison kept hearing about another boy named Not, who seemed to be part of the trouble.

"So, what's the deal with you and Not?" Kant asked gruffly. "Is it like those jerks were teasing?"

Beb sighed loudly. "We're just friends, okay? That's all we'll ever be."

"Oh, so you can't get out of the friend zone, huh?" Kant teased.

"Ugh… please, don't rub it in," Beb groaned.

Bison smirked slightly, catching on. So, Beb really does have a thing for this Not kid, he thought, amused. Beb crossed his arms, looking frustrated. If you glanced in the rearview mirror, you'd see Beb's glare shifting between Kant and Bison, clearly annoyed at being called out.

Bison shifted slightly, his hand resting on the door handle, but Kant's unexpected question held him in place. He turned to face Kant, whose expression was serious, even a little vulnerable.

"Do you hate me for the fact that I used to be a criminal?" Kant asked, his voice low, with a hint of uncertainty he rarely showed.

Bison took a moment, his dark eyes locking onto Kant's. He could see the genuine concern behind the tough exterior. After all, for someone like Kant to bring it up, it had to mean more than he was letting on.

"No," Bison finally replied. "I don't hate you. People have pasts. It doesn't mean they define who you are now."

Kant's shoulders relaxed, though his gaze remained searching, as if trying to read deeper into Bison's response. "Even if I did bad things?" he pressed, as if needing to hear more.

Bison's lips curved into a small smile. "I mean, I'm no saint myself, right? So no, it doesn't change how I see you."

Kant paused, absorbing the words. For a brief second, his tough demeanor cracked, and a genuine smile appeared, one that Bison couldn't help but notice.

"Thanks," Kant murmured, the simple word carrying more weight than it seemed. Then, breaking the serious moment, he added, "But you better keep up with that little rascal, Beb, or he'll have a field day thinking he's outrun us both."

Bison chuckled, unfastening his seatbelt. "Yeah, yeah, I'm on it," he said, finally stepping out of the car, feeling a little lighter than before.

"Is it true?"

"Yes, it's true. I have a criminal record. I once stole cars to sell and make money to take care of myself and my younger brother."

"And now?"

"I don't do anything like that anymore. I'm just a tattoo artist now, making an honest living."

Bison fell silent for a moment, exhaling through his lips with an audible sigh.

"It's good that you've turned your life around. I understand. Sometimes, even when we know something is wrong, we have to do it because there's no other choice."

"That's not true, Bison. We always have choices in life. I managed to turn my life around... and so can you… No, actually, anyone can."

Bison nodded in agreement. He changed the subject when the conversation started to feel heavy.

"Should we get out of the car? It's starting to get hot."

“Why don’t we try dating?”

“Huh...?”

“I’m serious. I really like you.”

Bison was stunned. He stared deep into Kant’s eyes. The look in the tattoo artist’s eyes clearly showed just how much he liked him, making Bison blush just by looking.

Could he do this? Could he give it a try, dating Kant even though they didn’t know each other that well yet?

Was there some hidden agenda behind this? Bison hated that part of himself that always needed to know everything.

In a situation where he might be putting his heart on the line, he should pull back like Fadel had advised. But because it was him, in the end....

“Let’s try dating, Kant. I think I’m starting to like you a little too.”

“Is it because I hit you and left marks all over you?”

“I could really make you look worse than your little brother if I wanted to.”

“Okay, I give up.”

“I should head home. I won’t bother you anymore; just stay with your brother.”

“I was thinking of ordering some grilled pork to have dinner with my brother. Why don’t you join us? I’ll ask Beb to invite Not too, just in case he might finally cross out of the friend zone.”

Bison hesitated, but in the end, he nodded in agreement. Kant leaned in and gave him a loud kiss on the cheek, then smiled widely, feeling good.

“Feels nice.”

Bison’s eyes seemed to turn into heart shapes from the kiss on his cheek. He quickly opened the car door and stepped out.

He had done more than this before, so why should he feel shy about just a kiss on the cheek? His hand rested on the side of his cheek where he was kissed, the warm touch still lingering there. Kant also got out of the car and shouted loudly into the house,

“Beb! I’ve finally crossed out of the friend zone!”

“Are you kidding?”

“I’m serious! If you don’t believe me, ask Bison!”

Beb, who was inside the house, rushed out to confirm with Bison, who shrugged his shoulders.

“Yes, Kant has crossed out of the friend zone. He just told Beb that he’ll treat us to grilled pork.”

Kant messaged Style to ask about him, and his face became even more troubled than Bison’s had earlier.

“Why do you have that face?” it was Bison who asked this time.

“Style said he hasn’t had any fights, but he’s been feeling unwell for a few days and hasn’t talked to Fadel at all.”

“Ah... that’s why I haven’t seen Style at the shop.”

As they continued walking and talking, they reached a noodle shop. Bison sat down after telling Kant what he wanted to eat. Kant went to order food, and while he was alone, he messaged Fadel to let him know.

Bison: Kant said Style isn’t feeling well.

He hoped Fadel would reply with, “What do I care?”

But...

Fadel: No wonder, I haven’t seen him for days.

Bison: Should we go visit him?

He expected Fadel to respond, “Why would I go?”

Yet again...

Fadel: I’ll go in the evening.

Bison smiled at his phone screen. He had found evidence that Fadel was a living being with a heart. It seemed the evidence was named Style. Two strange people seemed to get along well.

“What are you smiling about?”

“I think Fadel likes Style.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. If those two end up dating, should we go on a double date?”

...
Kant smiled subtly at Bison. If Style and Fadel ended up together, wouldn’t that make things even more complicated? Still, he replied to Bison simply:

“Sure, that sounds fun.”

“It’s not just fun. I think if the four of us hang out together, it’ll definitely be a great memory.”

Bison smiled at the dreamlike image, while Kant kept his head down, unable to meet Bison’s gaze at that moment.

.....

Note : doing chapter 12 now you will witness softie FADEL i guess 🥹 it's 2:30 am in midnight here I will update and go to sleep have fun reading

anything you guys don't understand let me know please ignore the typos 🫶

CHAPTER 12

...

“Is that why you’ve been so restless these past couple of days?”

Fadel thought to himself as he put his phone back into his bag, his fingers running through the nape of his neck. His deep-set eyes were lost in thought about the person who Bison had just texted him about being sick. On Monday, which was the burger shop's day off and with no assassination jobs coming in, Fadel had taken himself to a nearby province to relax. He yearned for peace and a quiet place where nature moved slowly throughout the week. However, after spending a quiet week alone, he found himself feeling lonelier than ever. It was starting to get too quiet.

Someone had come to shatter his peace of mind, and he didn’t realize how heavy his feelings were until he found himself constantly thinking about Style.

In the morning while jogging, his eyes kept searching for that chatty person. When he was taking a shower and getting dressed before leaving the house, all he could think about was that night they spent together without stopping.

While driving and during meals, he
secretly wished to invite Style along.

"Am I really this far gone? Is it possible that I've unintentionally fallen for someone as crazy as Style?"

Fadel stopped rubbing the back of his neck but continued to scratch his temple with his fingertips, feeling no surprise at the thought that he might like Style. He had mulled over this idea so many times that the shock had worn off.

Though he had never voiced it, he was like anyone else, constantly questioning what kind of person he would fall in love with. He had once thought he would end up with someone similar to himself—organized and serious. Yet fate seemed to have played a trick on him, as he had fallen for someone whose personality was completely different.

Just thinking about Style's loud, non-stop chatter made him smile at the corner of his mouth. Fadel took a deep breath, looking around to ground himself in the present moment, reminding himself where he was and what he was doing. When he looked up, he found himself in front of a famous dessert café in the province, known for its homemade treats. He had planned this visit for a week just to indulge.

"I should buy something to cheer up the sick person," he thought, glancing at his wristwatch. He hurried inside, eager to buy a treat and drive back, hoping he wouldn't arrive too late at Style's house.

After fifteen minutes, Fadel emerged from the café, arms loaded with bags of pastries.

For as long as he could remember, Fadel had been a straight-laced person who respected the rules. Even though he was in a hurry to reach his destination, he strictly adhered to the legal speed limit while driving across the province.

By the time Fadel arrived at Style's house, it was already early evening. He had been to the STYLE AUTO repair shop several times, so he was familiar with the area.

He parked his car along the wall of the house in a spot that was just big enough. Even though the shop was closed, the front door and lights were still on, and he could see a group of people drinking after work. Fadel guessed they were likely workers, and Style's father was probably among them.

He scanned the area but didn't see the person he came to visit; Style was likely resting inside the house. As he carried the pastries from the car, Fadel noticed the group at the drinking table staring at him intently.

It didn’t take long for Fadel to recognize Style's father—he looked just like him. The resemblance was uncanny, and the loud, boisterous personality seemed to have been passed down as well.

If Style truly took after his father, then the old man must be just as kind and cheerful. Fadel swallowed hard. Was he really complimenting Style for being kind?

“Hey, kid! Who are you here for?”

“I’m here to see Style. I heard he’s sick.”

Style's father nodded, a smile on his face, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinized the handsome young man in front of him. He knew all along that his only son, Style, was fond of men. And after two days of moping around, it seemed he was suffering from a broken heart rather than a fever, since he didn't have a temperature and only lay under the covers, crying softly.

At first, he thought Style had been heartbroken, as usual. But now, seeing the handsome young man standing before him, he began to connect the dots.

Ah… maybe they just had a fight, and now the boyfriend was here to make up.

Fadel had no intention of stopping or interfering, but before he could voice his approval to go up and resolve things, one of the guys at the drinking table spoke up.

“Hey, that’s Style’s friend, right? I remember him. He brought his car in for repairs.”

Fadel nodded in acknowledgment, and Style’s father asked, “You’re friends with Style?”

“Yes,” Fadel replied.

“He’s sleeping in his room. He just came down to eat and then went back up. If you want to see him, you can go ahead. His room is on the second floor; there's a nameplate on the door. You’ll know which one it is.”

Fadel nodded again as the father gestured for him to head inside. Not forgetting to leave a bag of pastries behind, he said, “I brought this for him,” before quickly making his way into the house and up the stairs to find Style’s room as soon as possible.

Just as the father said, once he reached the second floor, it was easy to identify Style's bedroom. In addition to the nameplate, the door was covered in posters of rock bands and famous movies.

Fadel knocked on Style’s door, not saying anything. It was the voice from inside that called out, “Who is it? Dad? Come in!”

It was a careless invitation, considering he didn’t even know who was at the door.

Fadel rolled his eyes at Style’s lack of caution but turned the doorknob and gently pushed the door open.

Fadel took long strides into the room, and as he closed the door with a thud against the frame, he made sure to lock it.

Style was lying on his side, facing away on the bed, with the blanket pulled up only to his waist. Fadel frowned as he gazed at the long figure stretched out so vulnerably.

He couldn’t shake the thought that he might be the reason Style was feeling unwell, and guilt washed over him. Taking slow, deep breaths, he placed the bag of pastries, which filled both of his hands, onto a small table that was available.

Style’s room was somewhat messy—full of things, but not dirty or unkempt. “You’re really not feeling well, huh?” Fadel asked, his voice filled with concern. He was sure he had never heard that tone from himself before.

The figure on the bed tensed up, his shoulders stiffening at the sound of Fadel's voice. Style had been crying, his tears soaking his face until he suddenly stopped. Of course, he recognized Fadel's voice; ever since that night, he had been unable to get the thought of him out of his mind, driving him nearly insane.

The disappointment gnawed at him, bringing tears to his eyes. Even though he had claimed to be fine, he was actually heartbroken over losing his virginity to someone who probably didn't think much of him.

The thought that Fadel likely didn't feel the same way about him stung even more. Since meeting the burger shop owner, it was clear he was the one who had been hurt and taken advantage of. The pain in his backside was still fresh, and the haunting memories of their intimate moments together lingered in his mind. He knew he wasn't Fadel's first; that jerk probably didn't care at all.

Slowly, Style turned to face Fadel, his tall figure standing there, staring at him with an intensity he was sure he had never encountered before.

..
"What are you doing here?" Style asked, his voice shaky.

"Bison told me you were sick, so I came to see you. Can I sit?"

"Yeah… go ahead," Style replied, his voice muffled.

Fadel walked over and sat down at the edge of the bed, feeling uncertain as he watched Style, whose eyes were red from crying. The usually sharp-tongued guy was now quiet, using the back of his hand to wipe away his tears. Style stiffened again as Fadel leaned closer, placing the back of his hand against Style's forehead to check his temperature.

"You're not that hot," Fadel observed.

"What the hell are you doing?" Style snapped.

"Have you seen a doctor yet?"

“I brought some pastries for you. They’re delicious. Do you think you can eat?”

“Fadel…”

“Why are you crying? Does it hurt somewhere? Are you hurting because of me?”

“You don’t need to ask,” Style said, swatting Fadel’s hand away from him. He hit harder than he intended, but it didn’t hurt Fadel. Still, Style felt a sharp pain in his chest as he looked at the hand that had touched him.

“Why can’t I ask?” Fadel pressed.

“I don’t want to talk to you.”

“Are you mad because I slept with you? Do you hate me that much?”

“No! You’re the one who hates me!”

At the mention of “hate,” Style's pale face crumpled, and he looked like he was about to cry again. Fadel felt overwhelmed, unsure of how to handle the fragile emotions unfolding in front of him. He didn’t quite understand anyone’s sensitive feelings; Bison had never cried, and no one around him had mood swings as volatile as Style’s.

But as the sobs grew louder, Fadel instinctively moved closer and wrapped his arms around Style loosely. He had heard that hugs could provide comfort, but for some reason, the more he held Style, the louder his cries became. To make matters worse, Style started to hit him hard.

Fadel thought about letting go, but Style pulled him in tighter, gripping the fabric of his shirt around the waist, burying his head against Fadel’s chest. Fadel decided to hold him tighter, and soon Style's crying began to quiet down. He nestled his face into Fadel’s broad chest, inhaling the comforting scent of him.

He didn’t want to move anywhere else; being like this felt so good. Fadel gently rubbed Style's back, an action that felt gentle and nurturing,

contrasting with his rugged appearance.

“I don’t hate you,” Fadel whispered near his ear, his voice soft enough to make Style's heart race. “I’m not trying to make fun of you. Please don’t cry, okay? Let’s talk for a bit. Don’t shut me out when I want to talk to you.”

“What do you want to talk about?”

“I just want to ask what’s wrong. Why did you suddenly get sick? I’m worried; I thought you were sick because I was too rough.”

Style didn’t respond but relaxed further into Fadel’s embrace. He puffed up his cheeks and sulkily muttered, “Don’t act all nice and caring. If you’re too good to me, what if I start liking you?”

“Then you don’t have to do anything about it.”

“That’s easy for you to say! You’ve been through a hundred experiences, while I’m just sensitive and inexperienced. Sure, I talk big and say you don’t need to worry about anything, but in reality, it’s me who’s lying here overthinking everything.”

"About what happened, I..."

Style didn’t finish his sentence as Fadel gently grasped his chin, tilting his head up and pressing his lips against his. Fadel pulled away after a soft, lingering kiss, allowing Style to regain his freedom.

Style admitted that he felt good; in Fadel's embrace, his emotional turmoil began to stabilize and feel safe again. Perhaps the situation wasn’t as dire or devastating as he had been overthinking.

“If you like me, you don’t have to worry about anything because I like you too... I’m sorry for hurting you.”

Fadel apologized.

Did Fadel really just say sorry? “Did you hear that? I said I like you. Why are you quiet?”

Style buried his face against Fadel’s chest. Truthfully, he had heard Fadel say he liked him the first time already, and now his face was burning hot. His grip on Fadel’s shirt tightened, as if trying to keep him from disappearing from this moment.

“Are you serious?” It took him a while to ask, his voice stammering and shy.

“I’m serious.”

“Why do you like me? You act like you can’t stand me most of the time.”

“Maybe it’s because I haven’t seen your face in days.”

“Days? It’s only been two days.”

“I just want to see your face. Can I look at you for a moment?”

“No way! I look awful after crying like this!” Style protested, his voice firm. He didn’t want Fadel to see him like this, but it seemed Fadel wasn’t willing to back down. He gently pushed Style to face him.

....

Style buried his face against Fadel's chest again, stealing glances at the flushed face that betrayed his shyness. At first, Style avoided eye contact, but once he found himself locking eyes with Fadel, it felt like he was spellbound, unable to look away.

Fadel sighed.

"I really don't want to like you."

"Are you going to stop liking me that quickly?"

"No. I said that because the more I look at your face and sit here holding you, the more certain I am that I like you a lot."

"I... I guess I like you a lot too. It's true; I cried because I wanted you to hold me like this."

"Hold you how?"

"Just like this."

"But I want to do more than just hold you."

Fadel pushed Style down, feeling angry at himself for his lack of self-restraint.

He had never obsessed over this kind of thing before, never felt so much that he couldn't hold back. But it happened with Style. That night, he felt unfulfilled, and now he wanted to touch Style everywhere, not leaving any part of him untouched. He wanted to explore him completely, however mysterious it might be. His hands, mouth, tongue-he wanted to feel it all.

Style lay back again, his heart racing loudly enough for Fadel to hear. He clutched Fadel's arm tightly, his brow furrowed.

"It hurt a lot that day."

"Today it won't hurt. I promise."

"What are we to each other?" Style blinked, asking about their status.

with anyone without needing to specify what they are to each other. But for him, he wanted to be sure first that opening his heart and spreading his legs for someone meant that person liked him and cared for him in the same way.

"I want us to be whatever you want."

"You need to ask me to be your boyfriend first."

"Right now?"

"Otherwise, I won't spread my legs."

Fadel made a face like he had just tasted something extremely bitter, but that's how it was. He might have fallen for Style because he couldn't predict the other's actions.

"Let's be boyfriends."

"Deal. You're not allowed to cheat, and you can't look at anyone else. More importantly, one day, I'll get back at you for the things you've done to me."

"You'll let me get back at you? Do whatever you want."

"We're dating now, so i guess you can spread your legs?"

"So noughty." Style lowered his gaze, but suddenly, his legs that had been pressed together spread wide. He wrapped his legs around Fadel's waist, leaning his weight against him. The moment their bodies met, their centers rubbed together, and soft lips crushed into each other, intoxicating and blurring reality.

After being kissed until his lips were sore, Style's body was turned over. Fadel's hands took on a wicked exploration, squeezing and gliding over every inch. Every time his hands left a spot, Style felt like Fadel had left some mark behind. The heat lingered on his skin, as if he were being scalded by desire.

Fadel's mouth did its job well, kissing all over his face, neck, chest, back, and worst of all, his tongue flicking and licking his way to make it smooth.

Style's breathing was irregular, the crucial moment had arrived, he closed his eyes, his right cheek pressed against the pillow, letting Fadel use his hands to spread his butt cheeks apart.

The hot part pressed against his way, Fadel was gentle with the interplay, slowly, but Style's face was still twisted, feeling all strange, but with this state, being penetrated like this, it made him feel like his body was filled.

Fadel massaged his shoulders, kissed him to comfort him because he cried again.

"Does it hurt a lot?"

"I can handle it, it hurts but it feels good."

"Don't cry too loud, Dad will hear."

When Fadel warned him like this, Style opened his eyes to look at the person who spoke.

"I forgot that it was home."

"You can't stop now, I'm all inside you... Khun faen (boyfriend)."

Being called by a strange word, Style bit his lip until it hurt. His way was tight because Fadel had soaked him to adjust first and hadn't moved yet, so he didn't feel much pain.

The throbbing passage squeezed his cock, making Fadel groan. Style started to move. Reading Style's body language, Fadel immediately used his hands to wrap around both of Style's wrists. Forcing it to be pinned down beside his head, lifting himself to pull the hard part out of the passage, almost all the way out, then pushing himself back in, emphasizing it several times, finding Style's hidden hot spot.

"Style was sweating, his hands tightly clasped together as they were bound by larger hands. Because he wasn't intoxicated, Fadel's touch felt all the more vivid today. He could even feel just how deep Fadel went and how far he withdrew. His hips lifted instinctively, afraid that the connection between them might break. He tried to hold back his moans, fearing that others might overhear."

"Even though there were no moans, the bed frame creaked loudly under the weight of two full-grown men together.

Fadel increased his strength, not forgetting to lean in and share kisses with They kissed each other continuously, moving in sync with the rhythm both

enjoyed. From lying face down, they shifted positions, turning over onto Their backs, and sometimes Style was playfully teased to the point of calling out. Eventually, they fell asleep in each other's arms, waking up late the following morning."

.....

Pic in Novel has uploaded above

Note :- A total softie and head over heels Fadel omg I love this chapter so much i wish we get this scene in thk it would be so great but all we can do is with that's it for today next update tomorrow 😭🫶

CHAPTER 13

...
These days, HEART BURGER gets crowded during lunchtime, so Style tries to avoid visiting Fadel at noon. However, unable to resist his longing, he, being the lovestruck person he is, has to see Fadel three times a day after each meal. As a result, after lunch break ended, Style's tall figure appears in front of HEART BURGER.

He sees Kant's car parked outside, which doesn't surprise him much. His friend has already managed to charm the stubborn cat and is now doing his best to impress his future brother-in-law by shifting from tattoo artist to waiter.

What does surprise Style today, however, is the sign announcing that the restaurant will be closed this Friday. He stands reading the sign outside, confused why Fadel, the grumpy giant, didn't mention it when they talked every day.

After finishing reading the sign, Style pushes the door open and steps inside. There are still some customers around, but not many. His long strides take him straight to the chef.

He drops himself onto one of the chairs in front of the open kitchen, where Fadel is stationed, resting both arms on the table, and looks at Fadel's expressionless face staring back at him.

"Are you closing the restaurant on Friday?"

"Yeah."

"Where are you going?"

"Going to run some errands with Bison."

"What kind of errands?"

“Just... regular errands.” Fadel answered evasively, avoiding Style’s gaze as he squinted, suspicious. He looked over at Kant and Bison, who were chatting in one corner.

Style tapped the table rhythmically, his mind overthinking as usual. But he didn’t ask any odd questions, even though his thoughts were veering toward silly ones, like wondering if these “regular errands” were actually some secret date.

He held back his suspicions, changing the subject.

“Regular errands are regular errands, then. Have you eaten yet?”

“Ate around eleven. Was afraid I wouldn’t get a chance to have lunch if it got busy like yesterday. You staying long?”

“I gotta go in half an hour. Can’t stay long, or Dad’ll scold me.”

“You coming back after work?”

“Of course! My boyfriend’s handsome, so I’ve gotta come keep an eye on things, so everyone knows the territory here is well-guarded. By the way, have you ever been jealous of me? Ever, hmm?”

“Nonsense.”

Style muttered a curse under his breath.

“Yeah, yeah, I know you’re cold. But you could indulge me a bit, show a little jealousy or possessiveness. That time you came over to my place, I thought I’d finally melted your ice-prince behavior. And now, here you are, back to being cold again.”

“Why are you overthinking?” Fadel replied, and then turned toward the drink fridge. He grabbed a box that looked like a snack box and handed it to Style.

..
He placed it in front of him and explained, “Banoffee pie. Made it for you

since this morning."

Seeing the dessert, Style's annoyed expression from earlier softened into a wide smile.

"You made it yourself?"

"Yeah."

"That's adorable. And I must be pretty amazing for breaking through the ice prince's attitude." He praised himself, as he usually did, while opening the dessert box. Without hesitation, he took a spoon Fadel had prepared and scooped up a bite. The sweet taste instantly lifted his mood.

"How is it?"

"If you made it, that means it's the best."

"Eat, then hurry up and go. When you're done with work, come straight back."

"Can I sleep over at your place tonight? Since you're closing the shop tomorrow."

"No. It'd be easier if I stayed over at your place."

"You're acting like you're hiding something at your place."

"Hiding something? There's nothing." Fadel brushed it off, glancing over at Kant and Bison as they walked towards where he and Style were sitting. Bison noticed Style enjoying the dessert Fadel had carefully made since the morning, and couldn't help but give a sly smile. He grinned at his brother but spoke to Style in a friendly tone.

"Did Fadel make that dessert?"

"Yeah, it's really good."

“Can I have a bite? Been with him all this time, and he’s never made me dessert.”

“Sure, here—”

Style was about to share some with Bison, but Fadel extended a knife to block him in the middle.

....
Fadel spoke curtly to Bison, “I’ll make you your own later.”

Bison shrugged nonchalantly. “Being so possessive over a dessert. What, afraid your boyfriend won’t get enough? You’re getting intense now that you’re in a relationship.”

Style held the spoon in his mouth, teasing Fadel. The usually stoic man, who seemed to be afraid his face would get tired from showing emotion, looked caught off guard for a moment. Fadel pulled the knife back and put it away, glaring at Kant, who had slung an arm around Style’s neck. The murderous aura radiating from Fadel made Kant quickly pull his arm back, despite the fact he’d done that many times before without issue.

“Ahem…” Kant cleared his throat, teasing Style in a lighthearted tone. “Being here—your dad’s okay with it?”

“Well, what do you think? But I’m only here for a quick stop. Once I finish the dessert, I’ll head back.”

“Mind giving me a lift home first? I gotta get back and open the shop.”

“Thought you quit tattooing. Did I misunderstand and you actually switched careers to be a waiter?”

Style feigned shock, then took the last two bites of dessert, filling his cheeks as he chewed. Once he finished, Fadel gathered the empty box and spoon without him even noticing.

Kant put his hands on his hips, nudging his head at his friend. “That shocked expression was so over the top.” Style laughed, clearly in a good

mood.

“Is your car ready?”

...
“I let Bison use it. He stayed at my place last night, and when he came to open the shop, he took my car He’ll probably stay at my place again tonight.”

“Oh, so that means neither of you slept at home last night since Fadel stayed at my place, too.”

“What are you trying to brag about?”

“Nothing. I can drop you off at the shop first and then head back to the garage—it’s on the way.”

Style finished his dessert, feeling both satisfied from the food and from seeing his boyfriend’s handsome face. He grabbed his car keys, which were scattered on the table, and motioned for Fadel to come closer with a finger.

When Fadel leaned in, confused about why Style called him over, his cheek was given a big kiss. Before Fadel could even scold him for being so bold, Style had already grabbed Kant’s arm, pulling him along as they dashed out of the restaurant. Fadel’s usually stoic face gradually turned a soft shade of red.

Holding a serving tray, Bison let out a low chuckle. “Style is such a lively guy, isn’t he? It’s like he came into your life just to bring some brightness.”

Fadel rubbed his kissed cheek, looking back at Bison, who was teasing him. He couldn’t deny that Style really had brought light into his life.

“You don’t need to tease me. Go keep an eye on Kant, see if he’s an undercover cop or something, and yet you ended up dating him.”

“Well, I looked, but I didn’t find anything. Lately, I’ve been practically glued to him, and he hasn’t shown any suspicious behavior.”

“And about the event on Friday night—you’re sure he won’t get suspicious or start asking questions?”

....
“I said I was going out of town with you, coming back on Saturday. It shouldn’t raise any suspicions. You told Style, right? From the looks of it, Style is pretty attached to you as well. I hope he doesn’t get suspicious.”

“I told you, Style isn’t suspicious... Bison.”

He called his younger brother’s name at the end of the sentence, having something else he wanted to say but not knowing where to start. He scanned the surroundings carefully.

“What’s up?”

“With Style around, I kind of want to quit this, you know.”

“Your main job, huh?”

“Yeah,” referring to his work as a hitman. “I want to try living a normal life, not having to move anywhere or hide.”

“How about after this job, the two of us negotiate with Mom?” Fadel nodded, continuing, “I was just about to invite you.”

“I’m starting to wonder if Fadel has a secret lover. Do you think someone like him would cheat on me?” Style asked this question to Kant as the car pulled up in front of the tattoo shop. Kant had just stepped off the car and handed his helmet back to Style, furrowing his brow at his friend’s question.

“What are you talking about? Someone like Fadel having a secret lover? Just having a boyfriend is already a miracle in itself.”

“Well, I’m worried.”

“What’s making you so anxious? Why? Is he treating you badly? I’ve never asked how you two got together. Is it a real relationship or just a plan to

break your heart?”

...

"Which question should I answer first?"

"Any question will do. Just pick one and answer it already."

The style was relaxed; he didn’t turn off the motorcycle or step down from it. Luckily, there was a large tree in front of Kant's house that provided some shade. The spot where he parked to drop off his friend was under the tree, so the area where we were talking wasn’t too hot.

"It’s good for me, and we’re together because we really like each other. There’s no heartache involved. I plan to be with him until we’re eighty. I see it that way. But when we’re alone together, he’s really gentle, you know? You probably don’t believe it. Like yesterday, I told him my foot and leg hurt, and he went and got some medicine to massage for me."

Kant raised an eyebrow. Fadeal, gentle? But why be surprised? Given that his sweet-looking face typically seemed soft, it was possible he could turn into a sadist when alone with him.

The problem was...

"You really like him, huh?"

"Yeah, I like him a lot. And I've never had a boyfriend before. I don’t know if it’s silly to think he has a mistress or not, but he’s never let me go to his house. Plus, on Fridays, when he closes the shop to run errands, he doesn’t even tell me what he’s going to do."

Kant took a deep breath. He thought that Fadeal not wanting to tell his friend what he was doing was probably because he was off doing his main job as a hitman. He had already planned to follow Bison but didn’t want to drag Style into this. In the end, he could only comfort his friend.

"He’s going with Bison. How could he have a mistress? You’re being silly, Style. Really silly. Just be careful not to get dumped."

Style pouted in displeasure, gesturing for his friend to leave because he had nothing else to say.

...
Kant slapped his friend's shoulder with a heavy hand. “I’m off to open the shop now. Drive safely, and don’t overthink it, Style.” “Yeah, I guess I think too much. I won’t think about anything now.”

Not think about anything, huh?

Yeah, right. Style couldn't stop overthinking about Fadel until he couldn't sleep. Moreover, today Fadel specifically told him not to come over; they would meet again on Saturday.

If you ask what day today is, what else could it be but a troublesome Friday? The burger shop is closed, and right now Style just finished work at the auto repair shop. He didn’t even know what he was thinking; after finishing work, he ended up wandering around Fadel’s neighborhood.

He knew which house was Fadel’s because he used to jog by when the other would return home. Yet, he had never received permission to go inside. Even though they were in a relationship, he still hadn’t been allowed in. This made him feel that Fadel had secrets he was keeping from him, and it seemed the more Fadel tried to hide, the stronger Style's curiosity grew.

Style hid and watched quietly. He saw that the car Fadel and Bison used was still parked in the lot, while inside the house, it seemed someone was home since the air compressor was still running.

Didn’t they say they were going out of town? It’s already evening, so why are they still in the house?

.....

Before his curiosity could be resolved, Style saw Fadel's tall figure walking out. The other was dressed differently from how he remembered; Fadel wore all black. His hair was unkempt, with bangs covering his face, making

him look mysterious. Not long after Fadel stepped out, Bison, looking strange, followed closely behind his brother.

Normally, Bison looked cute in colorful clothes. Though he wasn't very good at smiling, he didn’t look as sullen as he did now. Bison was also wearing black clothing. The two siblings looked as if they were in mourning for someone.

After Fadel and Bison left the house, they got into the same car, with Bison driving. In the blink of an eye, the car moved out of the parking space.

Style pulled down his helmet. Both he and his dad were car enthusiasts, so their home had several cars and big bikes in their collection. Today, he chose one of the big bikes as his mode of transport. It zoomed after Fadel and Bison’s car closely, without Style realizing that another car belonging to Kant was following behind him.

Fadel and Bison’s destination was a restaurant-cum-pub. They parked until the time passed beyond nine o'clock. Bison got out of the car first, taking one backpack with him. As Bison stepped out, Fadel also exited the car. The two siblings walked into the restaurant without exchanging a word. Style continued to watch them, his instincts warning him that something was off about this situation.

He followed the two siblings to the restroom and saw Fadel nodding his head.

...

Bison then walked ahead while Fadel disappeared into the restroom.

Style thought it was time to make a choice, and he chose to follow Fadel, not Bison. He hid outside the restroom, and when Fadel walked back out, Style furrowed his brow in surprise.

Fadel was disguised as a restaurant employee, having changed his hairstyle and wearing glasses, not to mention he was in a different outfit. There was a

name tag neatly attached to his chest. Unfortunately, Style couldn’t see what the name on the tag was.

But no matter how well he was disguised, the person he cuddled with every day was easily recognizable. Style followed Fadel, keeping a reasonable distance. Fadel moved quickly, and there was a moment when Style glanced away, causing him to lose sight of Fadel. He found Fadel again, this time carrying a tray filled with food and drinks.

Fadel walked into the VIP area. Unfortunately, Style couldn’t follow him into that section. Being an outsider, he inadvertently began to think strange thoughts, such as whether Fadel was being supported by an older woman or a wealthy patron, and today he had to serve that patron.

He took out his phone and opened the camera to record the situation, intending to film Fadel and later confront him about it.

After waiting for quite a while, something finally moved. Fadel came out of the VIP section, and strangely, he had changed into a very formal suit. In Fadel's arms was a young woman. His strong hands gently cradled her head against his chest, it looked like a couple where the woman was heavily intoxicated and being carried out by her boyfriend to take her home.
.....

.....
Style felt so angry that he was trembling. He followed Fadel while recording a video because he wanted to see the woman’s face and prepare to expose him. As he trailed behind Fadel, he was unaware that the restaurant's lights went out, causing the CCTV system and footage from that troublesome Friday night to be destroyed. The two siblings had set their plan in motion.

Fadel carried Penpak, who had been drugged and was unconscious, to the car. He didn’t realize that his boyfriend was secretly filming him out of suspicion of infidelity. He tossed Penpak into the car and then climbed in himself. The situation inside the car was uneventful, except for Fadel searching for Penpak’s personal smartphone to transfer data.

Style couldn’t see what was happening inside the car; he was shaking because he thought he had been cheated on. Fadel was getting into the car with a well-dressed, attractive woman. He was so furious that he lost his composure and prepared to walk over and smash the car.

He had the video as evidence to pin on Fadel. There was no way he could deny cheating.

However, before he could move from his hiding spot, someone grabbed him, covering his mouth tightly with their hand. A whisper close to his ear broke the silence.

“Don’t scream, Style. It’s me... Kant.”

When he turned to look, it really was Kant, though his friend's expression didn’t look good.

“Kant, how did you get here?”

“I followed Bison.”

“So you came to catch your girlfriend's boyfriend too?”

“Girlfriend? What the hell... Just stop talking.” Kant gestured toward the direction where Fadel had gone.
....

As Style turned to look at Fadel's car, he noticed Bison coming back with a bag slung over his shoulder. The petite figure of Penpak opened the door. He and Kant were too far away to hear what they were discussing.

All he knew was that Fadel was carrying the same woman out of the car. Their clothes were still intact. Bison took over the task of carrying the woman and walked her into a safe place.

The situation was bizarre. Style wasn't sure what happened after Fadel handed the woman over to Bison. Kant pulled him away, leading him in another direction and simply explained, “Follow me. I’ll tell you everything later.”

.....

Note:- Okay poor baby style thought his boyfriend is cheating on him that's not the case we will see in chapter 14🫶 coming in few minutes

CHAPTER 14

.....

Style got into the car with Kant, still bewildered by the strange situation, which Kant also didn't explain any further. He didn't even know where the car was taking him, but seeing the tense expression on his friend's face, he didn't dare to ask anything, not even half a word.

He noticed Kant pull out an old flip phone hidden under the car seat and text someone. After putting it back in place, he turned to look at Style, locking eyes with him.

"Promise me you'll keep what happened today a secret. No matter who it is, no matter how much you trust them, you won't tell anyone."

"You're being really scary right now, Kant."

"Quick, Style, just promise me."

"Okay, okay, I promise. Now can you tell me what's going on? I was just trying to catch Fadel's girlfriend, and now you're dragging me somewhere."

"I'm telling you again, Fadel doesn't have a girlfriend. That woman isn't Fadel's girlfriend."

"I'm so confused right now. Just tell me where you're taking me; this isn't the way home—it's in the opposite direction."

"Let's go to the xxx bridge. I have a meeting with someone there."

"Who?"

"Captain Kris. You probably remember a few years back when I got caught for stealing cars to sell at a junkyard."

“I remember…”

“I got out of jail because I was an informant for the police. I’m working with them now.”

Style furrowed his brows slightly, beginning to understand what Kant was explaining. So now, his friend was working for the police during an operation.

“And then what…”

“The job I’m working on involves investigating professional killers. The police have information on those two, but there’s no evidence that they’re actual assassins.”

“You…”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think you and Fadel were actually together. But both Fadel and Bison are killers. It seems like they’re starting a new job.”

Style went silent—so silent that he forgot how to breathe. His mind went blank, and his body felt numb. He rolled his eyes up to see Kant, who had parked the car and turned off the engine. Kant bumped his head against the seat, looking at his friend with a guilty expression. “How about we get out for a smoke and some fresh air?”

Without waiting for Style to respond, he led the way out. Style sat still for a long time—a long time that allowed Kant to smoke several puffs. He tried to collect his thoughts. Then, he opened the car door and marched over to yank Kant’s shirt collar, staring into his slanted eyes, searching for the truth behind what he had said earlier.

...
The breeze from the river blew through, refreshing his body, but the cool air couldn't diminish the hot anger boiling within Style, not even a little.

He threw a punch at Kant, who just let him hit.

"What do you think my feelings are? I've never liked anyone before; Fadel is the first. And now you tell me he's a killer? You're saying the person I love-the one who can look fierce but is gentle with me -kills people? What the hell are you talking about, Kant?"

"I understand you... I understand."

Style hit Kant again, shouting loudly.

"What do you understand? What do you really understand, you jerk? Just tell me you're joking, that you're lying."

"I'm not lying, and I understand how confused it is to find out that the person you love is a killer-a professional assassin."

Kant shouted back just as loudly. The cigarette he had been holding had fallen away at some point. He stepped back from Style, feeling the sting of the cut on his lip reminding him of the pain. He let his hair fall because he was confused, having thought all day that Bison was really out doing something important, but the reality was turning out to be quite different.

He had followed his lover, just as Style had done, after separating from Fadel. Bison went to the surveillance control room to destroy evidence.

The target tonight was that woman. The two assassin siblings didn't kill her; it seemed they were approaching her to obtain some information.

Kant was both scratching at himself and hitting himself because he was just as confused it appeared that he was even more mentally unstable than style

He shouted again, loud but without words or meaning. Then, Kant closed his eyes, slowly calming himself down. When he looked over at Style, he saw his friend with his head bowed, fists clenched, his shoulders shaking as if he was about to cry.

“You just started liking him. Your feelings can’t be that deep yet, right? Just break up with him and send that clip you recorded of Fadel today to the police.”

Style didn't respond or deny it. He walked over and yanked on Kant's collar again to pull the pack of cigarettes from his friend's shirt pocket. He took one, lit it, and then tossed the remaining cigarettes to the ground, walking off to find a good spot to smoke while he mulled over everything that had happened.

Kant let him have his time alone until the toxic substance calmed his confusion a bit. Style turned to ask his friend, "Are you sure you can just stop liking Bison? Do you really think you can just stop liking someone you've just begun to love?"

Kant fell silent for a long while. When it came to his own feelings, it felt much harder.

He had been wrong to tell Style to stop liking Fadel, because it wasn't as easy as it sounded.

"A petty criminal like me falling in love with an assassin—doesn't that sound insane? When I first met him at the bowling alley, I didn't know anything; I just felt strangely drawn to him. He was like a naughty cat that I wanted to poke at. Maybe it's because he's a big-time criminal that I found him so interesting."

"But I'm not a criminal, and I didn't expect to be caught up in this. Do you know that my dad really likes Fadel? He expects him to take care of me until I grow old."

...
Style took another deep drag from his cigarette, his eyes reddening as visions of the future he had imagined filled his mind. He placed Fadel into that dream, but now it felt as if this love story was destined to end before it even truly began.

He pushed the hair that had fallen across his face back behind his ears.

"Are you really going to turn Bison in to the police?"

“That’s outside my responsibility. I just need to find evidence that he’s an assassin, and then trace it back to whoever’s pulling the strings.”

“Have you found anything yet?” Style asked, a mocking tone in his voice, chuckling lightly at his friend.

Kant nodded, just as he caught a glimpse of Captain Kris walking toward them.

“I’ve found evidence confirming he’s an assassin, but I still don’t know who’s behind everything.”

Captain Kris stopped near them, eyeing the two young men. Style glanced at the captain, feeling too overwhelmed to greet anyone in a friendly manner.

Seeing Kant remain unfazed by the captain’s arrival, Style maintained his silence as well.

“Why did you bring your friend along, Kant?” Captain Kris asked.

“I messed up on a work-related secret, and the clip that Style filmed today might really help you out,” Kant explained.

“Let me see it.”

Style lifted his chin defiantly, producing a strange sound in his throat. He hesitated to hand over his phone to Captain Kris right away, offering a forced smile filled with unease instead.

...
The sky was devoid of stars.

Captain Kris sighed.

“Cooperate with the police, boys.”

That single sentence compelled Style to hand over his phone to Captain Kris against his will. He shot a warning glance at Kant.

The captain began playing the video on Style's phone as Kant continued, "They're probably starting a new job. They drugged the woman in the clip to extract information but didn't kill her. The next target is likely related to this woman. You should investigate."

"Hmm, good work," Captain Kris praised, transferring the evidence to his own smartphone. He then deleted the clip from Style's device before returning it to him.

Style remained silent, despite usually being the more talkative one. Right now, he didn't want to speak or even listen.

"Captain," Kant spoke up.

"What is it, Kant?"

"I want to quit this job."

"Because you love that sweet-faced assassin?"

"…Yes."

"I warned you to be careful. I get how you feel, but it doesn't matter now. You can't quit after getting this far. Just find the mastermind behind this, and your record will be clean. Don't you want the money for your little sister?"

"Kant… opportunities like this don't come often," Captain Kris urged.

Kant struggled to catch his breath, his lips pressed tight with hesitation. He was lost, utterly unsure of how to proceed. Captain Kris, sensing his confusion, decided to take charge of the situation.

"Find out who's behind this. I trust you to get it done."

The captain patted Kant on the shoulder before disappearing as if he had never been there. Style glanced at his friend, who remained rooted in place.

He didn’t want to voice his thoughts, but he couldn’t help it. “This feels like you’re being forced into a corner.”

Kant turned to Style, surprised. “You’re… siding with me?”

“I’m not sure what being angry would accomplish. Before Captain Kris arrived, I admit I was furious, but now I think I understand you didn’t intend for it to turn out this way either.”

Kant nodded, acknowledging the truth in Style’s words. “Yeah… I didn’t expect things to unfold like this.”

“I think love is like that. No matter how cautious you are, if it’s meant to happen, it will. So, are you still going to work with that captain?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t want to do this anymore. What about you and Fadel?”

“Not sure at all. Let’s just grab a beer. They say drinking helps clear your mind when you’re stuck.” Style stood tall, twisting his body to look at Kant once more. Kant nodded in agreement.

“I’ll cover the bill. Consider it an apology.”

“Get ready to spend big, then.”

“Do you know, Style? You're incredibly kind,” Kant remarked, a teasing tone in his voice.

“What are you on about? No need for the sappy stuff. I don’t like anything too cheesy,” Style shot back, feigning annoyance.

“Well, it’s no surprise that Fadel likes you.”

Style paused, inhaling deeply before exhaling slowly. “Do you really think he loves me?”

“Even if saying it doesn’t matter, I genuinely believe Fadel’s feelings for you are real.”

“Knowing that doesn’t help, though. How many more times is fate going to play tricks on me? I just wanted to catch my boyfriend's affair and ended up tangled in all this.”

“Sorry about that.” Kant offered an apology once more, and Style tilted his head slightly, the lingering cough resurfacing.

“By the way, I must be pretty skilled, huh? I managed to irritate Fadel to that extent. Can you imagine? Not only did he not kill me, but he’s also completely head over heels for me.”

Kant smiled weakly at his friend, not wanting to contradict Style. Sure, he was skilled at dealing with Fadel, but right now, both of their hearts felt anything but strong, despite the bravado they tried to maintain.

Meanwhile, Bison and Fadel returned home after gathering the necessary information from Penpak. The two siblings entered the workspace within Fadel’s house. Sitting behind a computer screen, Fadel began transferring data from a small electronic device to a larger monitor. While waiting for the upload to complete, Bison walked in, sipping on a soft drink as he casually observed the process.

...
Bison tossed a small memory card near Fadel's hand, who glanced at his younger brother with a serious expression.

"What’s this?"

"Surveillance footage from the restaurant today."

"Why are you bringing this? Just destroying the evidence is enough."

"Well, what if Lurat and Penpak have a secret meeting and there's information that can be sold? I wanted to grab it first. If it sells, we could make some money off it. You know, those business types have plenty of secrets; there’s got to be something worth cashing in on."

"You’re not exactly desperate for money, are you? Acting like you’re saving up for a wedding or something."

Bison shrugged off Fadel's reprimand, simply nodding in response.

"Just keep it safe for me."

With an exasperated sigh, Fadel complied, taking the small zip bag to place the memory card inside. He labeled it with where it was obtained and the date before storing it in a small storage box.

Bison leaned back against the table, and at last, all the data had been transferred. Fadel’s fingers danced over the keyboard, and soon a schedule and appointment log for Lurat appeared on the screen. Penpak, as Lurat’s personal secretary, had meticulously documented her boss's activities, making it easier for them as assassins to plan their next move.

“He's throwing a charity gala at the Lurt Foundation the day after tomorrow. It's a masquerade party. I think today would be a good time to make our move. The masks will help conceal our identities,” Bison suggested, pointing out that detail in Lurat’s schedule. Fadel remained silent, contemplating the proposal as he continued to analyze the information before them.

....
Fadel nodded in agreement, thinking of something.

“Let’s have that guy find an entry ticket for the event. Meanwhile, we should come up with a tight plan and prepare the weapons we’ll need for this job.”

Bison saluted in response. After selecting the date to carry out their mission, Fadel pulled up a map of the area surrounding the venue.

“Let’s look at our escape routes. For someone at Luerat’s level, there will probably be plenty of security personnel at the event. It’s possible the police could also get involved, but we can’t afford to make any mistakes.”

Bison nodded in agreement, taking another sip of soda, squinting slightly.

“After this job, don’t forget what we talked about, that we’ll negotiate to quit being assassins.” Fadel fell silent for a moment, replying in a low, uncertain voice, “Yeah, I won’t forget.” He hoped this job would indeed be their last.

The aroma of freshly brewed coffee wafted throughout the spacious room. Officer Kris decided to go make himself another cup, even though it was already past four in the morning. He was still at the police station with two trusted colleagues. After receiving a report that the two assassins had begun their work on a new target, he ordered his team to investigate who the woman that Fadel had drugged really was.

Her name was Penpak, a close secretary of the wealthy Luerat, and it wasn’t hard to guess that the new target of the assassins was none other than the man known as the benevolent tycoon.

Officer Kris instructed his team to gather more information about Penpak and Luerat to find out who Luerat might have been stepping on toes with recently. Unfortunately, the information was lacking.

He found nothing unusual, but he knew that in a few days, Luerat would be hosting a celebration for the 30th anniversary of the Surarat Foundation.

“Officer, you said these assassins act like heroes, only killing bad people, right? I’ve been researching the history of Tycoon Luerat for hours, and I don’t see anything wrong with him. He’s one of the few businessmen with such a clean record.”

Officer Kris sipped his coffee, biting his lip because he thought the same way.

“There must be something—some small detail that we might have overlooked,” Officer Kris said, pushing back his hair as he walked to the board where images printed by his team were pinned. There were pictures of Fadel and Bison, with red and blue lines drawn to indicate how hard he had been working lately.

The image he just pinned was of Tycoon Luerat and an overview of the foundation. He squinted at the photo of the founder, realizing that Luerat wasn't the only one in the picture.

"Who are these people in the photo?"

Officer Kris pointed to the images, prompting his team to search for information on them. "These are the founders of the foundation, sir. On the left is the owner of Empire Estate and Property, and on the right is the owner of Kasemsan Company. It seems both families were close friends with Tycoon Luerat, but both have passed away."

"Passed away?"

"Yes."

"How did they die?"

"In a car accident."

....

"And what about the businesses?" Officer Kris rubbed his chin, his eyes deep in thought, as if he had found the small detail he had been searching for.

"Almost all of the shares were sold to Tycoon Luerat before their deaths. As for the heirs of the two families, they have vanished. It's possible they may have died as well."

Officer Kris licked his lips, the small glimmer of hope seeming to fade into darkness.

"Officer, do you know when they will strike again?" This question pulled Officer Kris out of his chaotic thoughts. He looked at the information board and spoke with confidence.

"I believe they will act during the 30th-anniversary celebration of the Surarat Foundation. We have to stop them."

Because even if Tycoon Luerat is truly a despicable person, the country has its reputation, and the idea of these assassins executing these lowlifes before the police, like him, is a massive insult to his dignity!

...

Note : ok so from here on the real story begins next chapter coming up please wait i think i will update 3 more chapters today let's see what I can do 🫶 please ignore the typos

CHAPTER 15

...

Initially planning to close the burger shop only on Friday, Fadel decided to keep it closed until Monday due to an important event. He intended to reopen the shop on Tuesday, and since closing the shop meant he and Bison wouldn't see Kaan and Style, he could only text them to say he had important business and would see them on Tuesday.

Style replied that he understood, ending the message with a casual "See you later." Though surprised that his partner understood so easily, which seemed unusual, Fadel was too busy to dwell on what he considered a minor issue.

The day of action arrived. The 30th-anniversary celebration of the Surarat Foundation was held on Sunday night, and invitations had been sent out to them just the day before. To make matters worse, their identities had been fabricated as heirs of wealthy families.

On the night they were assigned as drivers, the two gentlemen were in a luxury car worth millions, but instead of sitting quietly and maintaining an appropriate demeanor, they were anything but calm.

..
As the car cruised smoothly, Bison and Fadel checked their weapons while Keen explained the security system for the event. Soon, the luxury vehicle brought them closer to the grand celebration.

Fadel was the first to sit in silence, gathering his focus before the task began. Bison, on the other hand, was humming a tune and glancing at Keen, who was driving. Bison furrowed his brows and asked, "Hey Keen, your wrist."

"What?"

“Your right wrist used to be severely injured, making it almost impossible to move. Doesn’t driving with your right hand like that hurt?”

Fadel asked curiously. A few years back, Keen had also been a hitman like him and Bison, a skilled sniper who was hard to replace. However, after his right wrist injury, he could no longer shoot, and practicing with his left hand yielded unsatisfactory results. Ultimately, from being one of their mother’s assassins, Keen transitioned to a document courier, handling whatever tasks their mother needed him for.

When reminded of his wrist injury, Keen simply lowered his gaze and said nothing. He then lifted both hands off the steering wheel while the car continued down the straight path.

“It’s a straight path. Just hold on; I’m not exerting any force,” he replied, placing his hands back on the steering wheel. His eyes, hidden behind his glasses, remained expressionless. Bison crossed his arms and, curious, asked, “Have you ever regretted not being able to shoot anymore? Don’t say you can use your left hand, because you know it’s not accurate.”

...
Keen didn’t respond to the question. He turned the steering wheel with his left hand, steering the car to a stop in front of the venue. There would be no answer regarding whether he regretted it or not.

“We're here. You guys can get out now. I’ll wait for you at the agreed exit,” he said. Seeing that Keen didn’t answer, both Fadel and Bison paid no mind. The two assassin brothers exchanged glances, grabbed their decorative masks to cover part of their faces, and then stepped out of the car, disappearing into the chaotic festivities of the event. Once they were gone, Keen let out a sigh and looked at his right hand. He flexed it skillfully, his face betraying no hint of pain, and he continued to use his right hand to control the steering wheel, deftly maneuvering the car in the desired direction.

With his eyes behind the glasses, Keen scanned the area around the venue. He had provided Fadel and Bison with detailed information about the event's security system, which he believed to be accurate. However, he

couldn’t shake the feeling that there were more security personnel and undercover police present than what was indicated in the system.

As he stared intently, he pressed the accelerator to take the car to the designated parking spot. Keen left the keys in the car in case of an emergency when Fadel and Bison might need it. He got out of the car empty-handed to assess the situation. As a sniper, he was adept at observing from a distance. After a while, however, he began to feel tense. He noticed a group of armed police gathering at the entrance of the event, each officer fully equipped. Moments later, the police surged into the venue.

Keen quickly pressed the in-ear headset he had in his right ear to contact Bison and Fadel.

“Armed police are entering! You guys need to get out of there right now!”

...

Most series, dramas, or films are often inspired by real-life events. Iconic scenes, such as the protagonist attending a lavish party, likely draw inspiration from actual gatherings of the wealthy.

Bison was dazzled by the opulence surrounding him as he walked alongside Fadel, who seemed uncomfortable in the crowd. They were waiting for Chao Sua Lue Rattan to open the event, which would mark the moment for them to act. Bison sampled various dishes at the party until he was stuffed.

In contrast, Fadel remained still and solemn, refusing to eat or drink anything, standing like a statue. Despite his aloof demeanor, the shape of his physique and the features of his face that peeked out from under the mask made him stand out significantly.

Several people were eyeing him with interest, complicating his mission further. Just then, Bison elbowed his brother in the ribs and nodded toward the stage.

“He’s here.”

“Here” referred to their target. Fadel lowered his gaze and slipped his hand inside his suit jacket, preparing his weapon. Bison disappeared in another

direction; today, it was Fadel's turn to carry out the assassination, while Bison would provide support, manage distractions, and disable the CCTV systems.

As Bison went off to handle his tasks, Fadel pushed through the crowd, his tall frame weaving between partygoers.

He couldn’t hear the music from the live band playing in the background; his focus was entirely on the dignified man who stood out without a decorative mask like everyone else. His concealed weapon tightened in his grip, ready for action as the lights suddenly went out.

Bang!!!

Boom!!!

"The armed police are entering! You guys need to escape now!" Keen's voice echoed in Fadel's ear. Fadel lowered the gun he had just fired and took off running without a second thought. He gritted his teeth, realizing he had messed up. He had aimed at the spot where Chao Sua Lue Rattan had been standing, confident he wouldn't miss. The problem was that the portly figure of the Chao had been pushed down by someone to avoid the bullet. The screams of the guests filled the air, and flashing lights created chaos. The loudest shout was:

"Stop! Don't move! This is the police!"

But Fadel continued to move swiftly and silently. Of course, he heard Bison's voice crackle through his earpiece.

"Oh sure, I'll stop right away now that I know the police are here to catch me."

Sometimes Fadel admired Bison for being able to joke around even in such dire situations. Thanks to their meticulous planning for escape routes, fleeing was not overly difficult.

Fadel and Bison made it back to the car safely, where Keen was already waiting in the driver's seat. The luxury vehicle sped off faster than anyone could catch a glimpse.

Inside the car, Fadel slammed his head back against the seat, growling in frustration, something he usually wouldn't do.

"Where the hell did all these cops come from?" Bison took off his mask and tossed it aside, directing his question to Keen, who was likely to have the answer. However, Keen himself...
...

shook his head, indicating he didn't know. He could only guess.

“I think there’s a police informant close to you guys.”

Bison fell silent. He knew Fadel was casting him a glance. Of course, the most suspicious person who could be a police informant at that moment was none other than Kant.

Bison swallowed hard, changing the subject instead.

“Where are you taking us, Keen?”

“To see Mom. I’ve reported that this job went south. Mom wants to meet you guys to confirm that you’re safe.”

Fadel removed his mask, tossing it aside along with his heavy suit. He leaned in close enough for only Bison to hear.

“If Kant is the informant and you can’t bring yourself to kill him, then I’ll take care of it myself.”

Bison let out a dry laugh, whispering back through clenched teeth, “No need. If he dares to betray me, I won’t keep him around either.”

Keen stole a glance at the two brothers through the rearview mirror, blinking once before pressing down on the accelerator to increase the car’s speed.

Keen drove Fadel and Bison to see their mother, Lily, at the company building. Even though it was quite late and no other employees were left in the office, their mother was still waiting to see her three sons in her private office. Lily had turned on classical music to create a serene atmosphere in the room. She exhaled cigarette smoke in the dimly lit space as she heard a knock at the door. After the knock, the door opened...

A soft voice politely asked for permission, belonging to Keen, the son who was once a sniper more skilled than anyone else.

"Mother, may I? I've brought Fadel and Bison with me."

The sound of high-heeled shoes tapping on the carpet interrupted the quiet as she stopped leaning against her office chair.

Lily straightened her back, forcing her voice to be gentle despite feeling irritated that her sons had made a mistake. But since this was their first error, it was clear they hadn't intended for it to happen, so it wouldn’t do to scold or punish them harshly.

"Come in, I'm glad to see you."

Once she permitted them, the heavy door swung open. The pungent smell of cigarette smoke filled the room as the three young men entered. Lily smiled, her red lipstick giving her smile a striking power.

"I'm glad to see my sons safe. Now… can someone explain to me what happened?"

Fadel, being the eldest, thought it was his responsibility to explain. He took a deep breath before beginning to recount the whole situation to his mother. "I apologize for the mistake. I'm not sure how the police found out about our plan for today."

"Are you saying there’s a mole?"

"I'm not sure. Bison and I will investigate thoroughly."

Lily narrowed her eyes suspiciously and placed her cigarette in the ashtray. The classical music did nothing to lighten the tense atmosphere; the air in the room became heavy with pressure, making everyone feel uncomfortable.

Keen moved around to stand behind his mother and whispered something quietly. Lily nodded, her gaze fixed on Fadel and Bison.

...
"Keen said that you should tell your sons something important, and I agree with him."

"What is it?" Bison asked, his right eyebrow slightly raised in surprise.

"Actually, Luerut is the one who killed your parents. The deaths of the leaders of Empire Estate and Kasemsarn Group were not accidents. After your parents died, he bought up all the shares for himself. I sent you to kill him because I want everything back."

The office of Lily fell into complete silence. Bison forgot how to breathe, while Fadel looked down at the floor, his jaw clenched tightly in frustration over the botched job that day.

"Well, it's done now. Mistakes can be corrected. You all should get some rest. Just let me know when you're ready to act again."

Fadel nodded in acceptance, while Bison clenched his fists at the information he had just received. Seeing the anger in her sons' eyes, Lily smiled with satisfaction at the corners of her mouth. She had injected them with a strong dose of motivation, quite certain that her two sons wouldn't mess up again.

"You can go now. I have nothing more to discuss with you."

Seeing that Fadel was still standing still, Bison tugged at his brother's sleeve before turning to bow to Lily as a farewell.

"We're leaving now."

Fadel and Bison exited the office, while Keen remained standing behind Lily as before.

He watched as his mother picked up the same cigarette to continue smoking.
"I didn't tell you to mention that Luerut really killed their parents."

"Huh..."

"I just suggested that you move their hideout because the old one seems to have police informants lurking around."

"Keen... are you blaming me?" Lily lowered her voice. Keen bit his lip, restraining himself from saying anything further. He lowered his head and simply said, "I'm sorry."

"If the police find out about the operation like this, I think Fadel and Bison's identities will be exposed soon. Your brothers could endanger all of us."

"Once Fadel and Bison finish off Luerut, I'll designate them as your targets." Keen swallowed hard, fully understanding the command. His mother, Lily, was ordering him to kill Fadel and Bison once they were no longer useful.

"I know your wrist is a major issue, but if you can take care of those two, I'll allow you to live freely as you once wished."

"So, to sum it up, I can only resign after killing Fadel and Bison, right?"

Keen stared at the white smoke swirling in the air. His deep-set eyes revealed no emotion. He took a deep breath and responded politely and submissively, "Yes, I understand... Mother."
...

Note:- Okay next chapter coming up please be patient and many of you were wondering how many chapters in total are in Novel so it's 26 chapters it total one prologue 23 chapters and epilogue and special chapter

CHAPTER 16

...

Both Fadel and Bison chose to return home. The two assassin brothers checked the surroundings of the house to ensure that no police or undercover agents were lying in wait. The area around the house was silent. After observing for a while, they were certain that no one was present. It seemed that the police still had no evidence to identify them, so they hadn't sent reinforcements to make any arrests.

Once inside the house, Fadel and Bison went their separate ways to rest. They didn't speak to each other again, as if each was lost in their own thoughts.

Fadel took a shower and changed into his pajamas. He tried to fall asleep before the new day began, but his sleep was far from effective. He tossed and turned restlessly, unable to find rest, and ultimately had to get up around one o'clock.

The first thing he did after getting out of bed was to find some water to quench his thirst. His mind was still filled with various thoughts, reviewing where he had made mistakes during the operation that day.

The more he thought, the less he understood. Eventually, he found himself in his study, sitting there for about half an hour before he suddenly remembered that Bison had brought back the surveillance footage from the restaurant where Penpak was a partner.
...

He took it out, intending to search for where he had gone wrong from the records of that day. Fadel sat quietly alone in the study, unaware of whether he would find anything at all.

On Bison's side, he too couldn't sleep. It seemed he had gotten out of bed in his private room even before Fadel did. However, he didn't go looking for

water or sit quietly to calm his mind in the study.

He got dressed, preparing to go out, with a dull look in his eyes, lacking any spark. His mind was consumed with thoughts of Kant, obsessively wondering if the other had truly approached him to deceive him.

His relentless curiosity was hard to shake off. Bison took a deep breath and grabbed the car keys.

He got into his personal vehicle but didn't start the engine or drive off anywhere. In his hand, he fidgeted with his smartphone. Since the day he went to the tattoo shop, aside from extracting data from Kant's personal work device, on the night they shared a bed while Kant was fast asleep, he had implanted a tracking application into Kant's smartphone.

Initially, he intended not to use it because he wanted to trust his partner. He wanted to believe in someone and wanted to try loving without having to worry.

It was difficult-very difficult-when the suspicion that Kant was not sincere with him grew stronger. Bison closed his eyes, swallowing down the nameless feelings churning in his stomach.

Finally, he decided to pull up the tracking application for Kant on his mobile phone. It had a playback feature, and he saw that Kant had gone to...

The restaurant where he dealt with Penpakkart was followed by a visit to a bridge, ending the day at a bar.

Kant hadn't told him where he had been during the past few days they were apart. Kant reported that he had gone to bed early.

Because Bison was busy and because he intended to trust and believe in Kant, even if Kant lied, he could only be a fool who remained oblivious.

Knowing this now, it would have been better to heed Fadele's advice, but the phrase "knowing this now" meant he often realized too late.

Bison pressed his gaze on his smartphone screen. Once he saw Kant moving, he decided to start the car in the dead of night. It seemed that Kant had also driven out of the house to somewhere, even though he had just messaged Bison to say he wasn't feeling well and would take some medication before going to bed early.

Driving along the GPS, Bison found that Kant had arrived at the bridge he had previously visited. It seemed he had an important meeting with someone.

Bison parked the car in the shadows. He wasn't scared at all as he stepped out of the car alone. Scanning the dim light, he spotted Kant's vehicle parked under a large tree.

Kant hadn't arranged a meeting on the bridge. The rendezvous point seemed to be under the bridge instead.

Who was he meeting that required such secrecy? Bison walked quietly, his senses heightened.

He leaned against a pillar of the bridge. Beneath it, there was a bank along the river. It was very dark, but Bison could still see that Kant was standing with someone else. The two of them were smoking. Bison had to admit he had never seen Kant smoke like this before.
...

through the darkness of the night. Tonight felt... so very long.

"Are Bison and Fadel making their move today, Colonel?"

"Yeah, I almost had them, you know. If it weren't for someone turning off the lights at the event and helping them escape, by now they would be sleeping in jail," Colonel Chris said with frustration. One hand held a cigarette at the corner of his mouth while the other dug deep into his pants pocket.

Kant lowered his head slightly, unsure of what expression to wear, but he was certain that he wouldn't be happy if Colonel Chris said that Bison had

been caught.

Taking a deep drag from his cigarette, he realized how deeply biased humans could be. If he didn't know a killer like Bison and didn't have feelings for him, he might have let it go and cheered Colonel Chris on to catch the criminals quickly.

But because he had special feelings for Bison, he felt a secret relief that the other was still at large.

This was absolutely insane; it was all so crazy.

"Did you see their faces clearly? Can you identify them?"

At this question, Colonel Chris shook his head in response, looking uncomfortable. "Not clearly. They chose a masquerade party so they could hide their faces. Plus, they destroyed the surveillance camera footage, leaving it completely useless. There's no evidence to link them directly. Even though I'm sure those two are the killers, the evidence isn't solid enough for me to take them down."

"I... I see," Kant replied. "I want to know who's pulling the strings behind them. Did you find anything more?"

...
Kant shook his head in response, and after that, he didn't say anything else. Bison heard every word of the conversation between Kant and Colonel Chris clearly. There was no need for further confirmation that his lover was an informant for the police.

What he hated most in this world was undoubtedly being deceived and betrayed. It didn't help that Kant made him feel as though he had been betrayed, that every ounce of trust and belief he had was utterly shattered.

The grip of the pistol tucked at his waist tightened in his pale hand. Bison clenched it so hard that the knuckles turned white, devoid of blood. He closed his eyes, concentrating on dealing with the person who needed to be dealt with.

This was a prime opportunity to exchange information. He could take care of the so-called colonel right here, and by the time anyone found the body, it would likely be late morning tomorrow.

He yanked the gun from its holster, preparing to aim for a center point, planning to deal with that damn colonel first. After that, he would have a few words with Kant.

Then he would shoot him.

"Colonel... I'm not doing this anymore."

"I told you to hang in there a little longer. You've been doing a great job all this time."

"That was before I developed feelings for him, Colonel. I know I'm crazy, but I hate myself for betraying Bison."

"You talk as if you love him so much, even though you just met him."

"You've never experienced love, Colonel. You wouldn't understand."

Bison deliberately pretended not to hear. Who cared what a scoundrel like Kant thought of him? All he knew was that he had wronged him, and it had to be dealt with
....
Changing his target from Colonel Chris, Bison decided to deal with his own lover first.

"Get a grip, Kant. That's a killer."

"Bison isn't that bad. I've felt it myself."

The hand that was about to raise the gun to shoot trembled. Suddenly, his entire arm lost its strength. Bison felt his focus blurring; his lower eyelids burned hot with tears threatening to spill.

A blink was all it took for the tears to drop. He hated himself for not being able to ignore Kant's voice.

He still insisted that he was furious and wanted to kill Kant, yet his body was betraying him.

Was he really not that bad? What had Kant sensed from him?

"Do you think you'll have eternal love with him?"

"...I don't know."

Yes, he too didn't know. He didn't know if a killer who had taken so many lives could truly love someone forever.

"I'll tell you that it's impossible. Go love someone better than him."

That was the truth. Bison put the gun back in its holster. He was out of strength, and he had lost the will to kill anyone.

Bison pulled himself out of the darkness. After abandoning the thought of killing Kant, he bid farewell, hoping he wouldn't have to feel this pain again.

The first light of day peeked over the horizon. Fadel was still sitting in the office, just as before. He hadn't slept for over 24 hours, yet the footage from the surveillance camera replaying over and over kept him wide awake, not feeling sleepy at all.

...
He saw someone in the footage from the surveillance camera. One was Kant, which didn't surprise him, and the other was Style. He noticed that his lover was using a camera from his smartphone to follow him.

Not understanding that action and not thinking that Style would secretly be tailing him, especially since this had happened days ago while they were still talking every day, Style had shown no signs of suspicion or disclosed why he was secretly filming him.

These inexplicable actions left him bewildered. He had always thought that Kant was a police informant, so he had been cautious around him.

And he had convinced himself that Style had nothing to do with it, but from the footage he had watched repeatedly, he couldn't deny that the person he had feelings for was involved in this.

Was Style also a police informant?

He rested his elbows on the table in front of him, spread his hands, and buried his face in them. The more he thought about it, the more his head ached. Fadel couldn't remember ever feeling so confused and lost in his life.

He didn't even know what to do at this moment; even a simple task like going for a morning run had become difficult.

Love still lingered, but the hurt was even greater. He had convinced himself that Style was on the same side as Kant, and the feelings that Style had for him were nothing but a deception.

Taking a deep breath, Fadel heard the door to the secret office open. The way the door was yanked open could only mean one person-Bison. Fadel didn't pay much attention to his brother's arrival, even though he knew they had matters to discuss.

They had talked quite a bit.

"There's something we need to discuss." Fadel never thought that the one to say this first would be Bison. He stopped resting his face in his palms like a loser and turned his head to look at his brother while still seated in front of the computer desk.

"What about?"

"Last night, I couldn't sleep, so I secretly followed that bastard Kant." The harsh and blunt way he referred to the other made Fadel guess that Bison had found out Kant wasn't up to any good.

"He's a police informant?"

"Yeah, I should have believed your warning, Fadel. I'm sorry; it's because I trusted him that we messed up."

"Did you tell him we're assassins and what we were planning to do?"

"No... I never said anything."

"Maybe the reason he knows we were planning to take out Lue Rat last night could be my fault too. You don't have to apologize."

"What do you mean?"

"The footage from the surveillance camera you brought back... I shouldn't have underestimated it. It's actually quite useful. For sure, it opened my eyes."

Fadel pressed play to replay the recording again, even though he had watched it so many times that he was sure and could remember how everyone in the footage moved.

Bison narrowed his eyes. He already knew that Kant was following him that day, but he was surprised by Style's presence.

"Are you telling me that those two planned to approach us to gather evidence that we're assassins, right, Fadel?"
.....

Note : please wait for one hour or two hours I can update more since I'm sad today i want to focus on something that makes me avoid everything so let's goo... 🫶

CHAPTER 17

...

Fadel removed the “Closed” sign that had been hanging on the burger shop door for several days.

He pushed the door wide open to let fresh air in and started moving the piled-up supplies outside back into the store. He had only requested that the suppliers stop delivering on Fridays, but because he ended up closing the shop for several extra days, the supplies had gathered in front of the store like this. There was nothing he could do except organize them properly. As he nudged the boxes with his foot, wondering how best to handle them, the black cat that Bison had been feeding meowed loudly.

Fadel looked down at the kitten. Glancing around, he realized he was alone here. The little black cat seemed a bit wary of him, showing its distrust as it cautiously approached to sniff and inspect him.

Fadel lowered his gaze. His stern eyes made him look intimidating as he stared down, but he did nothing more than stand still and allow the cat to weave around his legs. Eventually, his cat allergy flared up.

The tall man knelt down, extending his long fingers to scratch the neck of the soft black kitten. Realizing he wasn’t going to hurt it, and instead was touching it gently, the cat became even bolder, rubbing up against him affectionately.

Fadel accidentally let a small smile slip, allowing the cat to nuzzle against him for a while. His gentle expression and demeanor didn’t go unnoticed; Style had been watching him for quite some time, though he hadn’t made any attempt to interrupt or even approach.

“What brings you here so early?”

Fadel's question caught Style off guard; he hadn't expected Fadel to speak first. Scratching his forehead, Style wondered how Fadel even knew he was there.

Since his presence had been discovered, Style walked over to where Fadel and the cat were. He held a bowl of cat food in his hands, and as he got closer, he crouched down next to them.

"Brought food for the cat."

"Feeding the cat?"

"Yeah. You've been away from the shop for a while now, so Kant and I got worried the cat might starve. We usually come together, but Kant's busy today."

It seemed Style was telling the truth because as soon as he crouched down, the black cat left Fadel's hand to rub up against Style instead. Fadel looked up, his gaze blank and emotionless.

"Every day?"

"Yes, every day. By the way, how'd your business go? All taken care of?"

"Not exactly. Someone nosy decided to get involved, making a mess of my plans."

Style swallowed hard, feeling uneasy with Fadel's tone. Even so, he tried to act normal, doing his best to appear cheerful and keep his feelings hidden.

Fadel set the cat bowl down, and the black cat immediately began to eat. However, Fadel interrupted its meal by lifting it by the scruff.

"Make it eat somewhere else, not in front of the shop."

"Harsh."

"Harsh, how? I'm just training it to eat in a proper spot. The front entrance is where customers come and go. If it gets used to eating here, it might take

food from anyone passing by, which could make it sick. Sure, stray cats usually eat anything they find, but...since Bison's been feeding it, it should learn to eat only good stuff and eat in the right place."

Style blinked in surprise. Fadel's thoughtfulness caught him off guard; he still couldn't quite understand how someone like him ended up becoming an assassin.

Seeing Style just standing there silently, Fadel took it upon himself to carry the cat to the back of the shop. At one point, he changed his grip from holding it by the scruff to cradling it in his arms, so the little creature wouldn't get scared.

Style could only follow along.

"So, you're just going to leave the front door open like that?"

"Yeah, I am. Nobody's going to dare steal anything."

Carrying the cat food bowl, Style trailed behind. He definitely wasn't about to admit that yesterday, he and Kant had fed the cat right in front of the store. And he definitely wasn't going to confess that they'd given it grilled pork with sticky rice. Was that going to make it sick? But the pork was delicious, right? Cats couldn't eat it?

"Fadel, are you opening the shop today?"

"I was planning on it, but now... I'm thinking I won't."

"Why not?"

Fadel's answer left Style flustered.

"I was planning to open the shop and wait for you, but now that you're here, maybe I don't need to open it at all. I'm not in the best mood today anyway, so the food might not taste good."

"Why were you waiting for me?"

“Well, don’t we have some things to talk about?”

As they reached the back of the shop, Fadel set the cat down and slipped his hands into his pockets, watching Style intently. Style, still kneeling, pretended to focus on the cat, avoiding Fadel’s gaze. But with Fadel’s eyes on him, he felt the pressure mounting.

“What are we supposed to talk about?” Style asked, nervousness making his hands clammy.

“Oh… something along the lines of how much you missed me while I was gone.”

“Well... that’s…”

“How about we go back to my place and talk comfortably?”

“Y-your place?” Style finally looked up, catching Fadel’s slight, teasing smile. The sweat on his palms only grew. He wanted to refuse, but he found himself at a loss for words.

“Yep, my place. I know you’ve been dying to see it. Today, I’ll give you the full tour.”

Style didn’t even get a chance to decline before Fadel continued. “Let me take care of the stuff at the front real quick. Just keep the cat company in the meantime.” And with that, Fadel disappeared toward the front of the shop, leaving Style staring after him, swallowing hard as nerves knotted in his stomach.

He couldn’t help but wonder if he was being lured into a trap. What on earth was the burger shop owner thinking?

The reason why Kant didn’t go feed the black cat with Style today was because he stayed up talking with Captain Chris until dawn. Style went to feed the cat too early in the morning, as he had to help his father open the car repair shop afterward. Kant messaged his friend to go alone today, and

although Style sent him a few annoyed responses, Kant didn't bother replying at all.

For Kant, the night had been long and left him feeling utterly exhausted. When he finally drove home, he was so weary that he collapsed onto his bed without even changing clothes or taking a shower.

He fell into a deep sleep and only woke up when it was already quite late in the morning. Bright sunlight filtered through the light-colored curtains, and although the air conditioner was running at full power, Kant felt the air in his bedroom was stiflingly warm.

Perhaps he had wrapped himself too tightly in the thick comforter. Thinking this, he pushed the blanket off himself. He blinked, still half-asleep, then slowly opened his eyes. The bright sunlight didn't hurt his eyes too much, so he could see his surroundings clearly.

He was lying on his side in the middle of the bed, so when he opened his eyes, his line of sight focused on the foot of the bed.

Kant saw someone sitting there. Judging by the slender neck and build, he thought it was Bison. He quickly pulled his legs back out of caution, sitting up halfway in a mixture of surprise and confusion.

"You…" His voice was hoarse from just waking up, so he cleared his throat. The person sitting at the foot of the bed turned and smiled sweetly at him.

It was indeed Bison, though he didn't quite look like himself. Kant pulled his legs back again, but couldn't move comfortably, so he looked down to see what was causing the restriction around his legs.

His legs were tied together, and his hands were also bound with thick rope. Bison rose from the foot of the bed, his face still adorned with that sweet smile.

"Awake already? How was your sleep last night?"

"Bison, why did you tie my hands and legs? What are you playing at?"

“I’m not playing around. I’m dead serious.”

Bison moved from the foot of the bed to stand beside it. The mid-morning sunlight cast a glow over his charming face. Kant could see that Bison was still smiling at him, but it was the kind of smile that made every hair on Kant’s body stand on end. Glancing at Bison's hand, he saw he was holding a gun. Bison lightly tapped the muzzle of the gun against his own cheek, tapping it rhythmically two or three times.

“Hm? Or should we play a game instead? You seem to enjoy playing.”

“A game? What kind of game?”

“How about cops and robbers?”

“Bison…”

“Or maybe… cops and killers?”

Kant’s eyes widened. Bound at the wrists and ankles, he couldn’t move freely, and when he tried to adjust, Bison climbed up and straddled him, pinning him down.

An alarm sounded in Kant’s head, telling him that this was the end. Each assignment Captain Chris had given him was dangerous, but this undercover work with assassins might truly be the one that cost him his life.

The muzzle of the gun pressed against his temple, and Kant broke out in a cold sweat, squeezing his eyes shut.

“Tell me quickly. How long have you been an informant for the police?”

“Since… since after I slept with you. After I met you at the bowling alley.”

“Are you sure?”

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm not lying. Bison, could you please just listen to me?"

"No. Do you really think I'm here for fun, or because I want to hear excuses? I gave myself a chance to trust you, but you're the one who destroyed it. I know everything now. You betrayed my feelings."

"But I love you..."

"Stop talking nonsense. Shut up and close your eyes... Just one shot, Kant. One shot, and maybe it'll ease this anger of mine."

Bison cocked the gun, ready to pull the trigger and send a bullet into the head of the man who dared to betray him. Kant squeezed his eyes shut, clenching his teeth but saying nothing in his defense.

Bison realized his hand was trembling. He couldn't pull the trigger.

It took too long. Kant noticed Bison hadn't fired and slowly, cautiously opened his eyes, his beautiful eyes filled with fear.

"You... aren't going to shoot?"

The question reignited Bison's anger. He wanted to scream that he did want to shoot Kant, that he wanted to kill him- but he couldn't. He simply couldn't do it.

Bison pulled the gun away from Kant's head, raised it, and then struck Kant hard across the head.

Kant's head whipped to the side from the force, his right cheek pressed against the pillow as he went still, unconscious from the blow. Bison climbed off him, brushing back his hair as he saw thick drops of blood trickling from the wound on Kant's head.

....

He used the tip of his fingers to examine the wound and found it wasn't very deep. Bison then slapped his own face with the gun before tossing it onto the bed.

Blood oozed from the corner of his mouth, a result of him hurting himself. The tension and frustration made him feel like his body might explode into pieces. He had no idea why he was even there or what he was doing anymore.

Did he feel any joy or satisfaction seeing Kant hurt? No, not at all. He didn't feel the slightest bit good about seeing Kant injured and bleeding.

Bison sat down on the bed again, placing his hand on Kant's long leg. Kant was still unconscious, unable to witness Bison's moment of vulnerability.

He was utterly confused, running his fingers through his hair and even pulling it several times. It took a long, agonizing moment before Bison's expression steadied. He took a deep breath, telling himself he wouldn't forgive Kant-he would never forgive him.

Later that afternoon, under the scorching heat, Bison dragged Kant out of the house, tossed him into the car, and drove to a location known only to him.

When Kant regained consciousness, the first thing he felt was pain in his head. His instincts as a petty thief were sharp, especially in situations where he couldn't be certain of his own fate.

His head hurt. His hands and feet were still tightly bound, and Bison had also blindfolded and gagged him. It seemed he was now tied to a chair, completely helpless and unable to move.

He shook his head side to side as he regained consciousness. His ears picked up the sound of the chair legs scraping against the floor as he moved. Kant focused on listening more intently to his surroundings. He had no idea where he was or what time it was; everything was pitch black due to the blindfold, and the place was eerily quiet.

Besides the scraping sound from the chair legs, Kant was certain he could hear water dripping occasionally onto the floor. When he concentrated harder, he detected someone else's breathing nearby.

Slow, deliberate breaths in and out. Eventually, the person let out a long exhale.

“Stay still if you don’t want to get hurt any more than you already are.”

It was Bison's voice. Kant recognized it instantly. Right after Bison spoke, he heard the sound of footsteps. The assassin wasn't making an effort to move quietly, so Kant could sense the solid rhythm of his steps. Bison was walking directly toward him, causing Kant to tense up, unsure of his intentions.

Bison stopped close to him. Suddenly, the tape over Kant’s mouth was ripped off, sending a sharp sting across the skin around his lips. His eyes watered slightly from the pain, and he choked a little, unprepared for the rough removal. He then heard Bison’s voice again.

“Cry all you want. Beg if you feel like it. But here, no one’s going to hear your pleas or prayers. There’s no one here except for me.”

“Why would I need to pray or beg you for anything?” Kant spoke, still unable to see or move. Surprisingly, as he thought back on what had led him here, he found he no longer felt afraid.
Bison didn't hesitate at all.

After Kant's question, everything fell silent. Bison sighed.

"Because I'm going to kill you here. You're going to die here, and no one will find your body."

Bison threatened, slamming a knife down on the table with a loud thunk. The sound echoed ominously, and droplets of water from the leaky roof fell sporadically onto the floor. It was a distant sound that required focus to hear. This place was an abandoned house, Bison's childhood home before he became an orphan.

Kant didn't fear the defiant cat's threats. Instead, he slowly smiled, revealing a perfect set of white teeth. Bison narrowed his eyes, confused by Kant's reaction. And then, surprisingly, Kant began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at? Are you so scared that you've lost your mind?" Bison shouted angrily, his voice reverberating throughout the empty house. No one would hear their voices; this place was private enough for the two of them.

Kant continued to laugh uncontrollably, eventually reducing his laughter to the point where he could speak.

"You? Kill me? You won't do it. If you were going to, you would have done it the moment you found out I was a police informant."

"I will definitely kill you!"

"I told you, you can't!" Kant shouted back. The bizarre situation between them drove Bison into a fury. He swung his hand and slapped Kant hard across the cheek, causing his handsome face to jerk, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Kant used his tongue to prod the wound, wincing at the pain, yet he couldn’t help but laugh.

“You’re not going to kill me because you love me.”

Slap!

His face jerked again from speaking out of turn.

“Shut up!”

“Why? Am I hitting a nerve?”

“I said shut up!”

“Haha, it’s true, isn’t it?”

Bison shook with rage, but he fought to suppress his emotions, trying not to reveal too much.

Whether he felt something or not had nothing to do with Kant. Once he fell silent, Kant quieted down too. He stuck out his tongue to lick the blood at the corner of his mouth before continuing.

“It’s okay if you love me, and you think this situation we’re in is totally fucked.”

“Because I feel the same way—I shouldn’t have fallen for you at all.”

“Shut up!”

Bison clenched his fists tightly, staring up at the unfamiliar, dirty ceiling, while Kant coughed and choked.

“I didn’t think I would ever love you. I was just a greedy, selfish person working for money and the things I wanted. I shouldn’t even feel guilty about investigating you.”

“I reported to the police, but I feel guilty. It’s just because I love you… just love. Whether you believe me or not is up to you, but I’m confused about this too. I’ve thought about the possibility that we could be a couple. Can you stop, Bison? Can you stop being a killer? Then we… we can live a normal life as a couple, okay?”

Bison wanted to slap Kant’s face one more time, yet he refrained, standing there with his fists clenched, trembling, unsure of what Kant truly wanted.

“Bison.”

Just hearing Kant call his name made Bison feel as though his entire world was crumbling. Could he really love someone normally? But could they call what they had now normal?

In truth, he had never believed Kant’s words of love or affection, no matter how sweetly they were spoken or how romantic the atmosphere was at the time.

It was only when Kant said “I love you” with frustration, followed by insults about how their love was messed up that he began to feel the

sincerity behind it.

Love… their love could only arise from such terrible circumstances.

Bison threw the knife aside, feeling dizzy as though he might collapse, but he hadn’t yet answered Kant whether they could be a couple living a normal life. Before he could, his smartphone in his pocket vibrated violently. When he picked it up to check, he found a message from Keen. It seemed Keen must have received this message too.

Keen: “I heard that the wealthy luriat will be going to the foundation tonight. You guys should act today. Don’t miss the chance again.”

After receiving the message from Keen, Bison got a message from Fadel.

Fadel: "Where are you? Come meet me at home in ten minutes."

Bison took a deep breath, the sound escaping his lips as he looked at Kant, who was tied to the chair.

"If I let you go, you'll have to report to that police captain that I'm going to kill someone again. So I'll have to keep you tied up for now. I'll be back."

Under the dark blindfold, Kant's eyes widened, but he couldn't see anything. He heard the sound of Bison's footsteps walking away. His mouth, which wasn't covered, tried to call out.
....

"Bison! Bison!"

Until he could no longer hear anyone's footsteps, Khuen fell silent to conserve his strength.

Note : Gonna update one or two more chapters soon again wait for one hour 🥹🫶

CHAPTER 18

Note : before starting the chapter i wanna say get ready for rollercoaster ride of emotions you will feel you will cry for sure like happy tears at the end ho for it... 🥹

.....

He realized that he had stuffed himself into Fadeel's car since they left the burger shop. Now it seemed to be time to get out of the car and head into the house.

He felt as if his legs were heavy, as if thousands of stones were weighing him down. He didn't want to step out of the car, even though the modern two-story house in front of him used to be a place he wanted to explore the inside of the most.

He checked his watch; his heart was racing and he was clearly anxious. It was only half past nine. Time passed incredibly slowly, with each second feeling like an hour.

Fadeel turned off the car engine. His expression was neutral, revealing no emotions. The tall figure saw him sitting still and turned to give him a stern look.

"Are you not getting out of the car?"

"I will."

"Have you eaten anything yet?"

"Yeah, I have. What about you? Have you eaten yet? How about some dim sum..."

"No, I'm not hungry today."

...

Style nodded in agreement. The casual conversation couldn't improve the atmosphere. He took a deep breath and reminded himself that he had been with Fadeel for a long time, and he had never thought about harming him (meaning killing him or something like that). Right now, he probably didn't intend to do anything to him.

It was he who was overthinking because he accidentally discovered the other person's secret. Okay, stay composed, Style. He knows his secret, but Fadel still doesn't know that he knows. If he didn't want to continue holding hands and being in a relationship with this guy, he should clearly end things.

He might as well say he has lost his passion. He didn't intend to pursue a relationship with a criminal.

He took a deep breath until his chest swelled, closing his eyes to meditate and summon courage.

Fadel tilted his head, observing Style's behavior. Did he realize that since they met this morning, he had displayed a lot of suspicious signs—avoiding eye contact, making strange faces as if he were constantly praying, and sneaking glances at him as if he were afraid? It made Fadel, who intended to confront Style, feel helpless because he could see that Style was scared of him.

It was an awkward situation between them. What had started as an intention to go out and take revenge ended up with him dragging Style back home.

Fadel understood the meaning of being defeated. Of course, he knew what it meant, but he never thought he would end up being defeated by anyone. Yet, it seemed he was falling for Style.

He might be slightly better than Bison in that he realized from the start that killing Style to silence him was not an option.

.....

....

The situation was really awkward, as if he knew everything was coming to an end, yet he was the one holding on with words about revenge, about getting back at him, about... something like that.

"Style."

"Huh? Why are you calling me?"

"I just wanted to say you should hurry up and get out of the car. You're sweating a lot. Is it hot? Go cool off in the air conditioning inside."

"Got it, got it. You’re ordering me around like a dad."

He complained while opening the door and stepping out of the car, walking ahead of Fadel. Fadel rolled his eyes at Style’s rambling, seemingly annoyed, but when he thought that after this situation was over, he might not hear that voice again, his weariness instantly turned into sadness.

Fadel exhaled through his prominent nose, smiling faintly to himself before following Style out of the car.

He didn’t say a word, just walked straight to unlock the front door with the key.

"Come in. Anything you're curious about, I'll let you see it all."

Fadel might not be the best host because after Style walked into the house, he didn’t offer any further introductions and let his special guest explore the house by himself.

Style began his exploration habit right at the shoe rack by the front door.

He even counted the number of pairs of shoes that were there. Style noticed that Fadeel and Bison’s house was very tidy, but that wasn’t something that made him...

..

.....
He wasn’t too surprised; he knew that Fadeel was a meticulous person.

"Feel free to look around. I’ll be right back."

"Where are you going?"

"To get something from the car."

"Did you forget something?"

"Yeah."

Style scratched the back of his head a little, watching Fadeel’s tall figure walk back outside. He didn’t think much of it when Fadel said he forgot something. As soon as the front door closed, he turned back to explore the house.

It seemed like Bison wasn’t home. Since Fadel had gone to get something from the car, that meant the spacious house of the two killer brothers had him alone inside.

Honestly, this house looked pretty much like any ordinary home, with a living room, a lounge area, a kitchen, a bathroom, and a dining room. Style didn’t touch anything; he just observed everything with his eyes. After finishing his look around the downstairs and seeing that Fadel still hadn’t returned, he decided to take the liberty of going upstairs to continue his exploration on the second floor.

The second floor seemed to be the brothers' bedrooms, with three identical doors. Unfortunately, he didn’t know which room belonged to Fadel.

Peeking down toward the stairs, he saw that Fadel still hadn’t come back. Style swallowed hard and, without waiting, tried to turn the handles of each door to explore. The first door was unlocked, so he walked past it, but the second door was still locked as before.
....
Finally, he tried turning the handle of the last door, the one farthest from the

staircase. It wasn’t locked. Style was surprised he could open this door. With a slight push, it opened wide. He looked back and saw no one, as before.

He scanned the room with his eyes first, fairly certain that the bedroom in front of him was Fadel’s. The furniture and bedding were in black and gray tones, a color scheme he thought suited Fadeel very well.

He believed Kant’s story about Fadel and Bison being assassins, but he wanted to see evidence to confirm that belief himself. His curiosity was hard to suppress. He knew that exploring someone else's room without permission was extremely impolite, but his long legs led him into Fadeel’s private bedroom anyway.

However... he found nothing. Fadel's bedroom was just an ordinary bedroom. Fadel’s belongings were minimal, as if he were ready to move out at any time.

Style was about to open Fadel’s closet, but he froze, his body stiffening as a warm hand gently gripped the back of his neck.

"What are you looking for?"

Fadel’s voice came from behind him, and the touch he felt was unmistakably Fadeel's. Style blinked in surprise; he hadn’t noticed when Fadeel had come to stand right behind him.

"I..."

"My bedroom doesn’t have what you’re looking for, Style."

"If you’re looking for proof of whether I’m really an assassin or not, I’ll show you myself."

A chill ran from Style’s head to his toes. The whispered words close to his ear made the hairs on his body stand on end.

"Fadel..."

Fadel didn’t say anything more. He simply used the hand gripping the back of Style’s neck to guide him in the direction he wanted.

Style didn’t know what to do. He allowed himself to be led by Fadel, who took him to stand in front of a door that he hadn’t been able to open earlier.

"I told you I had something to discuss with you, didn’t I?"

"Uh... I can’t remember anything. I just remembered I have some errands at home. Please let me go back home. I don’t know or see anything."

Fadel didn’t let Style go home as requested. He opened the office door and pushed Style inside. Style was so terrified he felt like crying, but he held back.

His eyes scanned the room, his mind going completely blank. The first thing he saw was several computers, and then he noticed the weapons in a cabinet.

The door, which had been left wide open, slammed shut with a loud bang. Fadel’s office was quite dark, with only blue lighting embedded in the walls providing illumination. Style couldn’t help but think that if Fadel killed him in this room, no one would ever find his body.

The hand gripping the back of his neck released him, and Fadel stepped back.

Standing in front of him, the tall, intimidating hitman Fadel walked over to a computer and pulled up footage from a security camera, pressing play as he asked Style:

“Tell me, how long have you been an informant for the police, and what have you told them?”

Style clearly heard Fadel’s question, and he could also see himself moving on the screen. The footage was from that day—Style remembered exactly what he had done.

He had been following Fadel, recording a video while Fadel was at work. Because he knew precisely what had happened that day, he didn't pay much attention to the events on the screen.

Slowly, he turned his gaze fully to Fadel. The tall man was leaning his hip against the table, arms crossed, watching him. Style was certain that Fadel was very angry, likely having been restraining this anger ever since he found out.

Style swallowed hard, thinking over Fadel's question: How long had he been an informant?

"Fadel, believe me. I'm not an informant for the police."

Fadel's lips twisted into a sneer as he let out a strange, mocking laugh. Then he turned slowly, reaching out to grab a handgun, holding it in one hand. Style's body went rigid, sure that he was about to die here.

"Don't lie."

"I'm really not an informant."

"And what about Kant? Don't bother protecting your friend. Bison already knows about this too."

"Kant… was Kant the one?" Style wasn't lying. He mumbled his response, feeling a pang of worry for his friend. But who should he really be worried about now? Probably himself. He couldn't stop shaking in fear, his vision blurring with tears. "But I'm really not a police informant. That day, I was just following you because I thought you might be cheating on me."

"Do you think… your excuse sounds believable?"

Style shook his head repeatedly, not really sure what he was trying to convey to Fadel.

Fadel slid the magazine out to check the bullets. It was more of a habit—he already knew he'd fully loaded it. Style's legs nearly gave out when he saw the magazine filled with bullets.

“I’m not lying, Fadel, please don’t shoot me. I live with my dad, just the two of us. If I die, he’ll be devastated.”

“Tell me everything. And send me the video. I want to see what you recorded.”

“…The police already took that video,” Style choked, starting to sob. He didn’t dare take his eyes off Fadel, who was playing with the gun in his hands. Fadel wasn’t looking at him; if not at his own feet, he was gazing at the gun.

Style couldn’t read Fadel’s emotions or guess what he was feeling. “So, were you actually an informant for the police or not?”

“No, I wasn’t! I really wasn’t! I followed you and then ran into Kant, who was tailing Bison. He dragged me to Captain Kris, and… hic… that’s when I learned he was working for the police. And then… he told me you were an assassin.”

“And then what?” Fadel asked in a calm voice, continuing to fiddle with the gun in his hands. He didn’t know how much he could trust Style. But in the end, it didn’t really matter, did it? Whether Style was an informant or not.

It didn't matter to him now. Not even a bit.

"That's all, Fadel. That's all."

"Are you afraid of me?"

...Y...yes."

"Good," Fadel muttered, lifting his gaze to get a clear look at Style's face. In the dim light, Style thought Fadel looked terrifying. He started trembling all over, tears streaming down his cheeks until his face was a mess.

He stood there, sobbing in front of Fadel. Aside from the fear, another feeling slipped into his heart.

Style just felt... a little hurt. No, maybe moderately hurt. Or maybe it hurt a lot; he wasn't really sure. It hurt thinking that Fadel would harm him, even though his own feelings of love were genuine. So why would he hurt him?

He had never once thought of hurting Fadel, not even a bit. He lifted a hand to wipe away the tears from his eyes, his trembling lips red and slightly parted as a sob escaped.

"Are you going to kill me? Is that what you're going to do?"

"No. Turn around and get out of here. If you dare speak a word of what you know or saw today to anyone, I'll hunt you down and kill you."

"Hic...where are you going? The way you're talking sounds like you're going somewhere far."

"You don't need to know. I told you to get out, didn't I, Style?!"

Fadel shouted, his voice booming in the small room, echoing around them. Style flinched, letting out another sob before quickly spinning around to leave

.....

He took a step forward. When no bullet pierced through his back, he took another. He didn't understand why Fadel hadn't killed him, but that was for the best, wasn't it? This was the end for them, which was exactly what he wanted.

"Keep walking. If you turn around, I'll shoot you and blow your guts out."

Style took another step forward, even though his legs felt unbearably heavy. But this was good, right? All he needed to do was keep this quiet and move on with his life.

He was almost at the door. He should yank it open and run out of the house as fast as he could.

Just run, Style...just run away from here.

But...why did the thought of never seeing Fadel again make it feel so hard to breathe?

They would never meet again. He would never see him again.

Style stood still for a moment, and before he knew it, he turned slightly to look back at Fadel. He thought that even if he got shot in the guts for looking back, it didn't matter. He was too consumed by his own feelings.

He knew it was foolish to act like this.

But he truly loved Fadel. Just one more look at his face would be enough.

Style imagined Fadel would have his gun pointed at his back, ready to fire the second he turned.

Maybe...all the shouting and threats meant that Fadel truly hated and despised him.

But the scene in front of him was far from what he'd expected. Style's eyes widened, taking in what he saw. Fadel did have the gun aimed in his direction, but instead of pointing the barrel at him, he was holding it out by the handle.....

The gun was turned toward Fadel himself. If it fired, he would be the one hurt or killed, not Style.

There was no angry or hateful glare in his eyes. Because Style had turned around quickly, he caught a glimpse of the pain in Fadel's expression. Though it only lingered for a moment before vanishing, Fadel looked hurt.

Fadel's hand trembled, and his mouth opened as though he wanted to say something but couldn't. After a moment, he managed to speak.

"Why did you turn around? Didn't I tell you..." He could only get that far before Style had already run toward him, reaching him within seconds.

His steps were quick, more of a sprint, and it no longer felt as if his legs were weighed down. Deep down, he couldn't help but think that maybe this

was the direction he truly wanted to take-to be in Fadel's arms, not to walk away.

The gun slipped from Fadel's hand as Style collided with him in an embrace, his sobs echoing against Fadel's chest.

"How dare you...how dare you raise your voice at me like that, Fadel! How could you threaten me, tell me you'd shoot me? You didn't even have the nerve to actually point the gun at me!"

"You love me. That's the truth, isn't it? You love me."

"Get out," Fadel replied.

"If you dare tell me to leave one more time, I'll smack you until you regret it," Style shouted, crying into Fadel's chest while angrily berating him. He no longer felt afraid of Fadel. Fadel couldn't hurt him, because he loved him. And now he knew that Fadel was just as heartbroken at the thought of them ending.

...

Our feelings for each other are real.

"Style."

"Please don't push me away anymore. Even if the whole world calls me a fool for loving you, I'll be that fool—they can say whatever they want."

"Don't do this."

Style tightened his hold around Fadel's waist. He could hear Fadel's voice tremble as if he were on the verge of crying, and when he looked up, he actually saw tears in Fadel's eyes. He had made this tough, hardened man cry. Guess I'm pretty good at this, he thought.

"Style, if you keep this up, I won't let you go."

"Even if you let me go, I won't leave."

Fadel's hand gripped his chin tightly, hard enough to hurt, but Style felt neither anger nor fear. He let Fadel hold his chin and tilt his face upward. Their lips met in a forceful kiss, filled with raw emotion, revealing everything they felt for each other.

There was nothing hidden or held back. Style laid his heart bare for Fadel, and Fadel seemed to be doing the same.

"Fadel, I love you."

"What am I going to do with you, Style?"

"I love you so much. Isn't that enough for you to love me back just as much?"

Before Style could finish, Fadel silenced him with another deep kiss. Then, Fadel picked him up and threw him over his shoulder, carrying him out of the office. He landed two firm pats on Style's back as he walked.

Fadel carried him straight to his bedroom.

.....
"You're so stubborn."

"Being stubborn is what makes you cry."

"With that sharp tongue, you're going to die on my bed for sure."

"You think I'm scared... huh?"

Fadel threw Style onto the bed with a bit of force, and when his gun rested on top of him, Fadel's well-defined eyebrows raised slightly.

"Not scared is good."

"Wait a minute, Phi... hey... Fadel! I said wait!"

"What's there to wait for? You were so mouthy just now."

"I just wanted to say I don’t want to lie face down; I want to look at you."

Smack!

"Why are you hitting my butt again? It hurts!"

"Because it’s cute," he replied, flipping Style over to face him, staring deep into his eyes. The complaints and protests faded as he was gazed at. "Style."

"What?"

"I love you."

"I know."

"I love you so much."

"I know."

"Style."

Sigh "What am I supposed to do with this tough guy suddenly acting all lovesick for me?"

.....
...

.

Note : one more chapter? Okay just one than I'm gonna take rest and update in the morning

CHAPTER 19

Note : get some holy water YOU'LL before starting this you guys need it SKSKSKSK bye enjoy

.....

The bed, filled with Fadel's scent, had been used to its fullest potential. Style really didn't know if Fadel was normally this energetic, but he was going at it relentlessly, not thinking to stop at all. It hadn't been like this before, had it? Or maybe now that they had truly opened up to each other, with no secrets left to hide, the tough guy had finally revealed his true self.

But was this aspect of his body count as a dark side?

Fadel had been flipping and changing positions for hours, playing with all sorts of strange moves. Style's limited strength was beginning to wear thin. Once Fadel pulled away, Style, of course, tried to crawl away to save himself.

He intended to jump off the bed, but his ankle was caught and he was dragged back to the center of the bed. He gripped the dark-colored sheets tightly, causing them to come loose from the corners. Fadel flipped him onto his back, pinning him down with a strength he couldn't resist at all. Style didn't want to spread his legs anymore, but because Fadel inserted himself in between, he had no choice but to separate his legs. Tears welled up in his eyes, and his entrance burned, with Fadel's release oozing out of him, making even someone as thick-skinned as Style feel embarrassed.

"Fadel, I'm tired."

"I'm tired too."

"Then just stop, you bastard!"

"Just one more round and I'll be done."

"Go die from exhaustion somewhere."

"I don't know; ever since it's been you, I've been obsessed. You look especially cute today."

"I'm going to die on this bed."

"I've never seen anyone die from this sort of thing."

"Fadel..."

"Please, just one last time, I really mean it."

Style pressed his lips into a thin line, blinking rapidly at the fierce-looking guy who seemed to be pleading.

What a jerk. He puffed his cheeks slightly and raised a finger in front of Style. He knew, didn't he? That Style loved him, which is why he was playing so rough.

Style turned his face away. Yes, he was losing to Fadel's cute demeanor, and he finally gave in and said it out loud.

"Okay, but really the last time."

"Okay."

"Afterward, you're taking a shower with me too."

"Sure, I'll take you to the bathroom right after."

"Hey, hey, hey!" Style yelped, slapping Fadel's shoulder as he slipped back inside him. With the lubrication gel and remnants of Fadel's previous release, and after so many rounds, it was easier

Once Fadel was all the way inside, he lifted Style up, cradling him at his waist as he walked toward the bathroom. Style clung tightly to Fadel's

shoulder, feeling the intensity of the thrusts as Fadel moved. His face contorted with pleasure as he let out a moan with every movement, believing that Fadel was teasing him by walking forcefully.

Ah... Ah... Huh... Huh...

Those were the sounds escaping his throat as he was carried into the bathroom. He could see that, in reality, the bed and the bathroom weren't far apart, but he didn't understand why it took Fadel so long to walk there.

His nails dug into Fadel's broad shoulders, his mind hazy and unable to think clearly. Style found himself crying, his face buried against Fadel's shoulder. Before he knew it, he was pressed against the wall where the shower was located.

Fadel finally let Style's feet touch the ground, wanting him to find his footing, and turned him to face the cool wall. With both hands against the wall, Style arched his soft, pale backside out as Fadel turned on the shower to cool down their heated bodies. Then, he began to tease Style by pulling his cheeks apart and plunging deep inside him in one swift motion.

The sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed loudly. Fadel held Style's hips tightly to thrust deeper. Style could only hear the overwhelming sounds of their bodies colliding, mixed with his own cries, blending with the sound of water splashing onto the floor.

Fadel was breathing heavily, whispering close to Style's ear, "Turn around and kiss me, please."

"Mmm..." Style obeyed like someone under a spell, turning his face to kiss Fadel.

Earlier, he had told Fadel that he was too exhausted to continue with such activities. But for some reason, now that they had moved from the bed to the bathroom, what he thought was impossible suddenly felt possible. His back was supported, and Fadel's large, warm member was thrusting deep inside him, while his front, which had been limp, was now beginning to harden in response.

Style tried to stroke himself to release his pent-up feelings, but Fadel's hot hands swatted his away, preventing him from touching himself. Instead, it was Fadel's hands that grasped him, moving in rhythm with his thrusts, their lips still locked together, sucking on both lips and tongues.

Of course, it was instinctive; their bodies communicated love and desire far better than words ever could.

At one point, Fadel quickened his pace, both in his thrusts and in his strokes, hitting Style's round backside with more force. Style, being a man himself, could sense that Fadel was getting close.

...And so was he.

Fadel pulled away from their kiss, stifling Style's moans, his lips biting down on Style's earlobe as he whispered a phrase that was both crude and sexy enough to be heard, "I'm about to cum. Can I cum inside?"

"Are you still asking?"

Style replied with a scolding tone. At least he was trying to sound as intimidating as he could. What more could be said? How could Fadel even have the nerve to ask if he could cum inside when they had already been going at it for several rounds?

He let out a soft, almost kitten-like whine, unable to scold Fadel any further. Closing his eyes, Style tightened around Fadel's throbbing member. Every sensation from Fadel was crystal clear.

He couldn't take it anymore either.

"D-don't... don't stop," he gasped.

Fadel expertly guided Style's member, and soon enough, a warm, thick stream of white pleasure erupted, coating Fadel's hand and sending Style spiraling into ecstasy. Fadel's arms wrapped tightly around Style from behind, pulling him as deep as possible, the warmth and tightness carrying him over the edge right after Style.

Fadel whispered sweet nothings in Style's ear, and Style could only respond with the same words when Fadel turned to kiss his cheek-"I love you." It was a declaration of love that couldn't be more sincere.

Fadel lay on top of Style, who was on his back, a soft blanket covering them. After showering and changing into fresh clothes, Fadel had taken Style to lie on the bed he used every day. It had truly been used to its fullest potential.

They had gone to bed in the late afternoon, and Style found himself cuddled from behind by Fadel. He wasn't quite sure how they ended up like this, with Fadel sprawled over him, but Fadel was possessive enough not to let him move. However, it seemed that Style was utterly exhausted; he didn't even attempt to shift under the weight of Fadel, who showed no signs of waking up. Yet, the discomfort was likely there, as Fadel stirred awake when he heard Style mumbling his name in his sleep.

...
Once he woke up, Fadel slowly shifted off Style, not forgetting to place a gentle kiss on his wide forehead.

He had completely forgotten what he had planned to do with the person now in his pajamas. The initial intention had been to toy with him, to frighten him, and then chase him away. In reality, he was still somewhat confused about how his malicious thoughts had transformed into a scenario where they were now lying together like this. Moreover, his gaze towards Style had shifted completely from a predatory glare to something far more tender.

He couldn’t be any gentler than this—his whole demeanor felt altered. Perhaps it had already changed without him realizing. Ultimately, if there was one person who could disrupt his carefully laid plans and shake the foundation of his life, it was Style. And it seemed he was the one who willingly allowed Style to have such an influence over his thoughts and life.

He had completely surrendered, allowing himself to be overcome.

Fadel moved quietly, afraid that Style would wake up. The light that should have been filtering through the curtains was no longer present. It was likely early evening or maybe late afternoon; he was confused about the time since he had just woken up. His hand reached for the bedside table to grab his phone and check the time.

It was only seven o'clock. Fadel didn't want to go back to sleep; he thought about getting up to make dinner for Style, fearing that he might wake up hungry. But before he could move, his phone, which had been silent for a while, suddenly buzzed loudly with a notification, startling Style awake.

"Did I wake you? Sorry," he murmured.

"Hmm… who texted? A girlfriend?" Style asked, blinking sleepily.

Style asked even as he closed his eyes to fall back asleep. Fadel raised an eyebrow; it seemed he had hit the jackpot with a jealous boyfriend.

Fadel looked at the screen and saw a message that read: "I heard that tonight, Chao Sua Luerat will be going to the foundation. You guys should take action today. Don't let it slip again."

Having been lying down, Fadel shifted to sit up. He must have moved too quickly because Style, who was beside him, woke up fully and shot up to sit next to him.

"Who is it?"

"I have an urgent job. I was actually going to make dinner for you first, but I need to go to work. You can head home first."

"Work?"

"Yeah, work." Fadel lowered his gaze. He was sure Style knew what kind of work he did. The guy who had just woken up looked extremely groggy, and he sat cross-legged.

"Can't you just stop?"

"This job is the last one."

"You’re not going to do it again, right?"

"Yeah, I won't do it again."

"You promise?"

"Style, I think we need to have a serious talk about this."

"What about?" Style rubbed his messy hair, making it look even more disheveled.

"If I get arrested or exposed in some way, you have to pretend you don’t know me. If something like that happens, we can't know each other, okay?"

Style was silent for a while, but he wasn't someone who had difficulty understanding things. Seeing Fadel's seriousness, he nodded in agreement.

"But I think pretending we don’t know each other wouldn’t be believable."

"Huh?"

"I'll tell the police that I don’t know you’re a hitman. I’ll insist that I have no idea. They’ll think he’s just playing with my heart, and I’m just the victim here."

"You're just playing around, aren’t you?" Once Fadel understood what Style meant, he couldn’t help but smile.

He sent a message to summon Bison back home. If that idiot Keen was telling him to take action today, it meant he had calculated things well.

Fadel got up from the bed and chose some casual clothes to wear. Style went into the bathroom to wash his face. Although he was not entirely comfortable with Fadel's job, he knew he had no right to say or ask anything more.

Fadel finished changing before Style took care of his personal business in the bathroom. And within ten minutes after that, the house was no longer just the two of them.

Bison had returned home, looking completely disheveled. He pulled out his gun and aimed it at Style.

"How did you get in here?"

The tension in the air was thick. Style smiled awkwardly, raising his hands in surrender. Fadel stepped out of the office and calmly told his younger brother,

"I brought him here. Chill out... this is your brother-in-law."

The situation didn't improve at all after Fadel told Bison that he was the one who brought Style into the house. Style just realized that Bison was actually more temperamental than Fadel. You really can't judge people by their looks; even though Fadel's expression might seem more moody, seeing him throw a fit because things didn't go his way, at least Style had never seen a knife fly and stick into the wall like that. He was starting to worry about his friend Kaan.

"When you came in, you told me you were going to take care of him. So why is this cop in the house now, wearing your clothes? Not to mention you're saying he's my brother-in-law?"

"We just reached an agreement. Calm down... I need to go to work soon."

"You said you would… You said you were going to get back at them. I just thought… with Kant." Bison stammered, looking between Fadel and Style. In reality, he wanted to rip Fadel's heart out more than anyone because it seemed like he was about to kill Style. So he figured he had to do something with Kant as well.

But instead of getting revenge, he brought him home. The marks on Style's body clearly showed that Fadel had dragged him in for a hug, and now he was acting like a lovesick fool, which made Bison's skin crawl.

Well, he had always wanted to see Fadel with a girlfriend, but now he didn't want to see how much he would display his infatuation. Just look at him; he was furious, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend and whispering sweet nothings to him.

And here I am, getting angry.

.....

Fadel huffed to himself for a while before finally handing over the weapon bag for Bison to hold. He nodded slightly, asking as if the question was about what they would have for dinner that night.

"Did you kill Kant already? Where's the body?"

"Sorry, Fadel, but I haven't killed him yet. If I had, I'd be really upset that you didn't kill Style but I killed Kant."

"Why would you be upset? Style isn't with cop, but Kant is. If he dies, it's only right."

"But Kant didn't intend to betray Bison, okay?" Style interjected, feeling a bit braver, but gulping hard because Bison shot a glare at him. He had always thought that the name Bison didn't fit the stubborn cat that Kant was, but for some reason, after being looked at like that, he started to think that Bison was actually fitting. This person was cute but had a temperament that could ram and charge through any obstacle.

"Didn't intend to betray? Didn't intend to, but my job with Fadel is a complete mess because of you two."

"Kant already told Officer Chris that he's quitting because he loves Bison," he said, moving closer to Fadel. The two brothers were assassins, but with Fadel, he felt much safer.

Bison rolled his eyes; his pride was still high, so he chose not to say anything further. He already knew that Kant loved him. That little punk had

repeated it several times. He knew he was loved, but he had no intention of reciprocating that love.

He really didn't understand how Fadel and Style ended up like this.

Can an assassin truly fall in love with a normal person?

Fadel grabbed the car keys, and Bison stopped thinking about anything else because his brother signaled that it was time to work. But before he could step out of the house, the skilled assassin Fadel made sure to give his boyfriend several kisses.

"Go wait at home. I'll contact you when I'm done with the job."

"You promised this would be the last job."

"Yeah, I promise."

Style agreed to return home as instructed. Bison took the car keys that Fadel tossed to him. Usually, he was the one driving during operations because if Fadel were at the wheel, driving at a speed of eighty kilometers per hour would be a joke.

A moment later, the two assassin brothers got into the car. Bison drove off aggressively, frustrated, and asked Fadel while they were alone together.

"Is this really going to be your last job?"

"Yeah, because of Style, I want to live like a normal person. You want to quit too because you want love, right? How are things with Kant?"

"I'll finish this job and then go back to kill him."

"If you were going to kill him, you would have done it a long time ago, Bison."

Bison couldn't argue back after being countered with such a perceptive statement from Fadel. Throughout his life growing up with Fadel, he wasn't sure if Fadel had ever told him something like this before.

"I understand if you're willing to forgive him. In life, there will always be someone who makes us feel like we've lost to them in every way."

"Does love help you understand this world better? Does it change you into a better person?"

.....

Note : ok hope you enjoyed it next chapters tomorrow see yaa bye bye 🔥 ufff 😫

CHAPTER 20

.....

The luerat foundation building, is a skyscraper with dozens of floors, and the office of Mr. Luerat, the wealthy tycoon, is located on the very top floor. The building is situated in what's known as the heart of the city, surrounded by high-rise buildings on all sides.

Typically, a mission like this would call for an assassination from a great distance, but the information crammed into their heads by Mother Lily-that Luetharat was the one who killed their parents-drove Fadel and Bison to choose a close-range assassination instead.

They had some questions for Mr. Luetharat, like why he'd killed their parents. It also seemed that the person Mother Lily had warned was hunting them down was Luetharat himself, forcing them to keep their true identities secret.

Due to a recent shooting incident, security within the foundation had tightened considerably. Their contact sent over a map showing guard positions, and Fadel and Bison infiltrated the building disguised as elevator repair workers.

They devised a plan to break the elevator, causing it to stall on the eighth floor of the building. When the remaining staff in the building called for technicians, they sprang into action.

Fadel and Bison, dressed convincingly as technicians, swiftly escorted irrelevant personnel out of the area while pretending to perform maintenance. The other staff members, including security, didn't want to interfere with the "repairs." Within a few minutes, they managed to get the elevator working again. However, Bison still didn't allow anyone to use it. He politely asked the security guard to keep the elevator zone off-limits for now.

"Let me test the elevator for a bit. Once it's safe, I'll let you know. In the meantime, please help keep people away," he requested.

With his pleasant appearance as an asset-and since people often judge based on looks-Bison's lie was very effective. The two assassin brothers carried their gear inside the elevator, pressed the button for Luerat's office floor, and prepared their weapons while the elevator ascended.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, Fadel raised his gun and fired a warning shot. The shot echoed throughout the floor, instilling fear. Screams erupted as Luerat's bodyguards rushed forward to intervene.

Neither Fadel nor Bison aimed to kill anyone, and most of the shots they fired were from tranquilizer guns. They reserved real bullets only for their target.

In the blink of an eye, Fadel and Bison subdued Luerat's secretary and bodyguards. Once finished, they pushed open the door to the tycoon Luerat's office.

The room was empty. Bison closed his eyes, activating the heightened senses he had trained to sharpen over the years.

He heard irregular breathing coming from under the desk and signaled to Fadel.

.....

Bison gave a hand signal to Fadel. The larger brother leaped onto the luxurious desk, standing tall with his back straight and pointing his gun under the desk.

The sound of irregular breathing grew louder as Luerat, caught off guard by fear, gasped for air. Fadel remained silent; he rarely spoke during missions. It was usually Bison who did the talking.

"Come out, old man. I'm tired of playing hide-and-seek with you."

"P-please... don't kill me. What do you want? Whatever your boss is paying, I can offer more... please, don't hurt me."

"Me? I don't want any money. Especially not money you stole from others."

"What... what do you mean? Whose money did I take?" Luerat stammered.

Breaking his own rule of silence on missions, Fadel pressed him with a question. "You remember Empire Estate and Property? And Kesemsan Company?"

Luerat chose to stay silent, still hiding under the desk.

"Why did you kill our parents?" Bison asked slowly and clearly. Luerat's eyes widened.

Fadel and Bison held back, waiting for an answer. Instead of responding, Luerat posed a question of his own.

"You two... are you the sons of Buran and Phaya?"

"So you remember their names? Then tell me, you bastard, why did you kill my family?"

Bison, anger boiling over, moved to press his gun to Luerat's temple, but Fadel held him back, pushing the gun away. His sharp eyes glanced at the documents on Luerat's desk.

....

The tycoon hurriedly began explaining.

"No! I didn't kill them. It was Lily who did. Don't you know? I've been searching for you both all this time. I’m lucky you’re still here. Let's... let’s talk this through."

Fadel lowered his gun, but Bison kept his pointed. He looked puzzled by Fadel's behavior as he suddenly stepped down from the desk and flipped through some documents. Fadel sighed with what seemed like relief.

"I was preparing these documents," Luerat continued, "to leave the company to both of you. Your parents entrusted it to me when they realized they were being targeted. I thought I was next after that party the other night, so I started preparing a will. I didn't even know if I'd find you, but I hoped."

Bison looked bewildered. Fadel handed a few sheets of paper to his younger brother. Luerat wasn't lying; the documents were indeed prepared as part of a will. Among them were papers showing that Bison's father had transferred some shares to Luerat, with a clause that they were to be passed on to his heirs. It seemed that Luerat was ready to hand over ownership to its rightful heirs if something happened to him.

"Uncle… or should I call you 'Auntie' instead?" Bison asked, voice filled with confusion.

"I… I was your father's junior," Luerat replied, visibly shaken. "Can you say it again? Who killed my father?"

"Lily. Lily Amorn-Asavathanakul."

Bison put down the complex documents he had been holding, supporting himself against the desk as his knees grew weak. He looked up at Fadel, his face a mix of relief and sorrow, as if caught between a smile and tears. Luerat, meanwhile, slowly stood up with great caution.

.....

"Who sent you here to kill me?" Luerat asked, his voice trembling.

Bison answered, his voice barely audible. "Lily Amorn-Asavathanakul... our adoptive mother."

At Bison's response, silence fell over the spacious office. Luerat began moving closer to Bison, but before he could reach him, Fadel kicked him back, sending the tycoon sprawling onto the floor.

Before Luerat could even process what had happened, a bullet shot from a distance shattered the office window, breaking the silence with a loud crash. The shot narrowly missed him, striking a vase in the office instead.

Fadel’s command rang out, sharp and clear. "Get down!"

Bison reacted quickly enough to protect himself, but Luerat wasn’t so fortunate. He was older and untrained in self-defense. As more bullets followed, seemingly targeting him, Fadel yanked him out of harm's way just in time to save him from certain death.

Seeing the dire situation, Bison pulled the heavy desk over as cover, crouching down and crawling over to Fadel.

"Fadel... Fadel, did you get shot?"

"It’s just a graze. Nothing serious."

"And the old man? Is he hit?"

"No… I'm fine," Luerat managed to say, shaken but unharmed.

Bison cursed under his breath, noticing that the distant gunfire had finally stopped.

He pulled the weapon bag lying on the floor closer to him, searching for a suitable firearm for a counterattack. When he found a rifle fit for long-range shooting, he glanced over at Fadel.

"You brought a sniper rifle with you?"

.....

"Just… kept it on me, you know," Fadel replied nonchalantly.

With his weapon ready, Bison aimed in the direction the bullets had come from. He spotted the sniper hiding in a neighboring building and fired a shot in return—not that he expected to hit, but just to show he wasn’t one to back down easily.

Bison then settled back, glancing at Fadel and Luerat.

"Take a guess. Who’s actually here to take out the old man?"

"Who? Keen?" Fadel replied, using their codename for Lily.

"Yeah, who else? Damn traitor."

"Maybe she’s also here to take us out."

"And with that wrist injury… can she even shoot straight?" Bison muttered, looking skeptically at the wound on his brother’s waist. Fadel’s lips trembled slightly in pain. He wasn’t invincible—he could feel the sting like anyone else.

"Bison, turn off the lights," Fadel ordered.

Bison obeyed instantly; on the job, he rarely argued with Fadel. In a flash, the room plunged into darkness. Fadel rose to his feet, albeit a bit unsteadily.

"Cover your ears. It’s gonna get loud and blinding," he warned.

Fadel began firing randomly. The dark room filled with deafening noise and flashes of light that hurt the eyes. Luerat, sitting with his hands over his ears, was baffled by Fadel's actions. Only when the magazine emptied did Fadel stop, breathing heavily, wincing as his wound throbbed with pain.

"Luerat… Uncle, I’ve got a plan. But you’ll need to play dead for a while."

Bison let out a low chuckle as Fadel took out his phone, dialing a number and putting it on speaker.

.....

The line only rang for a moment before someone picked up.

[Hello?]

“What the hell are you doing, keen?” Fadel demanded.

[Well, you weren’t finishing the job. Mother’s getting impatient,] came keen’s reply.

“So she sent you to clean up after us?”

[No, not exactly.]

Keen laughed on the other end of the line. If he were nearby, Bison would’ve gladly punched him right then and there. After chuckling, keen continued.

[So, did you finish the job or not? That was a full magazine—you couldn’t have missed.]

“No misses here. Who’s the next target? Tell me,” Fadel demanded.

Keen laughed again, as if the whole situation was a joke to him.

[Whoever gets shot, that’s who.]

“Are you doing this on purpose?”

[I just needed enough to go back and report that I missed on purpose. If you only got a little scratch, don’t act so pitiful,] keen taunted.

“You damn bastard,” Bison hissed, seething with anger. He clenched his fists, wishing more than ever that he could punch keen’s face. Keen laughed again, clearly enjoying himself, until he finally settled down.

[The next targets are you two. Mother sent me to clean up, even if I managed to kill Luerat. So, what do you think, Fadel? I’m sure a smart guy like you understands. Is this on speaker, Bison? Because... I'm coming to kill you both.]

“Bring it on, you piece of trash! I’ll split your face open with an axe first, you damned keen!” Bison shouted, his patience snapping. Fadel took a deep breath and then asked:

....

“So, in short, the next targets are all three of us. Mother sent you to kill us, but if we kill you first, no one’s going to care,” Fadel said, summing things up.

[Exactly. We’re all targets. Mother Lily thinks we’ve outlived our usefulness. So, what’s your next move?]

Fadel closed his eyes, rubbing his temples as he tried to process all the convoluted details.

“I think I have a plan, but you and Bison need to be on board with it.”

[Alright, then. Let’s hear it.]

“But first, why’d you lie about your injured wrist?”

Bison listened carefully for the answer. What he heard was a low, unsettling laugh from keen—a laugh unlike any Bison had ever heard from him, almost as if he’d gone mad.

[I promised someone once that I wouldn’t kill anyone again,] keen replied.

“Really? So, are you still as accurate as ever?” Fadel asked skeptically.

[The fact I didn’t shoot to kill should be proof enough. That was just a warm-up.]

Fadel didn’t press further. Instead, he gestured for Bison to come closer, and quietly laid out his plan. Moments later, the two assassin brothers vanished from Luerat’s office without a trace.

After they left, Luerat settled back into his office chair, trying to collect himself. His men rushed into the room, surveying the wreckage, but it was clear that Luerat hadn’t been harmed.

“Boss… are you alright?” one of his subordinates asked. Luerat sighed and gave a slight nod. Fadel’s plan required his cooperation, and Luerat was

more than willing to go along with it.

.....

“Go ahead and release the news that I was assassinated,” Luerat ordered. “And… make sure to contact the best lawyer you can find.”

Though his subordinates were puzzled, none dared question him. Seeing him lean back in his chair and gaze out the window, they could only nod obediently.

“Yes, sir. We’ll take care of everything as you instructed. And the attackers…?”

“Leave them be for now. Just do as I asked.”

Fadel’s body was, after all, made of flesh and blood, and a bullet wound could hurt him badly. By the time Bison got him home, Fadel was drenched in sweat. This wasn’t his first gunshot wound, and he tried to hide the pain, going to shower and clean his wounds. Once back in his bedroom, Bison was already waiting on his bed with a large first-aid kit.

“I already called Style,” Bison said.

“Why did you call him?”

“Thought you’d want some moral support.”

“It’s just a scratch.”

“Then I’ll call him and tell him not to come.”

“No need.”

“Ha, admit it—you want some moral support.”

Bison smirked. Fadel sighed but let him continue tending to his wounds. After a moment, Bison shifted to a more serious tone.

“And you’re good with it, right? Our plan to expose Mother Lily?”

.....

"You still call that old hag 'mother'? Makes me wanna throw up."

"Not calling her that anymore. Just Lily, alright?" Fadel asked, confirming once again. He took off his shirt and sat still, waiting for his brother to tend to his wound.

"Alright. I need to go talk to Kant first. After all this, we’re going to jail, aren’t we?"

"Yeah, doesn’t look like we’re gonna escape that."

"Let me take care of this wound... unless you want Style to do it for you."

"You do it. I’d be scared for my life if he did."

"Got it." Bison scrunched his face and got to work dressing Fadel’s wound quickly. He’d patched up his older brother countless times; he was skilled at it. In less than ten minutes, he was done.

Fadel started talking as he got treated.

"You know where Kant is, right, Bison?"

"Of course. I tied him up and locked him in myself. Once Style gets here to keep you company, I'll go see him. But I’m not sure if he’s still there waiting or not."

"Why wouldn’t he be there waiting?"

"Even though I call him a petty thief, I’ve gotta admit Kant’s pretty good at breaking free. I didn’t exactly tie his wrists tight. He’s probably out of it by now. Plus, before I left, I told him I was going to kill someone. No idea if he ran off to tell his cop buddy yet or not."

"So you purposely didn’t tie him up tightly. Means you actually intended to let him go."

"Yeah... if Style is proof that a killer like you has a heart, then Kant might be proof that I've got one too."

Bison continued to dress the wound with practiced skill. Once he finished, he moved back a bit.

.....

As Bison put away the medical supplies, Fadel frowned slightly upon hearing a loud thud from downstairs.

"Here comes your pick-me-up."

Before he could finish, Style rushed up the stairs. Bison hadn’t locked the door to the house from the beginning; after all, there were no secrets in this place for Style.

"Bison said... huff... said... huff... you were shot near death! Why didn’t you go to the hospital?"

Style was panting heavily. Fadel blinked in surprise and looked at his brother, who was laughing with satisfaction. Bison clapped Style on the shoulder as they passed each other.

"I was just messing with you. It was just a graze. It doesn't kill or anything. Just keep an eye on Fadel for me, okay? I’ve got something to take care of."

"...What?" Style exclaimed, confused. He had rushed to see Fadel in a panic because Bison said Fadel was on the brink of death, but it seemed he was being pranked instead. Fadel was sitting back against the bed, looking at him with clear eyes.

Not dead yet, but the trash can did have some cotton balls and tissue paper stained with blood, which meant he had actually been hurt.

"Wait here," Bison told his brother, and Fadel nodded in acknowledgment, watching him go until he was out of sight. Style also followed Bison with his gaze. Once Bysan left, Style pulled the door shut and walked over to his lover, who was half-sitting, half-lying on the bed, calming down his earlier panic.

"Where are you hurt? Does it hurt...?"

"It doesn't hurt," Fadel brushed off, lifting his shirt to show Style the wound on his waist that had already been dressed, indicating that he wasn't in serious trouble. Style nodded rapidly, relieved.

.....

Seeing Style sitting still made Fadel realize something. If he admitted he was in pain, what would Style do? So, he changed his response. "Actually, I'm lying. I'm in a lot of pain."

"A lot, huh? Did you take any medicine?"

"Do I have to take medicine?"

"If you take medicine, it won't hurt. This won't do; I should make you some rice porridge."

"You can cook?"

"Nope."

"Then just order Grab."

Style blinked, pulling out his phone to prepare to order food.

"You haven't eaten anything, right?"

Fadel shook his head. "Not yet."

"What do you want to eat? I'll order it for you."

“Rice noodles.”

“Which restaurant?”

“The one you bought from that time… it was good.”

“Are you going to eat it? I thought you’d throw it away.” Style smiled and lifted his gaze to Fadel. He had to remember which restaurant it was. He didn’t think Fadel would actually eat it since he acted like he hated him back then.

“I didn’t throw it away. I ate it all.”

“Are you going to eat the same thing as last time?”

“Yeah, just like you like it.”

“You like it too, right?”

“I like you.”

“Oh, stop it! I’m going to twist into an eight! Don’t be so cheesy; it’s making my heart race.”

.....

Style threw his phone onto the bed after ordering food. He then flopped down, rolling around, and shifted his head to rest on Fadel's lap, looking up at the injured man.

“I’ve always wanted to sleep at your place,” he said.

“Then sleep,” Fadel replied.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“If I sleep here tonight, you won’t get any rest.”

“But Bison might not come back. I don’t want to sleep alone.”

“You’re lying. I can tell you’re lying. You can sleep alone; just do it.”

“Style.”

“Please, I’ll sleep here with you.”

Fadel pouted and scratched his eye with his fingertip. Has it come to the point where he has to beg Style? But then he said, “Please… can you sleep with me, just this once?”

Style didn’t respond but rolled around on the bed, shy... Fadel let out a deep sigh. If asked whether it was cute, he’d have to admit it was very cute. But the pain from his injury held him back from giving in.(To cuddle Style)

Just wait until I'm healed; once I am, that big soft Style is definitely going to be pinned down on the bed by me!

.....

Note : oh fadel 😭 he's so Down bad for style and tell me it's not joongdunk?? Because this is so JD CODED and bison is so naughty brother 🤣 like the noddle lines are so Jd okay i'mma go back to updating 🫶

CHAPTER 21

....
In the dead of night, Bison left the house and returned to the abandoned building where he had been holding Kant captive. The area around the building was shrouded in darkness, with only faint light from the street casting a dim glow. Bison walked slowly into the house, not expecting that Kant would still be sitting there, waiting for him.

He hadn't tied Kant tightly. But even if he had bound him securely, Bison was confident Kant could have freed himself. He'd already mentioned that Kant's abilities were extraordinary. Once Kant had learned the secret of his life as an assassin, Bison couldn't resist digging deeply into Kant's background.

Bison moved through the darkness, relying solely on the streetlight outside the house. His senses were so sharp that he didn't need any tools like a flashlight. Before long, he reached the room where he'd tied Kant. His rounded shoulder rested against the edge of the doorway, while the old, decaying wooden door had become unusable, permanently ajar. Kant's tall figure was still seated on the chair in the middle of the room, his wrists still tied as they had been.

Bison rolled his eyes deeply in their sockets. Crossing his arms, he cleared his throat, even though he was well aware that Kant knew he had returned.

"You didn't run away? You had plenty of chances to escape while I was gone," Bison remarked.

.....

He spoke, his tone calm and more controlled than when they had talked earlier in the day.

Kant offered a slight smile, shaking his head slowly with a blindfold still covering his eyes. He turned toward where Bison was standing. Though the

blindfold prevented Kant from seeing, Bison felt as though he was being intensely watched and that he couldn’t hide anything from Kant.

"No, I stayed to wait for you. I figured you’d come back eventually, and I thought it would be better to wait here."

"I heard you’re planning to quit being a police informant." Bison stopped leaning against the doorframe, stepping forward to stand right in front of the restrained man. Kant followed his movement, relying only on the sound of his footsteps to pinpoint Bison’s location.

His gaze landed straight ahead, where Bison stood, arms crossed and legs slightly apart. He was unarmed, with no intention of further harming the already battered man in front of him.

"If you want me to quit, I can do it for you, Bison."

"Not yet—because I need your help with something."

The blindfold didn’t cover his eyebrows, so Bison could see Kant’s brows furrow. He took a deep breath, creating a soft sound as he moved forward again, stopping by a dirty, old table in front of the chair where Kant was seated. He perched on the edge of the table.

“With what?” Kant asked, his tongue darting out to moisten his dry lips. “I was planning to wrap up a job today. You already know who my latest target is, the one I missed and have to go after again.”

"Chao Sua Luerat?"
.....

"Sure, but the boss isn’t dead yet, you know. Do you still want to find out who’s behind the order to kill all those businessmen and politicians?"

"I think I have an idea. It’s probably your adoptive mother. But unfortunately, I don’t know who she is."

"I’m not surprised that Captain Kris chose to work with you," Bison replied calmly. "My boss is my adoptive mother. Today’s been a day full of

shocking revelations—I just found out her next targets are Fadel and me."

Kant stayed silent, listening intently as Bison continued in his usual, composed tone.

"And it appears that this adoptive mother of mine was behind the deaths of my real parents. I want to expose her crimes and hope the police will finally bring her to justice."

"What do you need me to do?"

"Get in touch with Captain Kris for me. Tell him that if he wants to catch the real culprit, we need to work together for a while." Bison looked up at the ceiling. This was Fadel's plan to get Lily sentenced to prison. Fadel didn't want to kill her; he believed death would be too easy an escape for her.

But still, putting someone like Lily behind bars wouldn't be easy. Her powerful connections could easily help her evade any charges. They'd need a meticulously crafted plan, as well as a reliable officer.

In this case, "reliable" meant someone with the same goal. Captain Kris was determined to bring down the powerful figure responsible for ordering the killings of prominent businessmen and politicians.

.....
As for him and Fadel, they wanted vengeance for their families. Their target was Lily. Even though they couldn't fully trust Captain Kris, it was certainly safer than going directly to the police and attempting to report Lily's crimes.

His adoptive mother was extremely influential; there was no telling how many officers she might have already bought off.

"How do I know you're not planning something underhanded?" Kant questioned.

"It's natural for you to be wary," Bison replied. "But I can't prove I don't have any hidden agenda. Why don't you test me and find out for yourself?"

Bison straightened to his full height, his eyes blinking slowly as he stepped closer to Kant, who was still bound. Reaching out, he carefully untied the blindfold. As it dropped to the floor, Bison saw Kant's eyes flutter, his thick eyelashes slowly lifting.

Bison had always thought Kant had some of the most striking eyes he'd ever seen, a rare beauty that drew him in despite his hardened killer's nature. As their gazes locked, they held each other's stare in a quiet but fierce contest, neither willing to look away first. Kant subtly moved his wrists, loosening the rope binding his hands behind his back until it slipped down to join the blindfold on the floor.

He had freed himself long ago but hadn't attempted to escape. He'd waited here, intentionally, for Bison to return. And now, as he stayed, it felt worth it. With his freed hand, Kant reached up to grip Bison's shoulders firmly.

Kant continued to gaze deeply into Bison's eyes. And in that charged moment between them, he said a sentence he probably shouldn't have uttered.

.....
"When I first met you, I didn't know who you were, but I was very interested in you."

"And now? Now that you know what I am, are you still interested?" Kant's hand reached out, wrapping around Bison's pale neck, and the hardened assassin raised an eyebrow challengingly.

"I must be completely insane. I think I've fallen for you, and I probably can't get out of it anymore. The more I know who you are and what you do, the more captivated I am by you."

Bison finally let out a dry laugh. Kant's eyes held nothing back, revealing every bit of feeling. In a moment where confessions seemed utterly misplaced, he had heard "love" as clear as day, serious enough that he couldn't ignore it. Bison looked at Kant, grasped his delicate wrist, and asked,

"When did you manage to untie yourself?"

"Do you want the truth, or should I lie?"

"The truth, of course."

"Since the moment I realized I was tied up."

"What about your legs?"

"Got them free too."

"Troublemaker."

"You're way more trouble than I am."

"Kant."

"Yes?"

"Being such a troublemaker... it’s driving me crazy." Bison tightened his grip on Kant’s wrist, then leaned in, pressing his lips against Kant’s, kissing him with desire, no longer hiding or holding anything back.

.....
How much he wanted the other.

As he pulled back from the kiss, he said, "I don’t want to love you."

"Same here."

"But I do."

"Me too." Kant didn’t want to talk anymore. He yanked Bison rather roughly, pulling him down to straddle his lap, pressing kisses along his neck, nipping and sucking on his Adam's apple as it bobbed with each swallow. His free hand gripped and squeezed the firm muscle before him, indulging in a mix of frustration and desire.

We can’t deny it: both of us have fallen for a troublemaker. And the thrill of doing this in such an unexpected place? It’s driving us insane, but we’re going to do it anyway—like we’re losing our minds.

Bison slid his hand into Kant’s hair, gripping tightly and tugging back, making Kant tilt his head. The pain wrinkled his brow, yet he let out a sound of satisfaction, parting his lips to meet Bison’s as he leaned in closer. With a soft shift of his hips, Kant lifted Bison, pressing him to his waist as he stood up.

He set Bison down on the table, silently hoping its legs were strong enough to bear both their weight. But Bison shoved Kant away with his foot, planting it firmly against Kant’s toned stomach.

Bison dragged his foot slowly down, brushing it over Kant’s growing arousal. Kant swallowed hard, the pressure from Bison’s sneaker only heightening his reaction, as his pants strained tighter.

"You’re so hard, Kant."

"I’m thinking of how I’ll get back at you."

.....
Bison smirked, lowering his foot and stepping down from the table himself. He closed the distance between them, leaning in to kiss Kant’s chin while his hands deftly unbuttoned and unzipped Kant’s pants.

Bison knelt down, looking up at Kant's handsome face. Kant tilted his head back, releasing his aroused length from his underwear. Bison held it firmly, as if he’d taken it hostage, gazing up at Kant with a challenging look. Even though Kant was standing above him, he felt completely at Bison’s mercy.

He was being overpowered. Bison was going to destroy him without a hint of mercy, beginning with a kiss at the tip, his hot tongue teasing the small opening before licking the full length. As a final taunt, Bison took him halfway in and gave a strong, sucking pull.

Kant let out a raw moan, unable to hold back any longer. He couldn't understand how Bison was handling him with such intensity. His hand found its way to the crown of Bison's head, pressing down firmly, making him take him all the way in, down to his throat. He thought he'd gained control.

But in the end, he was still the one being overpowered as Bison bobbed his head, sending heated friction against his inner cheek with each movement.

The daring look in Bison's eyes nearly pushed Kant over the edge. Desperate, he had to push Bison's head back, his voice rough with need as he pleaded for mercy.

"Enough, love. I don't want to finish in your mouth."

"Then what do you want me to do next?"

"Would you crawl forward and bring yourself over here for me?"

"And if I refuse?"

.....
"Or I'll cry for you. Please."

"Seriously?"

Bison shook his head, half-exasperated. Here he was, thinking Kant would do something intense or forceful if he refused. Instead, he talked about crying—what a ridiculous threat. Not that Bison would mind, though; he loved messing with people until they were on the verge of tears.

Still kneeling, Bison wiped the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he adjusted himself, turning around on all fours with his hands pressed against the dirty floor. He raised his hips, presenting himself to Kant, and shot a glance over his shoulder, wondering why Kant was still moving so slowly.

Kant hooked his fingers under the waistband of Bison's pants, tugging them down just enough to expose his hips. Kneeling behind him, Kant pressed

kisses along the center of Bison’s back over the fabric, then lifted his hand and smacked the round curve of Bison’s hip with a firm slap.

"Ah...!” Bison gasped, though he made no move to stop him, letting Kant reach around to pull his pants down a little more, just enough to reveal his pale hips and his entrance.

Neither of them bothered fully undressing—just enough to be close. Kant gripped Bison’s soft hips, his fingers leaving faint marks on Bison’s skin, the slight sting a mix of discomfort and tantalizing warmth. Spreading him gently, Kant alternated between kissing the sensitive, flushed skin and working him with his fingers to prepare him.

Bison’s voice escaped in small, satisfied sounds until finally, when he couldn’t hold back any longer, he murmured,

"Alright, you can put it in now. I’m ready."
.....

“If you don’t prepare well, it’s going to hurt.”

“How many times have you slept with me already? Still not used to it? The pain is something delicious for me.”

Kant didn’t respond to Bison. He stepped back and gave Bison’s left cheek a light smack. It wasn’t as hard as Bison liked to hit him, but hearing Bison’s pleased groan pushed Kant to press his heated length against Bison’s soft entrance. Just as he sank in slightly, he pulled back.

He was teasing Bison.

“Do you like making me hurt, or do you prefer to be the one in pain?”

“It's about the same.”

“Whenever you want to take charge, just tell me. And if there’s a day you want me to take charge, let me know too.”

“Today, you’re in charge. Please, take your time with me.”

Kant lightly slapped Bison’s hip again, then grasped it tightly to squeeze, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh. With one hard thrust, he buried himself fully inside, their bodies colliding with a loud smack. Bison made a strange noise, his eyes rolling back as he leaned forward, Kant thrusting hard into him. If it didn’t hurt, it certainly made him feel full.

Bison turned his head to look back at Kant, who had a firm hold on his waist and stomach, keeping him in place. Kant leaned down, capturing Bison's lips with his own, and that was when the rhythm of their bodies began.

Bison wasn’t sure how loud he was moaning, but he knew no one would hear him here. The sounds of their pleasure filled the space between them, and they hadn’t exchanged any words since they separated to dress. It was Kant who broke the silence, asking as he offered Bison a rolled cigarette.

.....
“Would you like a cigarette... my love?” Of course, Bison accepted it. They weren't in a rush to leave the abandoned house, taking their time to finish the cigarette before heading back.

Bison went to bed just as dawn was approaching, and he didn’t sleep long before being woken up by his younger brother, Beb, knocking on his bedroom door and shouting that he was heading to school.

He heard Kant shout back, “Yeah,” before turning over and holding him tightly once again.

It was only today that Bison realized how warm it felt to sleep in the embrace of the person he loved, so comforting that it nearly felt like he could melt away in Kant’s arms.

.....

Note: the picture in the novel is attached above i will hurry Back to update next chapter 🫶♥

CHAPTER 22

.....

In the afternoon today, a message arrived from Kant, who was acting as a informant. Officer Kris glanced at the appointment time without much thought. The message from Kant mentioned that he had some information to update and asked to meet at their usual spot at the same time, since they had met there several times before. Officer Kris didn't take much caution and headed to the area under the bridge, which was their regular meeting point, feeling relaxed and even smoking a cigarette.

Upon arrival, he found Kant waiting for him. The tall young man turned to greet him as soon as he heard his footsteps.

"You're here already?"

"Yeah, what do you need to update? You look better than you did a few days ago, not looking so miserable."

"Yeah, I'm not miserable anymore."

Officer Kris was observant. He tilted his head slightly when he noticed a wound on Kant's head, furrowing his brow before asking,

"What happened to your head?"

"This cut? I just had a little misunderstanding with my boyfriend. He has a hot temper, and when we were talking, things got heated and he lost his cool."

.....

"Your boyfriend?"

Officer Kris took a deep drag from his cigarette. Before he could think things through, Kant smiled widely, showing off his beautifully arranged

white teeth, and the informant let out a slight laugh.

“You already know who it is, Officer. I brought him along today; he’s standing right behind you.”

Officer Kris's eyes widened as he turned around, but he was probably too slow. Bison struck the back of his neck with a powerful blow, the loud thud echoing as the large officer collapsed onto the ground.

Kant walked over to take a look, then he turned his beautiful eyes toward Bison. “He’s not dead, is he, sweetheart?”

“Of course not. You said he just needs to be knocked out, right? I’m very good at putting people to sleep.”

Kant nodded repeatedly. When he looked down at Officer Kris again, he sneered. It was his idea for Bison to deal with the officer; he wanted to do it himself but was worried that if he hit him, the officer wouldn’t stay unconscious. It was better to let a professional handle it; they were just petty criminals.

“Serves you right, Officer. You love making me do risky and dangerous work; now you know how it feels when it happens to you.”

Bison shook his head in annoyance. He crouched down and flipped Officer Kris onto his back.

“Big like a buffalo. I should’ve brought Fadel along, then you and Fadel could carry this officer back home. Since it’s just the two of us, I have to use extra strength again.”

“Then, sweetheart, just stay still. I’ll carry him myself.”

.....
Kant walked to the head of Officer Kris and slipped his hands under the officer's armpits, trying to pull him up. Their first mission with Bison was to take Officer Kris to the assassin’s house. Fadel suggested they discuss the details and make a deal at home. Just this first job already seemed quite

challenging for Kant; Officer Kris was incredibly heavy, and despite his best efforts, he could barely budge the officer's bulky frame.

Bison placed his hands on his hips, rolling his eyes in frustration. He gestured at Kant.

"You pull from that side, and I'll take this side."

"Ugh, I should really hit the gym a bit, get muscles like Fadel. What do you think?"

"No way. I like your body the way it is; no need to get any bigger."

Seeing Kant struggle, Bison decided to take over the pulling himself. Although Bison was even smaller than Kant, he seemed to have a lot more strength. He grabbed the right wrist of the hefty officer and yanked him forward, dragging Officer Kris several meters in an instant.

Kant's jaw dropped, but once he regained his composure, he rushed over to grab the officer's other wrist. With Bison's help, the daunting task of moving the unconscious officer suddenly felt much more manageable.

Bison didn't seem tired at all, unlike Kant, who was panting heavily after they finally managed to get Officer Kris seated in the car. Even though Bison had told him not to worry about working out, Kant still felt that he should exercise more and build some muscles.

"Are you really tired, or are you just pretending?" Bison asked with a straight face. Kant smiled sheepishly, panting so hard that his face looked rather amusing.

.....
"I'm really tired."

"You don't need to hit the gym, but I recommend that you should exercise a bit; it would do you good."

Kant lowered his head, nodding repeatedly.

“I know, I think I should start working out too. I’ve been so busy lately that I haven’t been using my strength much.”

Bison didn’t say anything more. He started the car and sped away from the bridge. Kant observed Bison’s work demeanor, and with the experiences they had shared, he thought it was best not to make Bison angry.

His beloved could easily take him down without even pulling a gun; he could do it with his bare hands.

“What are you looking at, Kant? Do I have something wrong with me?”

Kant shook his head, biting his lip and glancing down slightly, feeling shy. He finally replied, “It’s nothing. I just think you look really cool when you’re working.”

“Ah…”

“I’ve always seen you as small and someone who seems easy to protect and cherish, but now that I see you like this, I can only think that I should rely on you to take care of and protect me. It’s fitting that your name is Bison; you’re incredibly strong.”

Bison narrowed his eyes, puzzled by Kant’s strange words. He didn’t respond because he wasn’t sure if the long sentence was a compliment or an insult. When he turned to scrutinize Kant, he found Kant looking at him with affection and admiration. For a moment, Bison didn’t know how to react.

It seemed like a compliment, and that was good... even if it felt a little strange.

.....

In addition to having to drag Officer Kris into the car, Kant and Bison also had to pull him out when they returned home with their important guest. At that time, Officer Kris was still completely unconscious.

Kant couldn’t help but worry a little that Bison might have struck the officer’s neck too hard and killed him. That’s why, while helping Bison drag the officer inside, he couldn’t resist lightly touching the tip of Officer Kris’s nose. When he felt the officer still breathing, he sighed in relief and continued dragging him to the assassin Fadel’s office, where Fadel and Style were already waiting, seemingly in a sweet moment together.

Sorry to interrupt, but it’s time to work, damn it.

Officer Kris still hadn’t regained consciousness. Fadel nodded for Bison to lay the officer down on the couch. The two assassin brothers didn’t seem excited at all, unlike Kant and Style, especially Style, who leaned in to check if Officer Kris was dead.

“How hard did you hit him? He’s out cold and doesn’t seem to be waking up.”

“I didn’t hit him that hard. By the way, is there any leftover snacks at home?”

“I don’t know; did you finish all the packaged snacks you brought?”

“Not yet. Let’s see what’s left. I’m hungry… I want some soda too. Does anyone want anything?” Bison asked after dealing with Officer Kris. He was arguing with Fadel about snacks and thought he would check for himself since he didn’t know what food was available. However, before he could step out of the room, Officer Kris, who had been lying still for a long time, began to move, starting with soft groans before rolling off the couch.

Poor Officer Kris, landing awkwardly on the floor, but nobody paid him any attention.

Fadel stood with his arms crossed, looking down, while Style clung to Fadel’s back and poked his head out to see what was happening. Bison muttered something unintelligible, and Kant mimicked Fadel, crossing his arms as he watched Officer Kris.

.....

Officer Kris was still groaning, but it seemed he suddenly remembered what he was doing just before he passed out. He sprang up, pulling his gun from its holster, but he was slower than Bison, who had already aimed a shotgun at the officer's head.

Bison's reaction was so quick that, aside from Fadel, probably no one else noticed it. And of course, Bison was genuinely ready to shoot Officer Kris. The officer swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing; he only intended to draw his weapon as a threat, while the other side was prepared to fire.

"Put the gun away, Officer. We're not going to harm you. We just want to discuss a little agreement," Bison said.

Officer Kris glanced at Kant and muttered a soft curse about betrayal. Kant pretended to clean his ears, waiting quite a while for the officer to slowly lower his weapon.

Bison still held the gun at Officer Kris's head, raising an eyebrow in a teasing manner. Fadel was the one who had brought all of them back to this situation.

"I've heard that you're looking for the person behind assassins like us."

"Yeah," Officer Kris replied in a rather unfriendly tone. Fadel didn't care, as he had no desire to make friends with Officer Kris anyway.

"I also want to see him behind bars. There's been a little disagreement, and I was wondering if you could help make our wishes come true."

"Who is it?"

"Lily. You've heard of her name, right?"

"Lily?"

Officer Kris repeated the name, and he could guess which Lily Fadel was referring to. Fadel remained still, his face equally expressionless.

“Lily Amornasawatthanakul. She’s my and Bison's adoptive mother, but I just found out…”
....

“I’ve recently found out that Lily is the one who killed my real family,” Fadel said.

“Yeah, I want to put her in jail, and I’ll make sure you guys go to jail too,” Officer Kris retorted.

“Are you sure you have what it takes? Do the police really have enough evidence to pin Lily down?” Fadel continued in a calm tone. Officer Kris’s lips trembled slightly because he had to admit that what Fadel said was true.

Just look at when he found out that Fadel and Bison were assassins. He knew, but despite wanting to arrest them, he couldn’t do anything because the evidence wasn’t solid enough, so he had to let them go free.

Officer Kris managed to temper his anger a bit, feeling slightly ashamed.

Fadel, being younger but much more composed, was a stark contrast. Officer Kris pushed Bison’s gun away and stood up.

“So what do you want me to do? You brought me here; I hope you have a plan.”

“I do have a plan. It’s good that you understand things simply. This is the evidence document for the job I just received. It includes clips of the murder order and clips of negotiations with the major clients or contractors.”

Officer Kris struggled not to snatch the evidence away for himself, even though it felt like a delicious meal to him. He clenched his teeth in restraint and nodded for Fadel to continue.

“In a few days, there will be a birthday party for the minister’s wife, and Lily will be attending that event. The rough plan is that Bison and I will expose Lily at the party, and you bring the police to arrest her.”

Officer Kris paused to think for a moment, eyeing the documents still in Fadel’s hands, unsure if they were real or not. But if he had to guess, he thought Fadel wouldn’t just hand over those documents to him.

.....

"But I insist that I have to arrest you guys too. If Lily gets caught, you guys have to be caught as well," Officer Kris stated firmly.

Kant sighed.

"Come on, Officer. I know you can handle this. Fadel and Bison will expose the people behind the assassination for sure. How can we arrest these two?"

Officer Kris shook his head, glancing at Kant with a weary expression.

"I can't do it this time. The order to arrest the assassins comes from higher up, and I've already reported them to my superiors. Whether they help expose it or not, there are only two options: either I take them in alive or dead."

Bison lowered his gun, unusually calm. He shrugged.

"I'm fine with whatever, as long as we can catch Lily."

"Bison, don’t say that, my love."

"Hey, just calm down, Kant. Fadel and I have talked about it. If we have to face consequences, then we will, and after that, I can finally live my life. A normal life, without having to run away or hide anymore."

Kant was at a loss for words, looking at Bison, emotions swirling in his eyes. However, he knew he couldn’t stop Bison. Bison shrugged again. "The truth is, I don’t like killing people."

"I know how gentle you really are, Officer... If we go to jail, how long will we have to stay?"

Kant asked Officer Kris. At this moment, the officer seemed much softer. He shook his head.

"I'm not sure, but if the documents in my hands are real and we can catch the people behind this, then it shouldn't be more than a few years, I guess."

.....

Fadel narrowed his eyes at the documents in his hands. His body, which stood firmly, swayed slightly as Style wrapped his arms around him from behind, tightly. Did he forget that he had just been shot? The wound on his waist still hurt a lot.

"Style... I'm hurting."

Style loosened his embrace, pulling Fadel to face him. "Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you, but... why have we never talked about this before? I'm really going to be mad at you. Are you going to leave me?"

"I'm not leaving. The reason I didn't say anything is that I didn't know where to start. I was afraid you would be angry, too."

"Do you really have to go to jail?"

"The officer said it would only be a few years."

"Fadel..."

"Well... it can't be helped. If I want to live a normal life with you, this is the only way."

Fadel replied in a quiet voice. Style looked as if he was about to cry. Officer Kris ran his fingers through his short hair. It seemed he was the only one left single here.

"Let's say I agree to join you in capturing Lily, but I need to see some evidence to confirm that she is really the mastermind behind everything and is actually involved."

Officer Kris coldly disrupted the sweet scene, deliberately speaking loudly for everyone to hear. Fadel turned to look at him.

“That’s not a problem. I’ll let the officer see some evidence. Then we can discuss the plan again.”

“Did you gather the documents yourself?

.....
“No, there are people who can do this job better than me. But if the officer doesn’t want to die without knowing it, I suggest staying out of it.”

Bison shrugged. Dying without knowing it would be like walking around and getting shot in the head by a sniper. He knew a skilled sniper, but if one didn’t want to die without being aware of it, he would advise, just like Fadel, to stay away from that sniper all together.

.....

Note : we are only few chapters away from ending this doing chapter 23 bye bye will update soon🫶🥹

CHAPTER 23

.....

A sleek black executive car turned in and parked in front of the entrance of a mansion. The decorative lights and the live music playing at that moment indicated to the guests that a celebration was underway inside the grand mansion.

The car that had just parked was driven by Lily, with her adopted son, Keen, as her chauffeur. She had made Keen her close assistant ever since he had an accident that left his right hand nearly unusable. Since then, it seemed that Keen had been relegated in both role and importance, reduced to doing minor tasks such as paperwork and driving.

Of course, Lily regretted Keen’s diminished capabilities, but since he was no longer able to perform at his previous level, she had to accept reality. A reception staff member approached to open the car door for her as it came to a stop.

“I’ll call you when I’m done, so don’t go too far,” she said to Keen, grabbing her high-end bag that was resting beside her to enhance her luxurious appearance. She stepped out of the car, flashing a sweet smile. The birthday celebration for the minister's wife was considered a significant event. In truth, Lily wasn’t particularly eager to congratulate the minister’s wife.

....

She came to the party to make connections.

Lily smiled beautifully for the cameras from the press before strolling into the event. She had a bit of a reputation in the business world, and there were a number of people at the event who knew what her real job was.

Lily raised her hand in a greeting to the Minister and his wife, who were the hosts of the birthday party, and then she casually greeted them. She soon felt the gaze of a pair of eyes fixated on her.

Lily turned to look in the direction where her instincts indicated someone was watching her. She only saw the back of a male waiter, who appeared unassuming. However, her sharp eyes also noticed that the event was filled with several plainclothes police officers.

"The security is quite tight, isn't it?" Lily remarked to the Minister. In fact, the man in front of her was one of her clients. By that, she meant… he was a contract killer. He was one of her regular customers. Whenever he had an issue he couldn't handle, he would always contact Lily.

"Well, the lady of the house is a bit overly worried," he replied.

"Really?"

"After the tycoon Luerat was assassinated, she became afraid something bad might happen at her own birthday party, so I ordered strict security measures to ease her concerns."

Lily slightly bowed her head as if to acknowledge and smiled politely at the lady of the house. The lady held onto her husband’s arm, shaking her head slightly to indicate he should stop talking.

"Don't worry; nothing like that will happen."

.....

Of course, because behind the death of Tycoon Luerat, she was the one who ordered it, and today she hadn’t instructed the skilled assassins Fadel and Bison to kill anyone.

“It’s good there isn’t anyone. Please feel free to enjoy the party, Miss Lily. If you need anything, just let the staff know.”

Once again, Lily nodded in acknowledgment. She walked away from the host, scanning the room to look for acquaintances she should greet or talk

to. Upon spotting someone, she quickened her pace.

“Lady Phailin…” she greeted with a sweet voice. However, there was a moment when Lily froze. The male waiter passing by gave her an odd feeling, as if he was getting too close.

She stopped walking, stood still, and quickly turned to look at the male waiter. She only caught a glimpse of his face, but her instincts were warning her about something. Lily was sure she wasn’t imagining it; the atmosphere at the party tonight felt strange. She considered following that waiter, but Lady Phailin called out to her just in time.

“Miss Lily, I have something I want to discuss with you.”

She had to suppress her curiosity. Lily turned back, forcing a business smile for Lady Phailin. She said, “Let’s find a table to sit and talk.”

The waiter Lily had noticed was actually Style, along with Kant, the two young men eager to be part of the important event. Captain Chris didn’t want innocent people like Style and Kant to get involved in the arrest of major criminals, but seeing their determination to help, he had them disguise themselves as waiters to keep an eye on Lily.

.....

Kant reported back that Lily was at the event talking with other guests. He, Fadel, and Bison could proceed with the next phase of their plan. The security team at the party was Captain Chris's team. Although the Minister understood it as merely protection, the truth was that this was an operation to surround and capture Lily. Besides her, there were others at the event involved in the contract killings.

Fadel provided some evidence to support requesting reinforcements for the operation to capture Lily.

The party had started, and so had Captain Chris's work. "No matter what happens, do not shoot anyone at the event. Leave that to the police, understood?" he told Fadel and Bison. The two assassins laughed it off,

seemingly unconcerned. Captain Chris had probably repeated this sentence a thousand times already; they knew not to kill anyone at the event, not even one person.

Bison put on gloves before the operation began. His task was to break into the control room to play the video clip he had prepared to unmask Lily, specifically. After that, he would show the evidence that linked Lily's clients to their crimes.

Fadel would stay with Captain Chris, having no responsibilities other than waiting to support. Fadel grumbled despite not being a complainer, saying that working with the police was very troublesome. What else could it be? It was Captain Chris who kept telling him to stay still and let the police handle it.

Bison knew very well that Fadel didn't trust Captain Chris, which was why he insisted on staying close during the police operation. The important thing was that Fadel understood that Lily had a more sinister nature than she showed. As her son, he knew better than the police, who were outsiders. They wouldn't let themselves make mistakes by leaving everything to the police.

.....
Bison finished putting on his gloves and nodded to Fadel. His older brother gave him a firm pat on the shoulder.

"Be careful."

"Trust me."

Bison disappeared from the spot where he had been standing quietly. Now only Fadel and Captain Chris remained. The Captain looked at Fadel's tall frame and said, "Your brother is really good. If he gets out of prison and wants to help the police, just let me know. I'll put in a good word with the higher-ups. You might even get a job while still in jail."

"No way. I said I'm really going to quit."

“What are you going to do next?”

“Open a burger shop.”

“A burger shop?”

“Yeah, so I can be close to my boyfriend.”

Captain Chris rolled his eyes in exasperation. Fadel's appearance didn’t suggest he was the type to be lovesick, but it turned out this tough-looking guy was quite the romantic, and he seemed to be the type who feared losing his boyfriend.

Fadel didn’t even realize what Captain Chris thought of him, and even if he did, a guy like him would probably choose to ignore it. He checked his wristwatch and saw it was time, so he walked out from his hiding spot into the party. Captain Chris quickly walked alongside Fadel; he wouldn’t allow this handsome assassin to lead the way.

As soon as Fadel stepped into the event, the bright lights went out. He moved quickly to the spot where Lily was, standing right behind her as the surroundings plunged into darkness.

.....
Captain Chris took quite a while to adjust his eyes to the darkness. He heard the screams of guests at the event. Although he had coordinated well with Fadel and Bison, he had to admit that he was slower to act than the professional assassins.

Captain Chris stood close to Fadel. A moment later, the lights that had gone out came back on, illuminating the area once more. The police were doing an excellent job, blocking all exits.

“Please remain calm; this is the police,” echoed Captain Chris’s well-known phrase. He aimed his gun at Lily, who still looked quite bewildered. The screens used to display the event now showed images of Lily. Upon seeing her image on the screen, she smirked, and when she noticed Fadel watching, she began to piece together what was happening.

Lily locked eyes with Fadel as her ears picked up the sound coming from the speakers all around. It was a recording of her conversations ordering Fadel and Bison to kill someone. She knew who had given this incriminating video to Fadel. Who else could it be but Khuen?

“Fadel, my dear,” she called out to her son through clenched teeth.

“Just give up. You’re under arrest.”

“Don’t tell me you’re working with the police.”

“Why did you kill my father and mother?”

Lily burst out laughing at the question. Her eyes were red with rage. It didn’t matter if her son, the traitor, wouldn’t answer her question; she believed she already had her answers. She looked at Fadel and then dragged her gaze to the police, who were aiming their guns at her.
.....

“Do you know about that? Who told you?”

“Mr, Luerat. Now just tell me why you killed my father and mother.”

Lily ran her hand through her hair, and from her fury, she switched to a cheerful smile. She took a step forward, and the police stepped back in response. Because everyone was so cautious, no one expected Lily to grab Lady Phailin, who was nearby, and use her as a hostage.

The pistol she had tucked at her thigh was aimed at the temple of the innocent woman. Lady Phailin screamed, and Captain Chris signaled with his hand for no one to act rashly.

Fadel crossed his arms and let out a soft sigh at Lily’s shouting. “Shut up, you idiot. No matter how much you scream, you’ll just get shot.”

He threatened Lady Phailin into silence and then began to back away while looking for an escape route with her in tow. She wasn’t going to let herself get caught easily; she still had money from her killings that she hadn’t spent.

Fadel followed, not caring at all whether Lily would shoot the hostage or not. When Lily saw her son following, she laughed brightly, sounding like a deranged person, reminiscent of her former self.

“My dear child, what was that question again? You asked why I killed your parents, right? The answer is simple: those who are too progressive shouldn't live long. Your parents interfered with someone else's interests, so they were marked for elimination. Don’t ask who ordered the hit, because I can’t remember either. But if my mind is still functioning properly, I think you and Bison should have killed him by now. That’s just how the world works. Today, you’re the perpetrator; who knows, tomorrow you might become the victim.”

“Thanks for answering. Now let the hostage go, or you’re going to jail.”

.....

Fadel spoke in a calm voice. He had a gun in hand, just like Bison, who had just entered the party and tightened his grip on his weapon as well. They were definitely going to shoot Lily; they had sworn to never let her escape. They didn’t intend to kill her, but someone like Lily deserved to face justice in prison.

“Fadel, Bison, put down your guns!” Captain Chris shouted to stop them. He was concerned about the hostage Lily was holding. Lady Phailin was an important person; if anything happened to her, it would be a disaster for all of them.

Fadel and Bison didn’t even consider lowering their weapons. Lily looked at Captain Chris and smirked derisively.

“You cops are so slow and stupid. You kids must have made a mistake by teaming up with him.”

Lily pressed the barrel of her gun against Lady Phailin's temple. The situation had reached a critical point. Captain Chris was drenched in sweat as he assessed the situation and considered his options.

Fadel cocked his gun, chambering a round, preparing to shoot. His long finger hovered over the trigger. It was a tense moment, a showdown between him and Lily.

Bison didn't act because he saw that Fadel was about to make his move. Lily smiled smugly, focusing only on Fadel. She hid behind the hostage, confident that the police wouldn't dare to do anything to her. If Fadel shot, the bullet might hit the hostage as well.

"Fadel… you idiot Fadel, if you miss, you'll face more consequences," Captain Chris said, his voice trembling. He wanted to plead with Fadel to stay calm, but unfortunately, Fadel wasn't paying any attention to him at all.

His finger twitched, ready to pull the trigger, but then Fadel halted his shot.
.....

Because he noticed a small red dot appear on the temple of his former adoptive mother first. No matter how much he wanted Lily to be caught, it seemed that someone didn't agree with that idea.

Death would be the punishment, and that someone was clearly fed up with the current situation.

Fadel lowered his gun. Bison blinked to focus on the moment between life and death of his former adoptive mother. A single bullet pierced through Lily's temple, hitting its mark with precision as if it had been aimed directly. Everything happened so fast that even Lily, the one shot, didn't have time to react. The gun she had pointed at the hostage fell from her hand, and then her body collapsed.

The police rushed in to control the situation. Captain Chris raised his gun toward the direction the bullet had come from, but found nothing.

Fadel closed his eyes in calmness as Bison walked up to him, swearing angrily.

"Don't let me catch that bastard tonight. I'll make him pay. It's definitely his doing. We agreed to take Lily to prison, and now he just shot her

without hesitation.”

“He’s probably sick of this whole thing,” Fadel replied.

“What happened?” Captain Chris asked, directing the question to both Fadel and Bison. The assassins exchanged whispers, then fell silent together. He, along with Bison and Night, had agreed not to reveal Night's existence. They wouldn’t speak of it, and if they didn’t want to become the next target with a bullet in their heads, they had to avoid mentioning Lily's other adopted child.

Captain Chris noticed their silence and gritted his teeth. “Cooperate with the police, will you?”

Fadel extended his arm for Captain Chris to cuff him.

....

“Isn’t this called cooperating?”

Captain Chris could only snarl in response, kicking at the air to vent his frustration. It took a while before he pulled out two sets of handcuffs. He personally cuffed Fadel and Bison, dismissing his subordinates who were ready to take over the task. Captain Chris didn’t use any force on the two assassins; putting on the handcuffs was as easy and casual as putting on bracelets for both young men.

Fadel watched as some of the police rushed to investigate the direction from which the bullet had come, then turned his gaze to the officers apprehending others involved in the order to kill.

It’s over... I think we can finally call this done.

“Fadel.”

He turned toward the voice that called him and smiled softly.

“Style.”

The tall figure of his lover rushed over to hug him. In reality, Style had no right to come close to him, but since Captain kris pretended not to see, they were allowed to embrace. Kant also had the chance to walk over to Bison.

“Don’t cry; we agreed not to cry,” Fadel told Style, only to receive a light punch to the stomach in response.

“I’m not crying! I just secretly asked the police when I could visit.”

“When can you go?”

“They said any day, about ten minutes each time.”

“Come when you’re free; don’t wear yourself out.”

“Hey... Fadel.”

.....

“What?”

“You're not allowed to have a mistress, okay?”

“What am I supposed to do in prison?”

“I don’t care. Just don’t. If you do, I’ll kill you when you get out.”

Fadel chuckled and nodded in agreement, lowering his face to kiss Style.

In a whisper that was barely audible to the two of them, Style said, “You can’t have a new lover either. If I find out, I’ll make sure you regret it.”

Style felt a shiver run down his spine. He pulled away from the embrace and stepped back, watching Fadel being escorted to the police car. He followed until he could no longer see him, knowing they had to separate temporarily to start new. The time apart would just require a little patience.

Meanwhile, Kant walked over to Bison. He didn’t embrace Bison like Style had with Fadel. The handsome face of Kant reflected sorrow, while Bison

smiled broadly as if he didn't care at all about being arrested.

"No, come on. We already talked about this. Don't make that sad face. I won't be in prison for long."

"How long is 'not long'?"

"But you said you'd wait."

"One day apart is already too long."

"Stop being so whiny. I want to comfort you, but I think I really need to go now."

"I'll come visit."

"Yeah, we'll see each other. Just take care of that cat for me, okay?"

Bison was escorted to the same police car as Fadel. Kant felt a wave of emptiness wash over him.

.....

In his broad chest, he felt momentarily lost until Captain Chris draped an arm over his shoulder, leading him to escort Bison into the police car.

They didn't exchange a word until the transport vehicle with the suspects disappeared from sight. Style walked over to join Kant and Captain Chris.

Kant spoke up, "Is there any way those two could get a shorter sentence?"

Captain Chris pondered for a moment. He also wanted to help find a solution, but before he could figure anything out, one of his subordinates approached with news.

"Captain, the lawyer for Mr. Luerat wants to speak with you."

"Mr. Luerat?" Captain Chris raised an eyebrow, his face showing confusion and curiosity. The subordinate lowered his voice, as if afraid someone

might overhear their conversation.

“Mr. Luerat is still alive, and what's even more shocking is that those two assassins are heirs of a wealthy family and... they're the grandsons of Mr. Luerat.”

Captain Chris could only blink in disbelief at the new information. Style and Kant exchanged glances. The Captain looked toward the person who appeared to be Mr. Luerat's lawyer, then turned back to Kant and Bison, saying, “I think... your boyfriends won't be in jail for long.”

Kant and Style looked at each other, their previous gloomy expressions now brightened with a glimmer of hope.

At least there was some encouragement to wait... as long as it wasn’t too long.

.....

Note : This is sad but also a step forward to them starting a new life they turned out to be filthy rich 🥹🫶 ok now epilogue then special CHAPTER

EPILOGUE

TWO YEAR LATER

.....

The tall figures of Fadel and Bison walked out of the detention facility on a bright morning. They didn't forget to say goodbye to the familiar guards. They didn't choose new clothes to wear on the day of their freedom; Fadel opted for simple, plain, and comfortable attire, just as he liked. In contrast, Bison chose colorful clothing, which reflected his personal style.

Each carried only one bag as they stepped outside. The first person they encountered after gaining their freedom was the captain... no, they should refer to him as Colonel Chris. The high-ranking officer had received a promotion over the years, and throughout that time, he had been particularly kind to Fadel and Bison. This was due to his advancement being linked to the case involving Lilly. The colonel raised an eyebrow in greeting as Bison noticed the large frame of the high-ranking officer and greeted him.

"Colonel Chris."

"Yeah, I'm here to see you off. Just remember, once you're out, don't find trouble that brings you back in. But I doubt you two will be back anytime soon."

"Are you not here to ask us to work for you?"

....
"After two years of pestering you, and you still wouldn't budge, I'm done asking."

"But you can hire me as a consultant on planning assassinations or something like that; I'm good at it," Bison joked. The colonel raised his foot as if to kick but didn't actually do it. He had surprisingly become close to the two brothers because the higher-ups wanted Fadel and Bison to do some

secret work for them on several occasions, allowing for a more familiar rapport to develop.

Bison laughed, pleased that he had managed to provoke the colonel. The colonel put his foot down, resting his hands on his hips while looking around.

"Who’s coming to pick you two up? Is it Kant and Style?"

"Yes," Fadel replied, craning his neck to look for Kant's car.

"They're definitely late. Those two are notorious for that. Or did you come out too early?"

Style and Kant hadn't arrived yet, but Fadel and Bison knew they would come. When they finally did arrive, Kant would likely complain about Style sleeping in, while Style might make excuses about being too excited the night before, which kept him from sleeping well. Just before their old, familiar car arrived, a luxurious executive van pulled up nearby, and the person who got out was Penpak, the secretary of Luerat. Bison waved to greet her, and she approached with a smile.

"Sir Luerat sent me to pick you up."

"Today?" Fadel asked. "Why didn’t Uncle tell us in advance?"

"Oh my, did you have an appointment?"

Fadel nodded. "Yes, we did. Please tell Uncle that we'll come to visit tomorrow instead. Sorry for the trouble."

Penpak shook her head dismissively.

.....

"No need to apologize. We didn’t inform you either; sir Luerat wanted to surprise you. If you had an appointment, I’m sure he would understand," Penpak replied.

Bison smiled widely. "Please tell Uncle that I will definitely go. I need to thank him personally for all his help."

Penpak nodded in agreement, said her goodbyes, and returned to her large van. Colonel Chris pursed his lips, still waiting for Kant and Style to arrive.

"Mr. Luerat is really good to you two. Doesn't he have any children or relatives? If I were his kid or relative, I'd be worried about the inheritance."

Bison replied, "No, he doesn't."

Fadel added, "Mr. Luerat is gay."

Colonel Chris rolled his eyes. Fadel's straightforward answer cleared up any lingering questions he had.

"Well, the world isn't just black and white anymore, is it? And you two, when you decide to get married, don't forget to send me an invitation. Also... I have something to ask."

"What is it?" Bison inquired.

"About the sniper who shot Lily that day... I just want to know if you two know him. It's been bothering me that there hasn't been any leads since then."

Bison smirked slightly and nodded in response, signaling that he did know the sniper, which would ease Colonel Chris's mind. Ever since he and Fadel walked out of the building, they had noticed a tinted SUV parked nearby with the engine off. The owner of the car had the driver's window rolled down, smoking a cigarette with his right hand. Just seeing the wrist of the driver was enough for both him and Fadel to recognize who it was. It seemed there were quite a few people waiting to pick them up today.

But he wouldn't tell Colonel Chris that the sniper was nearby.

.....

As for the matter of wanting to punch that jerk in the face, he wouldn't miss the chance next time.

“They're here...” Fadel said as he spotted Kant's old car.

“Oh, there’s Kant’s car!” Bison smiled widely, wondering if it was just him or if the weather felt better than usual today. The sky was a bright blue with fluffy white clouds cutting through the vibrant blue, the sun wasn’t too hot, and a cool breeze blew gently. The car they had been waiting for came to a stop, and Kant got out first. He immediately started complaining to Style, just as Bison had thought.

“See? You’re late! I’m sorry for being late, my love... I had to drag Style out of bed!”

Style opened the car door and followed Kant out, yelling back at him, “I couldn’t sleep at all last night because I was too excited! I barely fell asleep until almost morning and woke up late!”

“It’s such an important day!”

“Exactly! That’s why I couldn’t sleep last night!”

“I’m not talking to you anymore. Darling... bring the bags over here, I’ll carry them. I hired a cleaning service to get the house ready for you and Fadel, and I’ve also prepared stuff to celebrate with a barbecue!”

Kant walked quickly toward Bison. He noticed Bison running toward him, still holding his bag. At that moment, Bison jumped up and wrapped his arms around Kant’s neck, letting his weight fall onto him. Bison held onto Kant tightly and kissed him deeply on the lips.

Kant's eyes widened in surprise, but in the end, he wrapped his arms around Bison and kissed back. They kissed passionately in front of many onlookers, and when they finally pulled away from each other...
.....

“I really want to do this with you. I’ve always wanted to kiss you passionately,” Bison said, beaming with a smile. Kant rubbed his nose against Bison's with the tip of his own.

“I feel the same way. From now on, we’ll be together every day.”

Bison nodded in agreement. Kant let him down to stand on his own two feet. Bison turned to look at Fadel and saw that his brother was still standing where he had been. Style stood several paces away from Fadel, and the two exchanged glances.

Fadel was looking down at his feet, feeling a little upset that Style hadn’t run over to hug him.

“Fadel...” Style called out, and the former ruthless assassin looked up. Style narrowed his eyes slightly.

“What?”

“Aren’t you going to run over and hug me?” ...Isn’t it you who should be the one to run over and hug me?

“No way! I’ve already run enough to catch up to you. You should come over and hug me instead.”

Style spread his arms out, but Fadel stood still. He felt it was strange to run over and hug Style, but then again, he thought, why not? They had been apart for two years; there was no reason to be so reserved.

Having thought that, Fadel dropped the bag he was carrying onto the ground and ran at full speed to wrap his arms around Style’s waist. Style was pulled into a tight embrace. He squirmed a bit because Fadel was hugging him too tightly. It took a while for him to break free from the strong hold. Style placed both hands on Fadel's cheeks.

“Let’s go home.”

“Yeah, let’s go home.”

.....

Kant opened the car door for Bison to get in and took his seat as the driver. Style stood waiting for Fadel to walk back and grab his bag, and then they

held hands as they climbed into the car, with Colonel Kris standing by, smiling as he saw them off.

The car they were riding in was about to take them back to a place that they could fully call “home.”

From now on, they wouldn't have to hide. From now on, they will live freely. From now on, they would experience love like ordinary people, spending their nights in each other’s arms and waking up to say good morning in the embrace of their beloved.

.....

Note : not finished yet special chapters are left plus guys i notice i have made some typos like Kris and Cris are same it's just my auto correct making it like that I'm typing too fast so I don't have time to check back everything but once I'm done I will correct the typos one by one but as long as it's understandable please ignore

SPECIAL CHAPTER (Kantbison)

.....

Bison finished work at the burger restaurant in the evening and headed straight to Kant's house, which is now a tattoo shop. At this time, Kant was living alone in a two-story house. His younger brother, Beb, had gone to study in England to pursue his dreams since last year.

Bison often came to sleep over with Kant because his house had become the newlyweds home for Fadel and Style. In fact, those two didn't disturb him at all, but seeing Fadel cuddle with his boyfriend every day made him a little jealous and made him think, "Why can’t I cuddle with my own boyfriend too?"

He was almost ready to pack his things and move in with Kant, and Fadel hadn’t interfered or said anything. Sometimes, he thought Fadel might have considered it a good thing that he moved out, which is why he hadn't said a word.

The closing times for the burger restaurant and the tattoo shop were quite close. So when Bison arrived at Kant's house, he found that all the lights were still on. Kant was in the tattoo room but had no customers. Bison’s slender figure appeared.

Seeing his beloved, Kant smiled, holding a tattoo design he had been working on. "I’m back," he said.

.....

"You're here?"

"Yeah, have you eaten anything yet?"

"I've ordered some food already. How about you? Have you eaten?"

"I’ve eaten too. What are you doing over there?"

"I'm designing for a client tomorrow. I don't know where Love has gone."

Love is the black cat that Bison used to feed at the burger restaurant. Kant took it in and named it Love. Now, the chubby cat has become the shop cat. It is very attached to Kant, and lately, it has also been following Bison a lot. They have been planning to adopt another cat, perhaps an orange one.

"It came out to greet me just now and then ran off to sit and enjoy the view on the roof. You’ve had a lot of customers lately, huh?"

"That's good! That way I can earn money to buy you treats."

"Good, good. Keep doing well."

Kant smiled widely, shrugging. In truth, he didn’t need to take care of Bison at all. The wealthy heir from the Kasemsarn family was doing very well. His beloved Kant had a lot of possessions.

Kant continued to look at Bison as he moved to sit on the tattoo bed.

"Are you done?" Bison asked.

"I’ll finish it tomorrow. You just got back, so I was only working while waiting for you to come home."

"I have something to tell you too."

"Yeah?"

"I secretly got a tattoo."

"You got a tattoo?"

.....

"Yeah, do you want to see it?"

"Of course I want to see it. I'm also curious why you didn't let me tattoo you. Your boyfriend is a tattoo artist, in case you forgot."

Bison smiled playfully as he unbuttoned his pants. Kant frowned even more, his beautiful eyes starting to show surprise.

"Do you really have to take off your pants?"

"Yeah, I have a tattoo on my thigh."

"Where on your thigh?"

"On the inner thigh." Bison took off his pants and lay back on the bed to show Kant the tattoo on his inner thigh.

The tattoo artist said nothing. He looked at the tattoo in that rather intimate area, glancing quickly. His face turned crimson, lacking a smile on his handsome features.

"Is the tattoo artist a man or a woman?"

"A man. Is it pretty?"

"Bison!" Kant gritted his teeth, trying to suppress his jealousy. The iPad he used for design was placed where he usually kept it. He stood up, hands on his hips, towering over Bison, his eyes narrowed and focused on the cute face of his lover.

"Why are you calling my name like that? Is it not pretty?"

"You're making me angry."

"And?"

"Your boyfriend is a tattoo artist, but you went to let another man tattoo you?"

"So, what’s wrong with that?"

"It's just that the position where you got tattooed… it's…"

....
"Are you jealous?" Bison asked directly, trying hard not to smile as Kant looked up at the ceiling and gritted his teeth in response.

"No."

"Then what's wrong?"

Kant went temporarily mute, his face turning crimson. Then his handsome face darkened. He let out a loud sigh.

"I don't want to be childish, but yes, I'm jealous of the tattoo artist who tattooed you, even though I don't even know who he is."

"Ah..."

"And I’m really angry with you for… for letting someone else touch that spot on your inner thigh... that position... it’s just… damn."

"Haha, wait, are you about to cry out of anger?"

"What are you laughing at?" Kant's eyes were red. Bison was right; he felt angry and like he could cry. Because…

Damn it, when Bison laughed like that, it felt like he was teasing him.
"What kind of tattoo artist are you? Take a good look; this is a sticker tattoo. I put it on myself."

"Where? Is it a real tattoo?"

"Haha, you’re really getting worked up over this." Bison burst out laughing loudly. Kant, pouting, came over and grabbed his leg firmly. Bison’s knee was gripped by Kant’s warm hand as he spread his legs wide and pressed his knee down against the tattoo bed.

Bison’s posture was quite provocative. Sometimes, Kant might have intentionally put Bison in this position. His beautiful eyes focused on Bison’s inner thigh as he discovered that…

The design from the sticker tattoo made Kant look up at the cute guy with determination.

"Are you teasing me?"

"Yeah, how could I dare let someone other than you tattoo me? That would be a disaster."

"You're being naughty. I'm really angry right now."

"Do you want to punish me a little?"

Kant opened his mouth in disbelief. All he could do was let out a laugh and glare at Bison.

"You’re really messing with my head, making me mad, and now you’re teasing me like this?"

"So, are you more turned on?"

Bison gave a sweet smile, still lying with his legs spread wide because Kant was pressing his knee down, adding to the seduction by sucking on his fingertip. Kant still had a bit of anger left, but Bison could clearly see him swallow hard again.

Without needing an answer to his question, Bison knew that his teasing was turning Kant on.

"Let’s see if I can make you spread your legs wider."

"Kant."

Kant smirked and then yanked the underwear Bison was wearing off. Bison didn’t resist; with this level of teasing, he knew very well what was coming. The lips of the former assassin trembled. Kant must have been really angry

with him; that was probably why he was being so rough today. He shoved his fingers into the tight space roughly, then immediately pushed himself inside and thrust hard.

Once he could act forcefully with the person beneath him, it seemed that the anger from the teasing…
.....

Before long, any anger that remained had completely vanished. Kant pushed Bison's legs apart, pressing his pale thighs against the tattoo bed. The sound of thrusting echoed loudly... Thud... Thud. Bison let out a muffled sound through his throat.

Bison gripped Kant's wrists, which were holding his legs down, his deep-set eyes fixed on Kant's handsome face without looking away.

He liked looking at Kant's face at times like this. The other was so focused that his brows knitted tightly together. Kant continued to thrust in and out, slowly but forcefully.

Bison raised his hand to slap Kant's face with such force that it made his handsome face turn. Kant licked his lips with his tongue, pushing it against the most tender corner of his mouth. He turned to stare at Bison, raising an eyebrow as if to ask why they were hitting each other.

"Take me harder."

"You’re really... something else, Bison."

But in reality, the pain became a delicacy for him as well. They usually hurt each other on the bed. Outside of these rhythmic activities, Kant made sure to treat Bison like a little princess.

Treated like a princess but XXX like a slave.

The intensity of the thrusts increased significantly. Bison, who had been teasing with a smile, was starting to lose that smile.

Still, he was satisfied with every forceful move directed at him.

Falling in love while being under this person, Kant no longer held back his strength, and he could hear Bison's moans, indicating that the other enjoyed it as well.

"If you want it hard, just tell me; you don’t have to make me angry first."

.....

"That's how you play the role of an angry, jealous boyfriend."

Kant increased the intensity of his thrusts, moving so quickly that it was hard to keep up with the rhythm. He pushed hard enough that Bison couldn't manage to keep talking and teasing him anymore; all he could do was lie there and moan.

Was he playing the role of a jealous boyfriend well enough? He would ask Bison about it once he regained his senses. For now, Bison was completely knocked out beneath him. If he wanted Kant to be intense, then Kant would definitely give it to him just the way he wanted!
....

Note : wait for the Q & A part please 🫶

SPECIAL CHAPTER(Fadelstyle)

.....
"There's nothing but frustrating stuff everywhere! I'm so angry, so angry!"

"Not in a good mood?"

"Yeah! I've been saying I'm really angry!"

Fadel used the back of his hand to rub the back of his neck. He stopped looking at Style's angry demeanor and shifted his gaze out the window of the burger shop instead.

It was already quite late, and the sky outside had turned a deep blue. Style had just arrived at the shop an hour ago. When he first got there, he was in a great mood, but now? He was fuming, like he had just eaten a hornet's nest. As for what caused Style-who usually had a cheerful disposition-to get so angry? It was him... Fadel.

"Of course! Ever since you did that interview on social media, your burger shop has never been short of female customers! The heir to Empire Estate and his burger shop? Wow, single! Wow, no sweetheart! The heir of a wealthy family wanting a partner? What a load of crap!"

"I didn't say that! I didn't talk about my personal life in that interview at all; I only talked about the shop. I don't know why the article came out like that! I told them to fix it!"

.....

"You want to fix it, but it's too late. Now you have a bunch of girls trying to woo you!"

Before Style arrived, a group of beautiful female customers had been flirting with Fadel, inviting him to drink, chat, and take photos. But Fadel wasn't interested at all because those customers didn't care about the food he made; they only took a couple of bites before focusing on chatting with him.

When Bison was cleaning up the tables and taking the leftover food out, Fadel felt like his heart was being crushed. How could he possibly like those girls? He liked Style much more. It was very rare for Style to leave food he made uneaten, and the reason he did so was that Fadel had made too much.

"Calm down."

"And what part of this is calm?"

Fadel blinked at Style, watching him take out his kitchen knife to sharpen it. He still had the nerve to say he was calm.

In fact, Style didn't even know how to use the knife and probably wouldn't dare to stab anyone with it.

At this time, just before closing, there were still some customers around, but most were those who had just finished work, ordering only a small amount of food and focusing on drinks while chatting. Since no tables were ordering more food, Fadel had nothing to do.

"Dammit, I don't want to be this jealous. I feel so foolish it's infuriating." Style put the knife away, wearing a face that was both annoyed and irritated.

Seeing this, Fadel walked closer and held Style's hand under the table so no one could see. "You don't need to be jealous; you know I only have eyes for you."

.....

"Don't say that."

"I only love Style."

"I know, but I still don't want anyone bothering you. You need to be careful; you can't trust people these days."

"I will be careful. Tomorrow's the shop's day off. How about we drive to a nearby beach? Let's change the scenery and stay for a night."

"You're going to take me on a trip?"

Style's mood changed quickly; he started smiling wide when he heard about the trip. Fadel nodded in agreement. When his partner smiled, he couldn't help but smile back.

"Yes, I've already planned the trip. There's a nice dessert shop that I know you'll love."

"Have you packed your bag yet?"

"Yeah, I even bought matching shirts for us."

Being pampered like this made Style stop feeling jealous of Fadel. He smiled broadly and looked around the restaurant. His gaze stopped at the door, where some late-night customers were arriving. Since Bison finished work early today, it was now Style's turn to take care of the customers.

He got up from the kitchen table where he had been chatting with Fadel and walked around to greet the customers. Fadel watched him as Style's voice rang out warmly, making the atmosphere of the former assassin's burger shop feel friendly.

"Hello! Welcome to Heart Burger!"

Luckily, Fadel hadn't turned off the grill yet, even though it was close to closing time. He watched the group of teenagers who had just arrived. There were three of them. Style confidently handed them the menu and stood by, waiting to take their orders.

.....
One of the three customers kept staring at Style and grinning. Fadel sensed a slight disturbance in the atmosphere.

"We recommend the beef burger, which pairs really well with dark beer," Style chattered on as usual. However, it seemed the customers were more interested in making lewd comments than ordering food.

"You look familiar. Have we met before?" one of them asked.

"Um... but I don't recognize you at all."

"Or maybe I saw you in my dreams. Perhaps we were soulmates in a past life."

Fadel glared. He didn't know when the knife Style had just put down had ended up in his hand. One of the customers was openly flirting with Style, egged on by his friends.

Yet, Style managed to keep the situation under control.

"What would you like to order?"

"I'll have one serving of the waiter, please. Can I get your number?"

Fadel took a deep breath and walked around from the kitchen area to where Style was being heavily flirted with. He didn't understand why Style got upset when someone flirted with him. He didn't care and didn't see any reason to be jealous.

He didn't grasp the extent of Style's jealousy until someone else started interfering with him.

Even if Style stepped back or said, "I have a boyfriend. If you're not going to order, then just browse the menu," Fadel still felt jealous.
.....

"Wait a minute."

The customer who was flirting with Style boldly grabbed his arm as he turned to walk away. Fadel hadn't reached the table yet, but the knife in his hand flew ahead, embedding itself in the center of the table with a loud thud, shocking the new group of customers. Style shook off the grip and Fadel immediately wrapped his arms around Style's waist, claiming him.

"Go take a break. I'll handle this table's orders."

Style nodded and replied, "Okay." He had never seen Fadel so angry and jealous before. However, Fadel wasn't mad at him; his intense gaze was fixed on the person trying to hit on him.

Style wasn't afraid when Fadel threw the knife; in fact, whenever someone bothered Fadel, Style felt like throwing a knife too. The problem was, he wasn't very accurate with throwing, so he could only get frustrated with himself.

Style returned to his usual chair in the kitchen area, and Fadel, now taking orders, walked back over. The group of customers had left without ordering anything.

When Fadel came back, Style smiled and asked, "Jealous?"

"Not at all..."

"Aww... can't you act a little silly and be jealous for me? You're really not?"

Fadel sighed and knelt on the floor, resting his head on Style's lap. Style was taken aback a little because Fadel usually acted like this when it was just the two of them. Doing it in the restaurant with customers around felt quite strange.

.....

"Actually, I am jealous. It's so annoying, I'm furious!"

Style laughed cheerfully as he stroked Fadel's hair in a comforting gesture, leaning down to kiss his head and whispering, "I would never cheat on you. I only have you, Fadel."

"Still, I'm mad about it."

"Okay, now do you understand how I feel?"

Fadel nodded, acknowledging that he understood. Style continued, "Then teach me how to throw knives!"

Fadel hesitated for a moment before replying, "No way. If you get mad and throw a knife at me, that would be dangerous! I absolutely can't teach you that."

As a result, Fadel got a loud thump on the back. Then Style pulled Fadel's cheeks, stretching them. These days, Style was quite comfortable being physical with him, making Fadel forget the image of the person who was afraid of him when they first met.

"Should I just beat you?"

"Wait until the shop closes, and I'll get back at you, Style."

"What? What are you going to do to me?"

Fadel whispered into his lover's ear, and all the playful hitting stopped as Style's face turned bright red. Fadel whispered just one word into his ear, a very lewd word that was both aggressive and exciting. Oh... and it seemed that this guy was also possessive!

.....

Note : so special chapter has ended but there is one more thing left the Q & A of the carecters wait for it na I'm doing that part as well will upload it together ♥

Q&A Kantbison And Fadelstyle

Note : one request if you guys give spoilers please avoid the haters and put spoilers notice before 🫶

<u>FADELSTYLE Q&A</u>

.....

Q: What do you argue about the most?

Fadel: Driving too fast.

Style: Isn't it that we argue the most
about jealousy?

Fadel: Jealousy? Well, I guess that's true.

Style: So in conclusion, we argue most about jealousy.

Q: Who is more jealous?

Style: I think it's me.

Fadel: I think it's me. Actually, I get quite jealous.

Style: But you don't really have the chance to be jealous of me.

Fadel: That's good; I don't want to kill anyone.

Q: What has changed after being together?

Style: He's very clingy, especially when we're alone together. He acts like a big bear; he needs to cuddle when he sleeps and when he wakes up. If he doesn't see me, he'll call for me all around the house. But I don't mind; in

fact, I really like it when Fadel is affectionate. It's a side of him that only I get to see.

Fadel: After we got together, Style started to be grumpy. After we got married, he became a lot stricter, but he doesn't scold me.

Style: I get mad at people who bother him. I know I can be tough and not very cute, but what can I do? My Husband is handsome, so it's natural to be protective.

Q: Have you two already gotten married?

Style: (Shows the ring on the ring finger without speaking)

Fadel: "Yes, we got married last year. After we started living together and sharing our lives every day, we decided to make it official. It was a small, intimate wedding, but very warm and meaningful."

Q: What are your plans for the next five years?

Fadel: Expand the burger shop and probably... go back to learn about the family business.

Style: Have kids and be a housewife.

Fadel: You can't get pregnant, and I don't like kids.

Style: Let's try again. We'll raise a dog and I'll be a housewife.

Fadel: You don't know how to do
housework at all. How can you be a housewife?

Style: Well, I'll be a housewife who has you to do the housework.

Fadel: Sigh...

Style: Can I joke around? Hmm... In five years, I guess I'll keep running the repair shop and still be with Fadel.

Fadel: It's hard for us to break up
anyway; we're already married.

Style: That's right, My Dear Husband. So, we'll stay together forever, right? (♡°▽°♡)

KANTBISON Q&A

.....

Q: So, how many cats do you have now?

Kant: Two-Love and Home.

Bison: At first, when we brought Home in, they didn't seem to get along very well, but after three days, they were tearing the place up playing together. Luckily, they're really fond of each other.

Kant: They get along well enough to fight each other to death.

Bison: Just like you and me, huh?

Kant: Pretty much.

Q: Did Kant sell the car to Style?

Kant: Yes, I did. Style's dad takes great care of it. I'm glad I sold it to them.

Bison: Would you like a new car?

Kant: Huh? Are you planning to spoil me?

Bison: I'm rich, you know. Let's go pick out a new car tomorrow.

Kant: If you want to buy one, get the one you want. I don't have a dream car, but I'd love to be your driver.

Q: What does Bison do for work?

Bison: I'm currently unemployed. I help out a little at Fadel's shop because I get bored. I told Mr. Luerat I'd like to take a year off before working seriously.

Kant: The heir of a millionaire.

Bison: Call me the company president-I told you I'm rich.

Q: Do you argue often?

Bison: Not often, but we debate regularly.

Kant: Bison is a complainer.

Bison: I only complain because I want what's best for you.

Q: Plans for the next five years?

Kant: To become a well-known tattoo artist and have Bison by my side.

Bison: Just living day by day, doing whatever I want-and having Kant by my side.

.....

Note : so it ended 🥹 hope you guys have enjoyed it i will correct all the typos as soon as I get time from Tomorrow my office is starting again so i will not have much time plus my exams are coming too and OMG you'll Cuties have been thanking and encouraging me thank you all so much ♥ please give your all support to JD and FK as much as possible love you guys bye bye i have to go to sleep now already past midnight

Once We get the series I will do the summary of episode and chapters comparison which was included and which wasn't 😩 anyway have any questions you'll can dm me in my Twitter account I'd : bl_zonee